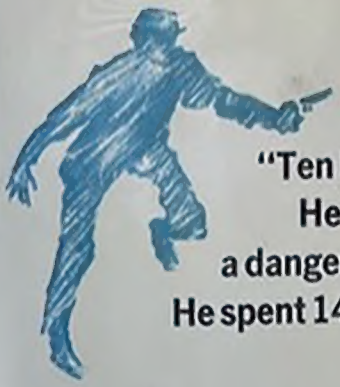

He was on the F.B.I.'s list of the "Ten Most Wanted Criminals."
He was a hold-up man, a bank robber, a dangerous character.
He spent 14 years in five jails.

Now he is a writer,
a respected citizen
and the head of a family of five.

METAMORPHOSIS OF A CRIMINAL

THE TRUE LIFE STORY OF

Ed Edwards

$5.95

METAMORPHOSIS OF A CRIMINAL

Ed Edwards

He was a bank robber, a highwayman, a notorious con man; he was on the F.B.I.'s list of the "Ten Most Wanted" criminals.

Now he is a writer, a lecturer, a respected citizen, and the head of a family of five.

What makes a boy turn to a life of crime at a tender young age? What horrible circumstances drive him to embark on a personal war with the rest of mankind? Ed Edwards tells his life story simply, candidly, with humor and with self-awareness.

And the reader glimpses a rare insight into the mind and heart of a man who is easily identified with the legions of youths who drop out of meaningless schools and loveless homes and invade the streets to menace the gullible, the helpless, and the more respectable members of society.

How does a man, once caught in the coils of criminality, throw off the shackles that bind him? How does he summon the will and the strength to cure himself of his addiction to violence? Can a person with a history like this emerge from the degradation and despair of being one of life's outcasts and propel himself by degrees ward—upward—upward until he becomes a f e for good rather than a force for evil?

(continued on back flap)

METAMORPHOSIS OF A CRIMINAL

Ed Edwards

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NEW YORK CITY

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I would like to acknowledge my appreciation and gratitude to the people who were most influential and helpful to me in reshaping my life. Were it not for my wife's moral support, Dr. Carl Bersani's interest, and the guidance of my parole officer, Mr. David Johnson, my life story would have had a very different ending. They are largely responsible for my metamorphosis, and I can truly say that at this time, I feel that I am the happiest and luckiest person in the world.

There are others who also deserve my heartfelt thanks. Their names will not be familiar to you, but without their help and labor this book would never have been written. Dick McBane, journalist with the *Akron Beacon Journal* has most graciously given of his time and expert knowledge. Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Gresham, along with Jean and Danny Wurbacher and Richard Tabor have devoted countless hours of their time. Jim Wagner, psychologist and good friend, has assisted with intelligent and imaginative suggestions. Paulette Coleman, housewife, patiently set her nimble fingers to the task of typing.

Finally, I would like to pay tribute to the valor, loyalty, and wisdom of Madeline Tabor. Her energies are boundless and unmatched. Without her, this book would have been just another unfulfilled hope. Which again illustrates how very lucky I was to meet people who cared enough to save me from the hopelessness, waste, and ruin that is the inevitable fate of many a wayward youth.

ED EDWARDS

Foreword

This book has been written with three goals in mind.

First, to point out to the youth of our communities how easy it is to get into trouble, and how difficult it is to get out; and to present a personal account of the pitfalls in life so that readers—*especially young readers*—may be inspired to change their ways before it is too late.

Secondly, to point out the tremendous need for communication between the parent and the child and to emphasize how sorely needed in the average household of today are the words 'I love you.' Youngsters need to hear and use those words simply and sincerely many times over in order to grow up into secure, loving adults.

Just as there is no substitute for discipline, there is no substitute for love. But youngsters who grow up feeling that all that their parents want from them is obedience—not love—tend to become resentful and rebellious.

Thirdly, I sincerely hope that this book will reveal something of the awful conditions existing in some of our correctional institutions. There is a dire need for prison reform. And there is a dire need for rehabilitation services in our local communities. It is a known fact that it is a lot less costly to keep a person out of an institution than it is to support a malefactor in an institution.

METAMORPHOSIS OF A CRIMINAL

A Page of History

I was suspicious of the knock on the door. I turned the knob carefully. As soon as the latch clicked, the door was violently shoved open. I fell back against the wall.

Seconds later, FBI men, police, and detectives crowded through the door of my two-room apartment in Atlanta, Georgia. . . . I thought of escape through the window. I glanced that way, and saw that the window, too, was guarded.

A battery of revolvers, shotguns, and rifles was aimed at me. I threw up my hands. My place on the FBI list of the "Ten Most Wanted Men" would now be filled by someone else.

This happened ten years ago, in 1962. Though I didn't know it then, my criminal career was over. It was a career that was almost pre-ordained, when I was born Charles Murray on June 14, 1933, in Akron, Ohio. My mother was Lillian Myers. I was told that she was my aunt. I didn't find out until I was 16 years old that I was my "aunt's" illegitimate child.

In October 1934, Lillian Myers, my natural mother, a small, dark-haired woman of twenty-three, was sentenced to serve from one to seven years for grand larceny at the Marysville Reformatory for Women. She had stolen $100

from a lady who had employed her as a housekeeper. That was the first and the only time she had stolen anything, or had been arrested.

In December, 1935, she was released on parole and made a very satisfactory adjustment. But she needed someone to care about her, someone who would not judge her for the impetuous love affair which resulted in my birth. That someone never came. In a bungled attempt to shake her family into recognizing her need, she got a rifle and shot herself in the stomach. Complications set in, and she died of septicemia in a matter of days.

I was adopted by Mary Ethel and Fred Edwards, and was given the name Edward Wayne Edwards.

The Making of a Criminal

In 1937, Mary Ethel Edwards, my foster-mother, was told that she had multiple sclerosis. After years of suffering from illness, and because of my foster father's drinking problem, she thought it best to send me to an orphanage in Parma, Ohio. The year was 1940. I was seven years old.

My outstanding memory of the Parmadale orphanage was the nun who took me in tow. She seemed tall and forbidding, and I saw a cruel face peeking out from her habit. Her deep voice and threatening tone reinforced my first impression.

"Hello, Ed," she began. "My name is Sister Agnes Marie. This is Cottage Six. While you are here in Parmadale, this will be your home. There are 39 other boys in this cottage. You will refer to them as brothers. Do you understand?"

I understood absolutely nothing about the set-up; and apparently, she cared little whether I understood or not. She was only interested in running a taut ship.

"Yes, Sister," I answered, frozen in fear.

"Fine. How old are you?"

"Seven."

"What's your mother's name?"

"Mary."

"And your father's name?"

"Fred."

"How old are they?"

"I don't know."

"Do you know why you've been sent here?"

"My mother said so I could go to school."

"Don't your mother and father want you to go to school in Akron?"

"I don't know, Sister. They just said this would be a better school for me."

"I see." She obviously saw nothing.

Then she continued. "Have you ever stolen anything in your life?"

"No, Sister."

"Do you wet the bed?"

"Yes, Sister."

"Oh, you *do* wet the bed."

"Yes, Sister."

She was quick to let me know I was in for trouble. I was taken aback by her violent reaction.

"Well, here at Parmadale, we have different ways to stop children from wetting the bed. You will work with us on this problem, won't you?"

"Yes, Sister." I knew I'd better yield the answer she wanted to hear.

"Fine. Now you go in the cottage and look around, so that you'll know where the lockers and bathrooms are, where the shoeshine rack is, and where the shower room is. Familiarize yourself with everything, because this is going to be your home, and I'm going to be your mother. When you are asked a question you will respond, 'Yes, Ma'am' or

'Yes, Sister' at all times. Is that understood?"

She was to be my *mother?* How could I hope to relate to this stark battle-axe? I was a little boy who desperately needed love. I knew down deep that Sister Agnes Marie would never be able to fulfill my emotional needs.

That first conversation at Parmadale had a profound effect on me. I familiarized myself with the layout of the cottage, and then I went behind a tree stump and sobbed for several hours.

When Sister Agnes Marie found me crying, she upbraided me.

"Young man," she admonished, "let me tell you something. There is one thing we do not do here, and that is to sit around and cry. If you want to act like a baby, I'll have to send you to the baby cottage and put you in diapers. Now you snap out of it. If I see another tear, I'll take you inside the cottage and spank your behind till you can't sit down. If you want to cry, I'll give you something real to cry about. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sister."

"All right! Get up and go play with the other children."

She yanked me up, and pushed me harshly toward the playground. I felt so alone. I *was* alone.

Parmadale was a rather large orphanage. It was run by Catholic sisters, of the Order of the Sisters of Charity, and one Catholic priest. The orphanage contained 10 or 12 cottages. Each red brick cottage was surrounded by shrubbery, and had its own small dining hall. The big gymnasium doubled as a movie theater, and the institution also had a spacious dining hall. There was also a very large school building, and an enormous church. The grounds

also contained several baseball and football fields, as well as a swimming pool. In the winter, the playground was converted into a skating rink. The entire property took in several hundred acres, and was enclosed by a cyclone fence.

I was impressed with the size of the buildings and the church. They may have, in fact, been only average in size, but to a seven year old boy, they seemed enormous.

Classes at Parmadale ran from the first through the eighth grade. Each boy had to make his own bed every day, and was charged with keeping himself clean at all times. A nightly shower was mandatory, and the rule was strictly enforced. Daily attendance at both church and school was required of every child.

Failing to say *Yes, Ma'am, No, Ma'am,* or *Yes, Sister, No, Sister,* invoked punishment. You had to bend over a chair and were given several cracks on the rear with a stick. Your alternative was to hold out your hands to be whacked. Sometimes you'd be cracked on the palms; other times, on the knuckles. If you cried out, the punishment was extended.

I learned right away that if you were unfortunate enough to be a bedwetter, you were in serious trouble. During the first weeks, when I wet the bed they gave me a tablespoon of salt every evening before bedtime, saying it would dry up my water. When this didn't work, they made me pick up all of my wet bedding in the morning, put on a pair of swimming trunks, and stand under a cold shower holding my bed linen, while the other children went off to breakfast.

Every morning, for about three weeks, I stood under

the shower for approximately an hour, but to no avail. When they saw that that punishment didn't work, every night before bedtime, I was taken downstairs in the cottage, and beaten in advance on the backside, some 15 or 20 times.

But I still continued to wet. Finally, in despair, the nun had me pick up my soaked linen in the morning, take it out to the playground, and stand there shouting, "I'm a bedwetter! I'm a bedwetter! Here are my wet sheets! Here are my wet sheets!"

After a while, a crowd of children would gather around me, laughing and pointing at me. As if the taunting were not enough, Sister Agnes Marie then made me walk over to a little tree, stand against it, and put my arms around it to hug the tree. She instructed the children to form a line; and each, in turn, would kick me on the backside, and then return to the end of the line. To demonstrate how this was to be done, she placed the first kick on my rear herself.

I must have been kicked some 200 times that day, and I recall that I cried very hard. Twice I tried escaping, but the Sister instructed two of the bigger boys to hold me fast to the tree. She was going to break me of my bedwetting, she warned, or kill me in the process.

I hated Sister Agnes Marie with all my heart, and I hated everyone else in that gruesome place. I really couldn't help wetting my bed, though I tried very hard to stop. I'd lie awake at night till I felt I would be able to use the toilet. Then when I was quite sure there was no possible chance of my wetting the bed, I'd fall into a deep sleep for the hour or two that remained of the night,

only to be awakened by a wet bed underneath me. My sense of disappointment was overwhelming; there seemed to be no possible way for me to exercise control. Actually, there wasn't, for as I later learned, my bedwetting was my unconscious revolt against being unloved. The harassment only aggravated the problem.

The constant rejection and loneliness were too much to bear. Nothing I did was right. I pleased no one, least of all myself. And I yearned so much to be accepted.

I hated Sunday, because on that day mothers and fathers and relatives would come to see their children and bring them candy and cookies. I got nothing. If I went to one of the kids and asked him for a bit of a treat, he'd laugh and say, "You're a bedwetter. You don't deserve anything."

Occasionally, my foster mother and my foster grandmother would visit me in the orphanage, and bring me a couple of bags of candy and some fruit. But after they had gone, Sister Agnes Marie would seize my goodies, saying, "Ed, you're a bedwetter. You don't deserve all these nice things. So you take one piece of each, and we'll divide the rest among the other children."

I'd be allowed only two pieces of candy and an apple. I'd have to stand by and watch the other kids lining up to help themselves to *my* candy and *my* fruit. I cherished these gifts from my family, because these gifts indicated caring. When I saw these gifts embezzled before my eyes, I decided, "Okay! I'll get even! I'll get even, if it's the last thing I do!"

One Sunday afternoon, one of the boys had a birthday. His mother had brought him a round chocolate layer birth-

day cake. I wanted some of the cake, but he wouldn't give me any. After giving some of the cake to other children, he stowed away the remainder in his locker.

I made up my mind that that evening I would get the cake and eat it all. When the dinner hour came, I hid in the bathroom. After all the boys had left the cottage to go to the dining room, I sneaked down to the lockers, took out the cake, and set it on the table. I then proceeded to devour every delicious morsel, using my hands to shovel it into my mouth, and relishing every bite as I finished it off. How sweet was my revenge!

When the boys returned from the dining hall, the owner of the cake discovered it was gone. Without saying a word, he went directly to Sister Agnes Marie. She addressed herself to me:

"Ed, did you take that cake?"

"No, Sister, I didn't take it."

"You're standing there lying to me. You'll go to hell for that!"

She grabbed hold of me and proceeded to beat me on my back, my head, my arms, my legs—anywhere she could land her stick. When I broke down and admitted I stole the cake, she stopped beating me, and turned to the other boys and said:

"Boys, I'm going to my room for five minutes. If you think this lad should be punished for breaking the Seventh Commandment, that's your business."

As she walked out of the room, several of the boys jumped on me. They beat me wildly, kicked me, and called me a thief.

I wasn't strong enough to fight back. In great pain and

in desperation, I determined then and there to run as far away from that "prison" as I could. And if I were caught I'd run away again—and again—and again. I would continue to run away until I escaped. I was determined to throw off this horrible life. Nothing would stop me.

The first time I escaped, it was winter. Being only seven and somewhat naive, I stopped to play with some neighborhood kids who were sledding. Several hours later, the priest from the orphanage spotted me. He picked me up, and returned me to the orphanage. I was beaten severely.

A month later, I ran off again. This time, I traveled far beyond the environs of Parmadale. I hitchhiked to Akron, and went straightaway to my grandmother's house. But she returned me to the orphanage the next day; and again, I was harshly beaten.

Over the next four years, I made approximately 15 attempts to escape. One day, in 1944, my grandmother was returning me once again to the orphanage. Sister Agnes Marie told her I was a bad influence on the children and that they didn't want to keep me there any longer. After she told my grandmother I was a thief, the nun turned to me and said:

"Ed, what do you want to be when you grow up?"

I looked her straight in the eyes and answered, "Sister, I'm gonna be a crook, and I'm gonna be a good one." And I fully intended to carry out that resolve. If stealing would bring me attention, then stealing would be my life.

Sister Agnes Marie was not shocked. "You see what I mean," she said. "Your grandson needs help. He should be in the hands of a psychiatrist. He is a bad influence on the

boys here, and we can't have him around them. We certainly can't have him going around teaching the other youngsters how to steal and how to run away. We have tried to do everything we could for your grandson. But the more we try to do for him, the more he tries to spite us.

"He is a good athlete, but he will not study. When it comes time to go to church in the morning, he sneaks off and hides. When he does go to church, he falls asleep. Once, he even fell asleep at the communion rail."

As she listed the evidence for my grandmother, Sister Agnes Marie was in her glory. I was and I would always be an immoral boy. I had proved her right at last. She was satisfied.

I remember that day as the first genuinely happy moment of my life. I was leaving the institution I so severely despised.

Ed Edwards at the age of seven.

Learning to Swindle

That day in 1945, I returned to Akron with my grandmother, and started to attend public school. But I planned and schemed, hour after hour, how to be a crook. That was the only way I'd get recognition.

I stole money from my grandmother's purse. It was during World War II and cigarettes were rationed. I'd break into her closet, take out her cigarettes, and sell them.

Each day, I was given money to ride the bus to and from school. Instead, I would hitchhike to school, spend the money for candy, and steal a bicycle to ride home. I'd put the bike out in the fields behind our house, or drop it off a couple of blocks away.

I'd take canned goods, and potatoes, and whatever else I could get out of the house, and I'd sell them—door to door, if necessary.

One night, a woman came around to our house collecting money to buy flowers for the funeral of a neighbor who had died the day before. This gave me an idea. The next day, I went out collecting money from the neighbors. When they asked me what the collection was for, I told them it was for flowers for the funeral of my grandmother who had just passed away. I was proud of my ability to deceive others. I knew I was talented.

On Saturday, I was given six cents to ride the bus downtown, another ten cents to get into the movie, and six cents more to ride the bus home. Instead, I hitchhiked downtown, sneaked through the exit of the theater, spent all the money on candy, and then stole a bike to ride home.

At other times, I would go downtown and stand on the corner, begging people for bus fare. One day, asking for fare, I wrung $13 out of sympathetic people. Even though I had $13 in cash in my pocket, I compulsively stole a bike to ride home.

Several times, I was picked up by the police for stealing a bicycle, or for stealing bowling pins from a nearby bowling alley and selling them to high school kids, who'd make lamps out of the pins in the high-school woodworking shop.

In time, I gained a reputation as one of the roughest young hoods in town, and I thoroughly enjoyed the fame. I would fight at any provocation, though I was never the instigator of a brawl. I'd stand by and watch a squabble; and if the victor picked on me for any cause whatsoever, I'd beat him up and become the hero. I couldn't tolerate a bully, and always did my best to show him with my fists that he amounted to nothing. With my inner rage always at the boiling point, I was indeed uncontrollable. It was suggested that I be sent away to a school somewhere so I would quiet down and get an education.

On October 3, 1945, my foster-mother, Mary Edwards, died at the age of thirty-six. For the last three years of her life, she had been paralyzed and unable to walk. Her death saddened me. Even while confined to a bed, she had tried her best to fill my needs. She had experienced great sorrow

when she could not care for me, and I was taken away from her.

When my foster-mother passed away, her sister was totally unsympathetic. She was very curt with my grandmother when she saw her grieving the loss of her daughter. I heard my foster-aunt venting her disgust with her mother. On that day, I conceived a resentment towards my aunt I've never been able to shake.

Once when I was home for a visit from the orphanage, my foster-mother asked me to help her out of bed. I braced myself against a table to assist her, but I lost my footing, and we both tumbled to the floor. This scared her, and she never again tried to get up. My guilt about that incident remained with me even later, when I was a criminal and a fugitive.

My foster-father, Fred Edwards, just wasn't really any good. He was an alcoholic. He'd come in at night and wet all over my mother, beat her up and cuss her out. I never really saw him do any of these things, but my grandmother told me that he had. I don't think my grandmother would lie to me about things of this kind. I believe that what she told me about Fred Edwards was true.

I didn't get along too well in school, because I was forever fighting, forever skipping classes, and forever going downtown to steal from the five-and-ten-cent stores. But when I was promoted from the fifth to the sixth grade, I found I liked my new teacher very much, enough to give my all for anything she wanted me to do. She encouraged me to be a good student, and I wound up earning straight A's in all subjects.

I participated in sports, excelling in baseball and foot-

ball. Every afternoon after school, I went to one of the church playgrounds to play football or baseball, and I also played every weekend.

One weekend, I didn't go to the church grounds to play. Instead, I went swimming. When I got home, the police were talking to my grandmother, waiting for me. Some of the kids who had been playing on the church grounds had vandalized the church. They had broken the windows, had thrown chairs off the balcony, had torn pages out of the Bible—had even spit in it—and had tolled the church bell. The malefactors had not been caught. Because I was a ringleader, and usually played on the church grounds, I was blamed. Nobody would believe I didn't do it—absolutely nobody. My grandmother didn't believe me; the police didn't believe me; and nobody would step forward and identify the culprits. A few kids accused me, even though they knew I wasn't guilty. Even though I understood why I had been blamed, I felt I was being given a raw deal.

The following Monday, my grandmother and I were summoned to the priest's house to discuss the weekend incident. He, too, was convinced of my guilt, and I was expelled from school. I never returned.

I felt defeated.

I had just begun to enjoy some little success. For the first time, I had experienced some positive feelings about myself, and I was beginning to enjoy the feeling of accomplishment. Now the rug had been pulled out from under me.

Soon thereafter, I got myself a work-permit, and a job setting pins in a bowling alley. I worked from nine in the morning to midnight, and sometimes to one in the morning.

I averaged anywhere from $20 to $35 a week, and I gave most of the money to my grandmother.

But I continued to steal bicycles now and then, and I was also getting some kicks turning in false fire alarms, and then ducking around the house to watch the fire trucks come careening to the fire box.

I loved to watch the fire trucks: they were beautiful, white, shiny and impressive. I loved to hear the sirens. But most of all, I enjoyed seeing the confusion and the crowd because it meant that, indirectly, I was being noticed, since it was I who had caused all the hubbub. I could hear them talking about the inconsiderate bastard who had sent in the alarm, and how they wished they could lay their hands on him. The more the crowd discussed me, the more I turned in false alarms. They were stoking the fires of my desire for attention.

One day, while my aunt, who lived with my grandmother and me, was upstairs dressing for work, I used the downstairs phone to send two ambulances, two taxis, a police car, and a fire truck to the house across the street. As soon as I completed the calls, I went upstairs and started talking innocently to my aunt.

I was still chatting, when all the equipment rushed to the house across the street. Because of my past reputation, I was suspected. The police came over to investigate. Because it seemed to my aunt that I had been upstairs yakking with her all the time, she was convinced of my innocence. Even though the police knew I was the guilty party, they couldn't prove it. I had retaliated in some small measure for being the scapegoat in the school vandalism incident, and I was delighted.

By this time I was thirteen. I got a crush on a woman who lived about two houses up the street from me. She was a very attractive, brunette divorcée, about 26 years old. She had two children. I really liked her, because she was nice to me; but I resented the fact that there was a guy in a dry-cleaning truck who visited her every night. I hated this man because I figured he was cutting in on me. Feeling that I truly wanted to marry this woman because she was so attractive and friendly, I made up my mind to get even with my rival, and to put a stop to his attentions.

I waited until nighttime to carry out my jealous plans. My grandmother was upstairs, hanging wallpaper. So without her knowing it, I sneaked out to the garage and filled an empty Coke bottle with turpentine. I set the bottle on the back steps, and went up to the second floor to talk with my grandmother. Once again, I was building an alibi. I told my grandmother I was going downstairs to make a sandwich, took it back upstairs, and purposely ate it in front of her. We talked for awhile, and I then asked her if she wanted me to do the dishes. She looked at me quizzically because I had never volunteered for any work around the house, and she replied in a doubting tone: "If you want to do them, go right ahead."

I patiently waited until she was occupied with hanging a new piece of wallpaper. The time was ripe, and I told her I was going downstairs to do the dishes. I strode into the kitchen, and out the back door. I grabbed the Coke bottle, dashed around to the neighboring house, doused the interior of the cleaning truck, lit a book of matches, tossed it in, and sped back home. In a minute or two, the truck was engulfed in a brilliant ball of flames. Then I scurried upstairs to talk

some more to my unsuspecting grandmother. When the fire trucks arrived, I pretended ignorance.

"Granny, I hear sirens. I wonder if there's a fire around."

"My God! There's something burning right out there!"

She quickly put her tools down, and we went outside. I wasn't any too anxious to go outside before she did. I wanted to go with her and be protected by her presence. We watched the fire department extinguish the fire, and listened to the neighbors talk. I still retain the memory of my grandmother saying to the next door neighbor, "Ya know, I can't figure it out. We saw the fire and I told Ed to go out and watch it; but he wouldn't leave the house without me. He just didn't seem too anxious." I thought I would die.

Luckily for me, I wasn't found out. I had accomplished what I set out to do: my rival's truck was a total loss. I felt that maybe now he'd stay away. But when about two weeks later, he arrived again, in another dry cleaning truck I immediately decided to blow that one up, too.

One night, I stood beside the truck, lighting match after match, dropping them into the gas tank, but nothing happened. I ran out of matches and went home. I then gave up my plan to burn up the truck, figuring that if I succeeded, everyone would get suspicious. Today, I marvel I live to tell this story. Obviously, I could have been blown to pieces by such a prank.

On February 4, 1946 when I was almost thirteen, my grandmother became my official guardian. My foster-father was instructed to make weekly payments for my support. In fact, he paid nothing. My natural father had faced a charge

of bastardy when I was born. In consequence, he paid my guardian a grand total of $125, plus court costs. Thereafter, he was off the hook completely.

I owned one $25 War Bond. It was a gift from my adoptive parents while I was still at the orphanage. It was my only material possession.

My grandmother couldn't control me. She worked almost every day, and when she wasn't around, and I wasn't working, I'd be out every night drinking.

One spring morning in 1946, my grandmother came to my room and awakened me, saying "Ed, there's somebody downstairs who wants to see you."

I dressed and went downstairs. To my surprise, there sat a detective.

"Hello, Ed. How are you?"

"Fine, sir." I replied not knowing what to expect.

"What time did you get in last night?"

"Oh, about seven," I lied.

"Ed, I'm damned tired of your telling me lies. I know you didn't get in until three-thirty this morning because I was sitting out there watching when you came in, and you were drunk. Now we don't have any alternative, Ed, but to take you to the detention home. Your grandmother can't control you, and you are only making her life miserable. So maybe if we put you in the detention home for a while, it will teach you a lesson. Maybe when you get out, you'll decide to do the right thing."

His manner of speaking let me know I had no choice. I was taken over to the detention home.

A man came to see me, and introduced himself as Mr. Robinson. He was a Catholic Service League worker.

"Hello, Ed. How are you?"

"Fine. How are you?"

"How would you like to go to a place in Phoenixville, Pennsylvania, where you could learn a trade and get a good education?"

"You mean a reform school?"

"No, Ed, this is not a reform school. This is a boys' school, where they specialize in teaching trades, so when you get out, you'll really have a lot on the ball. You'll not be locked up there—you'll have a regular little house you'll be living in—and you won't have anybody pushing you around or looking down your neck.

"It's a privilege to go there. If you decide you don't want to stay, you can come back to Akron. We think, should you go, you might just straighten out a bit. You're not being taken there for punishment, because you haven't done anything to be punished for. What do you say?"

"Yes, it sounds interesting, sir. I think I'd like to go. Fact is, I'd like to go anyplace."

He'd made it sound so good, I was convinced he was trying to help me.

"Fine, then we'll leave for the school next week. In the meantime, you can leave this detention home, and go home and spend a few days with your grandmother. How's that?"

"Oh, that's fine, sir. I really appreciate that," I said sincerely.

For the first time, I was excited about my future. Given this opportunity, I knew I'd straighten out. I was so happy I wasn't being sent to a reform school.

"I won't have anyone telling me what I have to do," I thought to myself. "Maybe I'll be able to show them how

good I am at baseball and football."

My grandmother seemed relieved. The nights dragged by, for I couldn't sleep in my excited anticipation of going to the Philadelphia Protectory, a school located right across the river from Valley Forge.

Ed Edwards at the age of twelve.

The School Had Walls

I had been told by Mr. Robison that at the school I could come and go as I wished, without constant surveillance. But when I came face up against this formidable institution, I immediately had my doubts. When we pulled up in front of the school's main entrance, on that day in January, 1948, I saw looming in front of me two big, black steel doors. Inside the gates stood the large red brick administration building. This place didn't look like the boys' school I was expecting.

We went inside. The interior of the school had a cold, harsh feeling about it. After Mr. Robison signed the necessary papers for my admittance, I was led downstairs to a shower. My clothes were taken; and in their place, I was issued a pair of khaki pants and a khaki shirt. Then, I was led to the barber shop for a butch haircut. Although the rules about hair length were fairly relaxed in the protectory, each newcomer was required to get a close crewcut the first time around.

My initiation had begun, and my suspicions were rapidly growing. My family, and the probation officer, had painted a pretty picture of a rather loathsome place. The school where I was to be free had turned out to be a reform school. My resentment knew no bounds.

After the preliminaries, I was given a tour of the place. The main complex consisted of dormatories, a chow hall, a huge recreation area, a carpenter shop, and a tailor shop. The entire complex was totally enclosed by various other buildings and by brick walls, some of which were 20 feet high. Inside, the school was neglected and dirty.

The biggest shock of all came when I realized that the boys here weren't of the caliber I had expected them to be. Perhaps five of the entire lot hadn't been committed for serious crimes, all the others had been convicted of armed robbery, burglary, car theft, vandalism, or forgery.

What had I done to be put in a reform school 375 miles away from my home? It was certain I'd never have any visitors in this godforsaken fortress.

In short order, I began to withdraw into a protective shell. Many a time I'd find myself crying lonesomely; of course, I'd hide my tears for fear of being ridiculed by the other boys. But I learned how to deal with their taunts. I fought back as cruelly and as meanly as I could. I was not above using a baseball bat, or an iron peg from the horseshoe pit, to even the score against even the biggest and the toughest. Everyone there soon got to know it was dangerous to fool around with me.

An average of ten runaways per year was not really too many for such a school. If you didn't work outside the walls during the day, it was difficult to escape. When a runaway was captured and returned, his hair was shaved off and he was made to sit in the middle of the yard, for 30 days. In the protectory, this particular location in the yard was known as "the line." No hats were allowed on the line, so in summer, sunburns were frequent. Escapees weren't

permitted to participate in sports, or in any other activities. In winter, a runaway was allowed to wear a hat and a coat, but he still had to serve his time on the line, sitting still in the frigid blasts.

Deals between school personnel and inmates were commonplace. Most commonly, guards bribed the boys to make the guards' beds and clean the guards' rooms. In return for these services, the guards would give a boy a pack or two of cigarettes, although tobacco was banned in this institution.

There was much homosexuality. It didn't stop with the boys, but included the staff. It wasn't unusual for a guard to approach a boy, and invite him to his room. After an hour or two, the boy would come out with his carton of cigarettes. Only my reputation as a fighter saved me from being a victim. I was rarely approached; but on those occasions when a guard attempted to browbeat me, I'd protect myself in my own particular way, and the guard backed off. In time, I was left alone.

After I'd been at the protectory about a year, I was delighted to learn I was to go to work on a dairy farm. Finally, I would get my chance to escape. I would work outside the walls during the day, and only return to the institution each night to sleep.

One morning, while on my way to milk the cows, I dashed around the back of the barn, and headed for the woods. I remained there for about 15 minutes. Then, coming out of the woods, I ran onto some railroad tracks, and just sat there, anxiously waiting for a train to come by. As luck would have it, I hopped the freight train that would pass through Akron.

For fear of being returned to that dreadful reformatory, I let no one—not even my family—know that I was in town. First thing I did was go to some downtown department stores, use the names of some of my relatives, and charge and take with me clothes, candy, and a watch. I had always wanted a watch, but had never had one. I enjoyed running up those large bills for my relatives; it compensated, in some measure, for their scheming to get me out of the way and into that horrible school. I was convinced that I was going to be a topnotch crook, and I started out to prove it.

About two weeks later, the police of Akron got wind of what was going on. They picked me up, put me in jail overnight, and then released me to my grandmother. Though she regarded me as a through-and-through troublemaker, she let me stay in her house for about a week before she turned me back to the reform school. When I got back, they shaved my head, and I was sentenced to "the line" for 30 days.

About 10 months after my return, I was called in to the superintendent's office. He was a white-haired man in his fifties.

"Ed, I have a little deal for you," he said. "I'll explain it to you, and you can tell me whether or not you want to accept it."

"Okay, sir." I couldn't imagine what he had in store for me.

"This man, Mr. Day, has a farm about 50 miles from here. There's a fellow working for him now who used to be at this school, and that boy is making out quite well. Mr. Day would like you, too, to live on his farm as one of his

family. You will be placed on probation for a year. If you want to leave the farm at any time, you'll have to come back here to stay. If you run away, and you're caught, you'll be sent back here anyhow. At the farm, you will have a room to sleep in, the privilege of going to town, and all the freedom you want after your chores are done. What do you say?"

"Oh, yes sir!" I answered, "I'd love it." Though I realized I would be cheap help for the farmer, I was genuinely happy to go to Mr. Day's and be done with the school.

"Okay!" said the superintendent. "Mr. Day will be here for you on Monday. He can't take you now, because he's on his way to Philadelphia. Pack what you'll need. I'm sure you'll enjoy yourself there."

"Oh! I'm sure I will, sir. Thanks very much for the break."

"You have a good record here, except for the time you ran off; but we're not going to hold that against you."

I was full of anticipation. Though I hated the school, I did gain an education of sorts. I learned what burglar's tools were, how to "hot wire" a car so that no keys were needed to start it, how to pick locks, and how to forge checks. I learned how to avoid being caught by the police by setting off a false alarm away from the scene of the crime, thus deflecting the cops down a blind alley. I learned how to jimmy a window and a door, and how to crawl through a transom.

I was all set to tackle the world. Some day people would hear of Ed Edwards, master criminal. Though I really knew precious little about crime when I came out of that school,

I naively regarded myself as an accomplished professional.

Monday came, and I was on my way. After we arrived at his well-kept place, Mr. Day showed me his 105-acre tract, on which were a large barn, a number of cows, pigs, chickens, and ducks, a tractor, and a manure-spreader. My wages were to be $4 a week, and I was to get a furnished room, food, and all my clothes. Mr. Day was gentle and sincere, and I liked him right away. We arranged between us that he would deposit $2 a week for me in a savings account, and give me the other $2 as spending money.

Though I didn't like getting up in the early morning hours to milk the cows and feed the cattle, I continued to work the long, hard hours. I found that when six in the evening rolled around, I was exhausted. But I wasn't too tired to change clothes and walk to Skipack, Pennsylvania. Skipack was just a one-horse town but I hoped I'd find a girl there. I kept going to that town for about a year and a half, but I never really met anyone.

One day, I was cutting corn in the field with a bolo knife when I heard an ear-shattering explosion. I looked back, and saw the barn engulfed in flames. The garage for the tractor was located directly underneath the barn. The other boy from the reform school had been filling the tractor with gas—*while the engine was running.* When the machine caught fire, he dropped the can of gas, and ran to safety. When the tractor blew up, the whole barn collapsed, and part of the house was burned, too. Flaming shingles scattered into the hayfields which immediately started to smoke.

Mr. Day was furious. Later, he realized there was nothing to do except rebuild. He calmed down, and became

resigned about the episode. He admitted that he had never warned us against putting gas into the tractor while the engine was running; so maybe he felt responsible for the accident.

Though we lost all the chickens, we managed to save the cattle. But because the barn had to be rebuilt, the work load increased tremendously. Day after day, Mr. Day had me and the other boy lug big rocks and lumber from the nearby woods. The work was simply too much for me, so I took off.

Two days later, I went to work for a Mennonite farmer, who was located about 20 miles away from Mr. Day's place. My new job lasted only four days. The farmer's wife, a small, plain woman who bounced when she walked discovered, while doing the laundry, that there were numbers stamped on my underwear. She questioned me. I admitted I had been in a reform school, and that the numbers were my laundry marks. The Mennonite and his wife decided that they'd rather not have me around their place. They explained that if something were missing, I would be held suspect. I wasn't surprised by their attitude. It seemed to me the best thing to do would be to go back to familiar territory to Akron.

It was March of 1950. I was 16 years old when I returned to my grandmother's home. I began staying out late, and I pulled a few burglaries. I wasn't caught because after I'd break into a house and steal a credit card, I would immediately use it and then throw it away before it got hot. I wasn't pulling big jobs, because I really wasn't a full-fledged criminal as yet. For one thing, I didn't feel brave enough to hold anybody up, so I limited myself to such petty crimes

as shoplifting, credit card stealing, and rolling drunks.

Around this time, I discovered what girls were for. Up to then, I hadn't known what intercourse actually was. When I found out, I was all for it.

I had always viewed girls with great curiosity. But there were no young females in the reform school; on Mr. Day's farm, I had no female company, and as I said, the small town nearby had provided no outlet.

I found I could get a lot of attention from girls, and I was delighted. Ironically, I became very particular about whom I went to bed with. The girl had to be feminine, and attractive, and she had to care about me. I always chose younger girls whom I could dominate. I didn't like prostitutes because they didn't provide ego fulfillment. They were available for money, and what I needed was a sense of conquest.

For me, it was essential to excel. It was even necessary for me to beat girls at rope-jumping and jacks. I couldn't abide a girl outdoing me in anything. Sex was an area where I maintained full control. I wanted so much to be manly that I over-reacted, and felt a great compulsion to take to bed every girl I met. I couldn't stand it if a girl lost interest in me; I had to be the one to break off the affair.

I was still, legally speaking, under age. So one fine day, John Stuart, a detective in the local police department, picked me up for keeping late hours.

I was taken to the detention prison. Two weeks later, I was appointed orderly. My jobs were cleaning up the kitchen, the dining room, and the basement, and washing the windows, and doing laundry.

The girls in the detention prison were housed in a se-

cluded side of the building. Because my work involved various areas of the buildings, I occasionally got the opportunity to be with the girls. Once in a while, I was able to steal a couple of minutes to kiss a girl I especially liked. These brief contacts led to my working out a scheme.

The laundry chutes led, from both the boys' dormitories and the girls' dormitories, to the same spot in the basement. I knew I would be down there sorting and washing clothes, and would be left alone for some three to four hours. On a certain Saturday afternoon, I arranged that the girl I had been kissing and writing notes to would slide down the clothing chute from the girls' dormitories into the basement.

We two spent a few delightful hours together. But it was difficult for her to get back up the chute, and she most certainly had to return before she was found missing. So we hollered up the chute to the girls in the dormitory, and asked them to tie three or four sheets together with strong knots. I tied the end of the bottom sheet to my girl's wrists, and her friends upstairs pulled her up the chute.

This got to be such great fun that I actually reached the point of really enjoying that prison. I would anxiously await every Wednesday and Saturday, when I would be in the basement by myself and one of the girls would slide down the clothing chute. There were 15 girls in the detention prison; I managed to screw 12 of them.

Most of the girls were in for burglary, or prostitution, or breaking curfew. None of my 12 sexual partners was a virgin. I doubt that any of the three I didn't have relations with was a virgin. One of these was a girl who weighed about 190 pounds; and the only reason I didn't screw her was that she couldn't fit down the chute, though she tried

desperately. I was fortunate none of these affairs ended in a pregnancy. As a matter of fact, some of these girls were pregnant at the time, and some had already borne children.

One day, when I was cleaning up the dining room, Georgianna, a petite, affectionate brunette with a lovely shape, told me she was being sent to the Girls' Industrial School the following Monday. On Thursday, she was going to be allowed to go home to spend the weekend with her family. She asked me if I'd be willing to run away with her. I readily agreed.

Late that Thursday afternoon, the boys' section was playing baseball out in the yard. When my turn at bat came around, I swung at the first good pitch with all my might, desperately trying to hit the ball over the fence; and I succeeded. Since I was a trustee, the superintendent innocently opened the gate to let me retrieve the ball, and I ran off.

I spent that night with Georgianna. The following day, we and another couple went off to Cleveland.

I Join the Marines

Some time later, in Cleveland, on an impulse I took the Marine Corps test and passed it. I was told to report to the Cleveland barracks on the following Monday. From there, I would be sent to Parris Island, South Carolina. I was elated. I was going to be a Marine. To me, the Marines were the greatest men on earth. I had always been impressed by their reputation for bravery, and by the smart look of their uniforms.

That Monday, Georgianna was sent to the Girls' Industrial School. The minute she left, I made a beeline to the home of her girl friend. But my plans were cut short; for when I arrived, a car carrying a policeman and a probation officer from the detention home pulled in front of me, and I was escorted right back to the detention home.

I detested that probation officer. He was just a fat slob who shacked up with one whore after another. He had used me many times to cook his meals and cut his grass. That was supposed to be "a taste of home life" for me. On the way back to the detention home, he said:

"Now, Ed, tell me something. Why in hell did you run away? You have a good record, and everything was going well. You had a trustee job. I even took you over to my house on several occasions, and let you help out with the chores.

Just why did you run away?"

"Sir," I answered, "I ran away to join the service."

"To join the what?"

"Yes, sir, I went to Cleveland to join the Marines, and I'm supposed to leave Monday for the Marine induction center at Parris Island, South Carolina."

"Ed," he said, "you don't expect me to go for that crap. You have to be seventeen to join the Marines, and you're not seventeen yet."

"Sir," I explained, "I'll be seventeen in two days."

"Oh, I see," he snickered. "Well anyway, right now you're going back to the detention home, and you're going to stay locked up in your room for 15 days. And you won't have trustee status anymore, either."

On the second day of my 15-day punishment, this same officer came around to talk to me.

"Ed," he said, "we have just received word from the Marine Corps Recruiting Office that you passed the test. They said it would be a week before you would have to leave for Parris Island. You can go home now for a visit. But see me before you leave."

"Oh, thank you, sir, thank you very much," I said. I was truly grateful. "Sir, this is the day I've been waiting for all my life." My voice quivered with excitement.

"Well, now that that day's here, make the most of it."

Back in Akron, I made the rounds, saying goodbye to all the people I knew, bragging about the fact that I was going to be a Marine. Time couldn't go fast enough; I was anxious to be on my way. I tried looking up the girls I had known in the detention home, but I could only locate two of them. The others had either been sent to the Girls' Indus-

trial School or to foster homes.

Monday came, and I was on a train headed for Parris Island. I was the happiest boy in the world—I was seventeen and going to be a Marine.

Here was my opportunity to prove to the world that I amounted to something.

At Parris Island, the first thing they did was to shave off all my hair. Then they threw a bunch of uniforms at me that seemed three sizes too big, and they issued me a few pairs of shoes. It seemed to me that each shoe weighed 20 pounds.

Boot camp lasted eight weeks, and I loved every minute of it. The harder the grind, the better I liked it. I took great pride in cleaning my rifle, and learning the Marine corps manual.

At the end of those eight weeks, I was given one stripe which meant I was a Private First Class in the U. S. Marine Corp.

I got orders assigning me to fleet Marine Force training at Camp LeJeune in North Carolina. Before shipping out, I was given a ten-day leave. Of course, I went home to Akron to parade around in my uniform, to look up old acquaintances, and to show them I was in the Marines. I told everybody I'd be going to Korea—the war had broken out while I was in boot camp.

Then, shortly after I got to LeJeune, a bill was passed in Congress prohibiting seventeen-year-olds from being sent into combat. This was a terrific disappointment, for I wanted so much to become a hero. I was certain I'd earn medals and ribbons, and win the war singlehandedly.

After this letdown, I became completely apathetic, and

slacked off from my duties. My only concern was getting a pass. If I couldn't wangle a pass, I'd sneak out the gate. I just gave up on the Marines.

One evening, I snuck out of camp and went to Wilmington. There, in the big town, I met Mary, a little, pug-nosed, witty girl. She was a challenge, and I liked her a lot. She was very affectionate, and I thought how great she'd be in the sack. I talked to her about leaving Wilmington and she agreed to go away with me. However, as a playmate, she turned out to be a disappointment.

Before skipping camp, I decided to take one last crack at getting myself shipped overseas, and I went to see my commanding officer.

"Sir," I said, "I see no reason why I should stay stateside. I joined the Marines to fight, so why can't I get over there and get into the action?"

"You're not old enough, Edwards, and you're not mature enough," he said. I got excited, and exploded: "Sir, I *am* mature enough. I've run through every obstacle course in camp; I've stood up under all kinds of pressure. My squad leader and platoon leader will tell you that."

"I'm aware of that, Edwards," the officer replied. "But you can't go to Korea. The law won't allow it. I promise you that if you still want to go when you've turned eighteen, if the war is still on, you'll be sent over, pronto."

"So I can't go now." The law made absolutely no sense to me.

"No, you can't go now."

I was so upset, I started to leave the room without saluting.

"Edwards! What are you supposed to do when you

leave this office!"

"I'm sorry, sir." I saluted brusquely, and walked out.

The rest of the day, all I did was wait for my liberty. I packed up the things I would be needing, and when my hour arrived, I went to meet Mary. We walked to the highway, and hitchhiked all the way to Akron. I was wearing my uniform, and told police I had just returned from Korea and was on a 30-day leave.

Before we left Wilmington, I had purchased several ribbons at an army surplus store, and sewed them on my uniform. I was quick to notice the respect and attention directed at me by strangers because of my uniform and medals. They would buy me drinks and food, and even invite me to their homes. Nothing was too good for the war hero. I was eating it all up, enjoying every minute of it.

One night, while I was living with Mary in Akron, I was sitting in a bar by myself when a girl approached me.

"Aren't you Ed Edwards?"

"Yes."

"Don't you remember me?"

"No, I really don't."

"My name is Annie Berger."

"Annie! My God, how in the hell could I ever recognize you? You've changed so much!

She had changed a lot, since the time I had met her four years ago. And I liked the grown-up product.

After a few drinks, Annie and I shacked up at a nearby hotel. I visited Annie—and her girlfriend, too—regularly for four days.

One day, Mary said she was going to have her hair done in the early afternoon. That was fine with me. When

she left, I got Annie to come to our furnished room. There we were, screwing away, when Mary opened the door. I was infuriated, and I cussed her out for walking in without knocking. Then I gathered up all my stuff, and I left town with Annie.

But I tired of Annie, too, rather quickly. However, we stayed together for a while, and then she left to marry a sailor she met in Newark. It saved me the trouble of dumping her.

After Annie split, I left Akron and wound up in Jacksonville, Florida, where I worked at odd jobs, and spent all my spare time swimming and generally living it up. It was costing me a lot to live, because I was trying my best to do everything I could to impress girls.

Although AWOL, I was still wearing my Marine uniform. But I was cautious where I wore it. I didn't want the military police to stop me and ask for papers that I couldn't produce.

The more you impress girls with money, the quicker they'll shack up with you—that's what I figured.

One day, when my money ran very very low, I decided to leave Jacksonville. Two doors from where I lived, there was a car rental agency. About two o'clock in the morning, I went there, broke through a window, got a key, and stole a 1950 Chevy. Before I drove off, I thought it would be smart to change the license plates with those of a Ford on the same lot. This turned out to be my downfall.

In Daytona Beach, a police officer asked me to pull over, and demanded to see my driver's license. Then he asked me where I got the car. I told him it belonged to a friend of mine.

"Well, buddy," he replied, "jump into the squad car; you're going to jail."

"This isn't a stolen car."

"I think it is. You see in this state we have a license plate code. Number one stands for the biggest county and number two stands for the next biggest county; and other numbers indicate the type of car. The license plate on your car doesn't match with a Chevy. So just sit real still, while I put these handcuffs on you."

Locked in the city jail, I confessed. In the face of the evidence, I had no choice. Three days later, detectives from Jacksonville took me back to the Jacksonville County jail. They still didn't know I was AWOL. I didn't want to let on, but I was getting sick of waiting around in that jail. A cellmate told me that if they found out I was in the Marines, I wouldn't have to stand trial in criminal court.

I got permission from the jailer to make a phone call. I called the military police in Jacksonville, and that evening, two MPs arrived.

"Now, Edwards," they asked, "what is it you want to tell us?"

"Well, it's like this. Several months ago, I went AWOL from Camp LeJeune in North Carolina. Since then, I've been traveling around the country. These guys got me for auto theft."

"You mean these people here don't know you are AWOL?"

The MPs found my explanation difficult to swallow. They disappeared for a few seconds, and then returned with a detective.

"Tell the detective what you just told us."

"I am AWOL from the Marines, sir."

The detective's jaw fell. He was obviously surprised.

"No, I can't believe that. Your fingerprints were sent to the FBI, and nothing came back about your even being in the service."

"Well, sir, if you check with Camp LeJeune, North Carolina, I'm sure you will find I'm telling you the truth."

About ten minutes later, he returned.

"No bull," he said to the military police. He did go AWOL, and he's wanted by the authorities."

"Should we take him back to the base, or are you going to keep him?"

"That's up to the sheriff. We'll let you know in a few days."

A judge of the local court decided to turn me over to the military authorities.

I was so happy to be out of that awful county jail that I vowed I would never again commit a crime. But, I hedged, if I ever do I'll plan things so thoroughly, I'll never get caught.

Next time around, I'll use maps to plan my escape routes. I'll read every bit of literature available and I'll learn how to be a real professional crook. I'll never ever let this happen again. They'll never again stick Ed Edwards in a jail.

As we pulled up to the US Naval Base in Jacksonville, I was nonchalantly admiring the scenery. I was glad to be there. This would be a new beginning for me.

But my plot to escape punishment backfired. I received an unfavorable discharge from the Marines, and was returned to the civil authorities in Jacksonville, and was,

once again, lodged in that same dreadful county jail. For breaking and entering and for car theft, I faced a possible sentence of from five to fifteen years in the Florida State Penitentiary.

Ed Edwards at age seventeen in the U.S. Marines.

In the Hoosegow

The Jacksonville County jail was like so many other county jails. The food was atrocious, and the mattresses were hard. The inmates constantly argued over cards, cussed, and talked about crime, and about the girls they had had. Just about everyone complained about his lawyer, who, so it was told, wasn't giving his case the proper effort.

During the day, the inmates were kept in a dayroom known as the bullpen. The bullpen was surrounded by bars. In the center of the bullpen there was a long, metal table. There was about eight feet of space on each side of the table, and three feet at each of its ends. The inmates could sit down, stand up, play cards or checkers, or read. Adjoining the bullpen, there was a shower room and a bathroom.

At six in the evening, everyone had to return to his cell. There were three cells on each floor; each cell housed eight men.

I was in Cell No. 2, talking to one of my cellmates, when someone called out:

"Hey, fellows, do you have an Edwards back there?"

I spotted an intercom box facing my cell, and I shouted, "I'm back here."

The voice said, "Edwards, is that you?"

"Yes, sir, it's me."

"There's a man down here to go your bond. Get all your clothes on, and be ready to come out when I open the door—in about five minutes."

For the life of me, I couldn't imagine who would go my bond. I didn't know anyone in town who might be willing to do me such a favor. I was delirious with joy over the idea of being free. In fifteen seconds flat, I was dressed and waiting at the door. I said to one of the guys:

"Who in hell would be going *my* bond?"

Then a voice shouted again: "Edwards, are you ready?"

I shouted back: "Yes!"

"Okay, come out. Is that door open?"

"No, not yet."

"Well, pull on it."

I pulled on the door, and it sounded as if he was trying to open it from the other end, too.

"Edwards! Goddammit! Pull on that door! Come out here!"

"I'm trying, boss, but I can't budge it!"

Then, from another cell, an inmate shouted:

"Hey, boss! You know Edwards has a knife, don't you?"

"Hey, guys! Shut up! You'll get me in trouble. Come on now, don't say anything like that."

"He's got a knife, boss! Don't let him bullshit you. He pulled it on a guy in the bullpen, today."

"Edwards, you got a knife?"

"I don't have a knife! They're just bullshitting you."

"I'm not so sure. Take off all your clothes and throw them out in the middle of the hallway. Take off every stitch."

"I don't have a knife, boss!"

"You're going to do as I tell you, or I'll come back there

and put you in the hole. Then you'll never get out of here on bond."

"Okay! Okay!" I answered.

So I ripped off all my clothes, and threw them in a pile in front of the cell door.

"Now open that goddamn door! Come on, open it!"

"It won't budge."

"Push on it with your shoulder. Come on! Get that door open! Put your mattress up against it, and push on it."

I put my mattress up against it, and pushed for all I was worth.

"Is it open?"

"No, it won't open."

"Get a couple of cups of water, and throw the water on the corner of the door. Get that thing loosened up. Come on, goddamn it! If you don't haul ass, you'll never get out of here on bond. Do you still have that knife in your cell, or is it in your clothes?"

"I told you I don't have a knife."

"Hurry up! Throw that water on the door."

I threw water up on the door and the water splashed all over me.

"Is it open?"

"No, it won't open!"

This had been going on for 15 minutes. I turned to the other guys and pleaded:

"For God's sake, help me get this goddamn door open, will you? I want to get out of here!"

For an answer, I got a roar of laughter. I didn't know what to think. The voice had to be genuine, because it was coming through the loudspeaker-intercom. It had to be the

voice of a deputy. I couldn't let myself believe otherwise. Then one of the inmates said:

"Hey, guys! He's had enough. Let up on him."

It had all been a damn joke! One of the boys had gone back to the corner of his cell, and had talked into his tin cup, which amplified his voice so that it sounded as if it was originating from the loudspeaker. When the phony guard told me to open the door, the men in the other cells jiggled their doors, making it seem as if a guard was trying to unlock the door from the control panel out front. In most prisons, the cells are unlocked from a master control panel.

The joke was over, and I remade my bed. Then I went to get my clothes back. They were soaked with water, so I had to hang them on the cell doors to dry. It was 15 or 20 minutes before I regained my composure. I realized how important it was that the other inmates didn't get to know just how disturbed I had been. If they knew, I would look still more foolish. Though I wanted to strike back at those responsible for my humiliation, I understood that if I did, I'd be playing directly into their hands. The other inmates hoped I'd blow my top; it would give them further leverage.

I'd been in a couple of county jails previously, but only for an overnight stay. This was something new. Was I supposed to be a smart guy, and mouth off to the deputy sheriffs, or was I supposed to be an easygoing guy, anxious to get along with everybody?

In time, I learned how to get along with the inmates as well as with the guards; I learned to roll with the punches, yet hold my ground.

One morning, three weeks later, seven of us were taken

over to the courtroom. Two fellows charged with stealing cars went up before Judge Harvey. Each was sentenced to three years. Another guy was sentenced to five years for burglary.

The next case was a man accused of molesting a twelve-year-old child. I listened to each case with great interest, anticipating how much time each man was going to get, and predicting, based on the results, what kind of a sentence I'd pull. The molested girl, her parents, and the accused stood before Judge Harvey. The charges were read. The man pleaded guilty.

The judge declared: "I have no alternative but to sentence you to 20 years in the Rayford State Penitentiary, to be taken there by the Sheriff of Duval County. I'm sorry I can't give you more."

Wow! When I heard that, it really scared the shit out of me. This son-of-a-bitch child molester puts the judge in a bad mood, and I'm the next case! Up until that moment, I thought the judge had been fair. But after hearing that fearful sentence, I could hear Judge Harvey intone: "Ten years in Rayford, Edwards, and I'm sorry I can't give you 100."

I was summoned by the bailiff. I stood before the bench.

"Edwards, you are charged with breaking and entering the Matthews' Rent-A-Car Service and stealing a car from the said lot. How do you plead?"

"Guilty, Your Honor."

"Have you ever been in trouble before?"

"Just minor incidents as a juvenile, sir."

"What would you do if you had a chance?"

"Sir, I'd return to Akron, Ohio, and get a job." I wasn't

sincere, but it made me sound good.

"Well, I deem your receiving an undesirable discharge from the Marines as punishment enough, so I'm going to give you a five-year suspended sentence. But don't ever appear in front of me again. If you do, you'll regret it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir." I was going limp.

When the Judge said, "I'm going to give you a five-year suspended sentence," I really didn't hear the words *suspended sentence*. Everything was foggy. All I heard was FIVE YEARS. In a daze, I returned to my seat. The shock of the five years almost caused me to pass out. The bailiff sensed I didn't know what had happened, and advised me I had gotten a suspended sentence. I could hardly believe it.

As I was leaving the courtroom, I heard a sentence of ten years in the pen handed out to someone else, and my knees buckled.

I tried to comprehend the single fact that I'd been turned loose. I could go home. I could do whatever I wanted. I was free! I felt I was the luckiest person alive. I'd been given a break. A new life could begin.

Florida

Gathering my belongings and the $400 I had saved from my stint in the service, I caught a bus to downtown Jacksonville. My first stop was a large restaurant I had patronized a number of times before. But I was so shaken, I couldn't even chew the first bite of the hamburger I ordered. I paid my bill and walked out.

At that moment, I thought to myself, "I've been rehabilitated; I paid for my meal!" Many times in the past, I'd eaten a large meal in that same restaurant and left without paying.

Now what should I do? Go to Akron? To Texas? To California? Should I leave now, or tomorrow? I didn't know what to do with myself. I felt lost and lonely.

Then I remembered a fellow named Patterson, from Lakeland, Florida, whom I had met in the county jail, and who had been sentenced to five years in the pen. He had told his sister about me. Since I'd never been to Lakeland, I thought I might go see what it was like.

About 6:30 A.M., my bus arrived in Lakeland. I didn't want to call Patterson's family at that hour of the morning, and thought it best to wait until at least nine-thirty. Lakeland looked to be a very clean little town; it might, I thought, be a place for me to settle down in. But I soon realized it

wasn't the town in which I could put down roots. For one thing, in a small town, everyone knows everyone else's business.

A little before ten, I called my friend's sister.

"Hello, Ella Mae. This is Ed Edwards. Your brother said he told you about me. When I got out, I really didn't have any place to go so I thought I'd come down here and say hello to you for your brother. Can I buy you a Coke and a hamburger?"

She immediately invited me to have breakfast with the family. I took a cab over to meet Ella Mae and her widowed mother.

After breakfast, Ella Mae showed me around town. We talked about her brother, the county jail, and the various kinds of trouble he had been in. He had served time in Rayford on three previous occasions; two for car theft, and one for burglary.

Ella Mae was a tomboy who always wore slacks and played baseball and football. She liked horseback riding, too. She wasn't pretty, and she didn't appeal to me.

"How long are you going to stay in Lakeland, Ed?"

"Oh, I don't know. If I can find a job, I might stay for a while."

"Do you have a place to stay yet?"

"No, not yet."

"There is a rooming house up the street you could stay in for $10 a week." She told me how to get there and I went and rented a room on the second floor.

I didn't have an education, and I didn't have a trade, so I was severely limited as to the type of work I could do. To disguise my past, I filled out every job application with

lies. After getting turned down at several places, I stopped at a large filling station and asked to speak to the manager.

"What can I do for you?"

"Well, sir, I've come down to Lakeland to live because I know a few people here. I was just discharged from the Marines, and I'm looking for a job. If I can find a job, it's my intention to stay here."

"Have you ever worked in a filling station?"

"I've worked in them, but don't know too much about the business."

"Would you be willing to work for $60 a week?"

"Yes, sir. I would be more than willing."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

"How long were you in the Marines?"

"Five years," I said smoothly.

"Do you want to start tomorrow?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. You be in here at seven in the morning. Take this application home with you and fill it out. And don't forget your social security number."

I went back to my room in a happy mood. When I called Ella Mae and told her, she too seemed happy about my good break.

I reported to work the next day, and was introduced to six fellows who worked there. During the next several days, I concentrated on shooting the shit, and fed one and all a bunch of lies. I was really acting the big shot. I told them that in the Marines I had been in the Marshall Islands, where I'd been wounded. I also said I had been married, but my wife had been fatally injured in an automobile

accident, and left me with a child who soon after died of pneumonia.

Being a compulsive liar, I even convinced *myself* this was true. Every time I opened my mouth, a lie tumbled out. I actually felt I was doing nothing wrong. After all, I was not hurting anybody by telling those lies. I was a master at rationalization.

After several days, the manager called me into his office.

"Ed, you're doing fine. But I'd like to know a little bit more about you. What you've been feeding the boys doesn't correspond to the information you set down on your application blank. You say you've been in the Marines for five years, and that you're twenty-two years old. That means that when you went in, you were seventeen. According to your application, you went in when you were fifteen. This is 1951. Five years ago, it was 1946. And World War II was over in 1945!

"You're telling everybody here that during the war you were in the Marshall Islands, and that you were wounded. Now that would have been pretty hard to do under the circumstances, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, sir. You're right."

"I like you, Ed. That's why I'm not sending you on your way. But if you won't tell me a little bit about yourself, and tell me why you're making up all these lies, and what you're trying to hide, then I'm going to have to let you go."

I then told him I was really eighteen, that I had stolen a car, that I had been dishonorably discharged from the Marines, and that I had received a five-year suspended sentence in Jacksonville.

"Why didn't you tell me all this when you came here asking for a job?"

"If I had, you would have said something like, 'Well, I would like to hire you, but I'm filled up right now. I don't need anybody!'"

"Well, I may have. Then again, I may not have. But you can't go through life telling lies. Have you ever been married?"

"No, sir."

"Have you ever had a child?"

"No, sir."

"Then how can you benefit by telling people nonsense of this sort?

"Ed, you can continue to work here, but there's one thing you'll have to do first. You're going to apologize to all those fellows you've been lying to, especially to Jack Simms. Jack happened to be in the Marshall Islands during World War II, where he was wounded. He was awarded a Purple Heart."

I felt immensely stupid having to apologize for my own crap. Now I was being forced to swallow my pride, for that was the only way I could hold down the job. This was going to be the first time in my life I had ever apologized to anyone. Before this, I wasn't able to handle the humiliation of defeat. To me, to admit you were wrong made you inferior.

"Jesus Christ!" I thought, "Let's get this damn thing over with so I can get back to work. Will I ever be able to live down this shame? They'll razz me about it till the end of time."

But my fears were unfounded. My apologies were ac-

cepted, and no more was said.

Yet, I only worked there for another week before I started to look for a new job. I had been found out. The shame was just too much; I couldn't take it. The simple thing to do was to run from the situation.

I went to another gas station, down the street, and explained to the owner that I wanted to switch jobs because his station was closer to where I lived.

"How long have you been at Burt's?" he asked.

"About a month," I answered. "I've just been discharged from the Marines. I'm engaged to a girl in this town, and we're planning on getting married in about three months." Apparently, I had learned nothing from my experiences, and still had to conjure up lies.

"Well, I do need a man," he said. "If you want the job, you can start tomorrow."

I went back to talk with Burt.

"Sir, I'm going to work at a gas station across the street from my room. I want to thank you for giving me a job, and for helping me out."

"What do you mean, you're going to another gas station to work?"

"I'm going to work there because, as I said, it is closer to my house."

"Have you been hired yet?"

"Yes, sir. I'm going to start in the morning."

"I see, but I think I'll call just to make sure what you're saying is true."

After his phone call, Burt said to me, "Okay, Ed, you go up there and keep your nose clean. If you do a good job, you shouldn't have any problems."

I went to work the next morning. My first stint was a grease job and oil change on a cop's car. After working for about 15 minutes, I told the boss I was finished. He came out and inspected it. There were about three or four fittings I hadn't greased, nor had I checked the rear end. In no time at all, my lack of experience surfaced.

"Did you ever work in a gas station before you went to work for Burt?"

"No, sir."

"Well, Jesus Christ! I hired you thinking I was getting a mechanic! Hell, you don't even know how to grease a car."

"I'm learning, sir."

"I can't afford to pay somebody to learn! I'm not that big. Maybe Burt can, but I can't. I can't use you. I need somebody who knows what he's doing. Why didn't you tell me you didn't have any experience when I hired you?"

"You didn't ask me."

For the rest of the day, I worked with no enthusiasm, and then went straight home and went to bed.

The next day, I went to see Burt and told him I'd been sacked after one day on the job. Surprisingly, I told him the truth:

"He found out I didn't know anything about the business."

"That's true, you don't. What did you tell him?"

"I didn't tell him anything, other than that I worked here. He assumed that since I worked for you, I knew all about the business."

"Too bad, Ed. I hired a fellow this morning. It wouldn't be right for me to let him go and put you back on. Do you think it would?"

"No, sir." I didn't care whether it was fair or not, but I knew I couldn't persuade him otherwise.

The rest of the day, I wandered around town trying to find a job. When I returned to my room that evening, two detectives were waiting for me downstairs. I was taken aback. What had I done to bring them here?

"You have a room upstairs, I understand."

"Yes, sir."

Then Elsie, my battle-axe landlady, chimed in: "Yes, and I want to know when you are going to pay for it?"

"Ma'am, I'm not working right now," I offered, "but you'll get your money. I don't plan on going anywhere."

"You better damn well believe you're not going anywhere," Elsie retorted. "If you do, I'll have you put in jail. I know your kind; you come here with the intention of beating me out of my rent."

"Mrs. Collinson, that's enough." A detective cut her off. "I don't think he's going to beat you out of your rent. But we'd like to talk to you for a little while, Ed. Do you want to go up to your room, or to the police station?"

"I'd rather go to my room."

In my room, one detective said in a friendly tone, "What are you doing here in Lakeland, Ed? Plan on stealing a car, or burglarizing someone?"

"No, sir."

"How much money do you have?"

"About $20."

"You got enough to pay for the rent, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir, I owe her $10."

"Don't you think you ought to pay it?"

"I plan on paying it, but I need the $20 for eating and

looking for a job."

"I'll tell you where you might find one. Over on the other side of town, at an auction house, they do quite a bit of hiring. I don't know how good the wages are, but why don't you try them?"

"I'll go over in the morning," I said.

I was relieved, because I didn't know where to turn for work.

"All right, you do that. We're going to keep an eye on you. The first time you get in trouble, we're going to pick your ass up. You can believe one thing: you got a five-year suspended sentence in Jacksonville; but if you do something wrong here, I can guarantee you'll go to the pen."

The following day, I went to the auction barn, and got a job running cattle through the stalls into the auction room.

Linda

Next door, there was a dance hall, where square dances were held three nights a week. And I was soon accepted as a regular at that place. One night, at the dance hall, I met Linda, who lived about three or four blocks away. She was a petite brunette, and goodlooking. I told her she was beautiful, and had gorgeous eyes. Boy! Did she lap that up!

On dance nights, I would walk her home.

This kept up for a couple of weeks. One night, I asked Linda if she would be interested in leaving Lakeland.

"Where would we go?"

"We'd go to Texas and get married."

"My father wouldn't consent. I'm only eighteen."

"You don't have to ask your father." I argued. "We'll get married in Texas. If we're married, there's nothing your mother or father or anyone else can say. What do you say? Wouldn't you like to travel? We'll get a new car, I'll buy you nice clothes, and we'll really live it up."

I saw I had sparked some interest. "Then, we'll go to Akron," I continued, "and I'll introduce you to my father.

"I don't have to work at this auction barn; I can get money from Dad just for the asking. My dad constantly wants to give me a car, or buy me a house, or pay for my clothes. But I don't want people giving me things or doing

things for me; I want to be independent. That's why I've got this job. I want things on my own; I don't want life handed to me on a silver platter. But, if you'll come with me, I'll take a holiday, and then we'll drift back to Akron, and have a ball."

My pitch to Linda reflected my longings at that time of my life quite accurately. She was caught up in my fantasy, and I continued: "I'll tell you what, Linda. Let's meet tonight behind your house. Bring all your clothes, and we'll hop the bus for Houston."

A few hours later, I was walking down the dirt road between the auction barn and the dance hall, when Linda's little brother ran up to me, all out of breath, and said:

"Ed, don't go to the house! Dad knows that you're planning to leave with Linda, and he's waiting for you with a gun!"

"Who told him?"

"He caught Linda taking her clothes out the back way. She told him she was going to her girl friend's house for the night. He slapped her, and said: 'You've never stayed over at Betty's house before, so why tonight?' She didn't answer so he got real mad; and started slapping her all over.

"Then Linda got mad, and told Dad she was running away from home, and that she didn't want any part of him any more. He figured she was leaving with you, because you've been over to the house so much. Linda told me to tell you she'll meet you between the barn and the dance hall around eight-thirty. I gotta get back, or Dad'll hit me too."

Heeding the kid's advice, I went to the dance hall instead. There, I cornered my one and only buddy and of-

fered him $20 if he would drive Linda and me to Tampa. My friend wasn't that anxious to help, but I was able to talk him into it by about eight.

As we were pulling out into the road between the barn and the dance hall, the headlights illuminated Linda. Slightly behind her, and in hot pursuit, was her father, a stocky little man in a dirty T-shirt.

"Mike, stop!" I commanded my friend. "Turn off your lights! Quick!"

I jumped out of the car to meet Linda. Her dad was now within earshot, and he roared at me:

"You dirty goddamn son-of-a-bitch! I'll cut your goddamn throat, if I get to you. You take that girl away from this city, and I'll have you put in jail so's you'll never get out! You come into this town, come over to my house, eat my food, and then you take my daughter away from me. You're no fuckin' good!"

We jumped into the car, tore off, leaving Linda's father to wave his fists at our dust.

In Tampa, Linda and I got a room at a motel. She was one hell of a lay! The fact that she was young, and pretty, and just my age, did a lot for my self-esteem. Too, I had been able to defeat and outsmart her parents. I felt like a big shot. In my mind, I had really accomplished something.

The next day, Linda and I started hitchhiking to Houston. Two days later, we got there, and rented a room in a private home. I preferred a small rooming house then because there was more privacy, better food, and less demand for the rent to be paid on time.

Then, too, it's common practice for detectives to check hotel and motel registers for suspicious people. In a private

home I'd be less likely to be spotted.

I found work at a supermarket. One morning, after we'd been in Houston about two weeks, I had two eggs for breakfast. I noticed that the eggs contained some little red speckles, but I wasn't very much bothered. I had eaten my share of institutional food, and I was accustomed to less than the best. That afternoon, at work, I got severe cramps. I told the manager I was sick.

"Son, I don't like your coloring," he said. "I'll take you to the hospital myself. Are you a veteran?"

"Yes." I was off again on more lies.

"Good! I'll take you to the veteran's hospital. That way, it won't cost you anything."

At the hospital, I was asked what type of discharge I had, and what my service number was. I gave them my real service number and told them I had received an honorable discharge. They had no reason to doubt my statement. After a physical examination, I was admitted to the hospital. The place was immaculate, and the personnel were all very friendly.

Three days later, a psychiatrist, named Dr. Miller, called me into his office. He impressed me as being very intelligent and genuinely concerned.

"Ed, I have some questions. Please realize I'm here to help you. You know, Ed, you're quite a liar. I know all about you, so there's no reason for you to lie to me. I know that you weren't given an honorable discharge, and that not too long ago you were given a five-year suspended sentence in Jacksonville, Florida, for stealing a car." My serial number had been sent through the teletype, and my past was exposed.

"I know all about your juvenile record, too. You're not supposed to be in this hospital, you know, but we're going to keep you here. I think you'll find that everybody in this hospital wants to help you." When he put it that way, I believed it.

"You've been telling several people here you have a twin brother who was killed in Korea. You don't have a brother. I would like to find out just why you're telling people these things. Will you let me help you while you're here?"

"Yes," I answered. "I realize I may have a problem."

For a fleeting moment, I admitted to myself that I was probably some sick cookie, and could use any help I could get. But unfortunately, I was too frightened to face my inner self. But hell, I could stick around until I was cured of my food poisoning; Dr. Miller had legalized my stay, which eliminated the possibility that I would be kicked out of the hospital and charged with the crime of misrepresentation. I decided to stick around, and see what happened.

Linda and I had been masquerading as man and wife. The people in the hospital believed we were married. I was lonely. I'd phone Linda a couple of times a day, just to talk to her, and find out what she was doing. Then, too, she would come to see me every evening. I'd call her again after her visit, when I thought she had had enough time to reach home. But soon, on some nights, she wasn't home after two or three hours. This began to annoy me. I would be terrified that she was involved in an accident, or had been picked up by the police. Everytime I confronted her, she would tell me she stopped off to buy groceries, or that the busses were late. My suspicions began to grow. This went on for about ten days.

One day, when she came on her visit, I said, "I couldn't get you on the phone last night."

"I know, honey. You'll never believe what happened."

"What do you mean?"

"I was walking down the street when two guys drove by in their car, and asked me if I wanted a ride home. I said yes. I got in the car, and I told them where I lived. They started in that general direction, but then they steered off course. They were driving so fast, I couldn't jump out. Then they stopped on a deserted street, and they raped me!"

"They raped you! You mean they literally drove off somewhere, tore off your clothes, and forced you to submit to them?"

She stuck to her statement. Though I felt she was lying to me, it could very well have happened. I was suspicious, because she hadn't reported the incident to the police.

I was so disturbed about Linda that I asked permission to leave the hospital. I explained why I wanted to go, but the hospital authorities refused my request, and Dr. Miller, my friend, was nowhere to be found. I was out of my skull with suspicion and rage. I just had to know if Linda was telling the truth.

Rape is a crime I never had any use for. I don't believe it's necessary. There are too many women around, both married and single, who will go to bed with you for the asking. If a man is really hard up, he can always find a whorehouse. There are prostitutes all over who will submit to just about any sexual taste for anywhere from $5 up. Generally $10 or $15 can make a deal. It takes somebody who is very low, indeed, to rape a woman. Rapists and child molesters leave me with the same clammy reaction.

The next morning, I tried to get in touch with Dr. Miller, but I still couldn't find him. Every five minutes, I called Linda, but she didn't answer the phone. The nurses noticed I was becoming irritable, to put it mildly, and one of them called a doctor for instructions.

Then this same nurse came to my bedside, and said, "How are you feeling, Ed?"

"I feel all right, but I want to get the hell out of this hospital!"

"Take it easy," she said. "Dr. Miller will probably be back sometime today, and you can talk to him about it."

"I see no reason why I should have to stay here. I'm no longer sick. I only came in for food poisoning."

"There's nothing I can do about it, Ed. I have a shot that will calm you down."

"I don't need a shot."

"Come on now, Ed. Lay down."

I gave in. She gave me a shot of sodium pentothal, a strong drug that will relax you completely, if it doesn't actually put you to sleep. In a matter of seconds, the drug began to enter my system. As I felt myself weakening, I fought the effects. I quickly seemed to come out of it, and I even felt quite peppy. I lay on the bed for about 15 minutes. Then I got up, and started to call Linda again.

The nurse returned. "Ed," she said, "it's not a good idea to walk around after you've had that shot. Why don't you just stay in bed and get some rest. I'm sure that by the time you wake up, Dr. Miller will be here."

"No, I've got to call my wife," I insisted.

I refused to budge from the telephone, but I still couldn't get an answer at home. Fifteen minutes later, an

orderly came in with a wheelchair.

"How are you feeling, Ed? Would you like to go for a little ride with me?"

"Where?"

"I'm supposed to take you to Ward C1."

"I don't mind, but I want to go to the Post Exchange first."

"Good. We have to go through the Post Exchange to get over to C1."

I knew he was lying, because the Post Exchange was on the third floor, and C1 was on the same level as my ward, C2. The orderly figured that I was so heavily doped by the sodium pentothal he could string me along. I knew something was up.

"No, the Post Exchange isn't on this level; it's on the third floor, and I want to get there first," I insisted.

The orderly saw he had misfired. "O.K. I'll take you up to the Post Exchange first," he said.

Reluctantly, I got in the wheelchair. As he wheeled me out of C2, I saw two nurses just coming out of C1. I stopped the wheelchair with my hands.

"Hey, what's ward C1 like?" I asked, smiling broadly.

"Oh baby!" said one, "I pity anyone going in there." "Full of kooks!" said the other.

I went completely off my rocker. I jumped out of the wheelchair and screamed at the orderly, "You black son-of-a-bitch." I can vaguely remember one of the nurses saying: "Oh, boy! Did we get something started." And then I started beating him.

I have no idea how long I went on slamming that poor orderly around; but when I came to my senses, there were

several nurses, doctors, and hospital police holding me down. I looked at the orderly, and saw he was bleeding quite badly around the face. He was helped into a room. I was taken into another room, and laid on a table. About a half-hour later, Dr. Miller came in.

"What seems to be the problem, Ed?"

"I want to get out of this goddamn hospital, doc! My wife was raped the other night. I want to get out and find out how she is, and what's happening. I can't get her on the phone."

"We'll see what we can work out. How are you feeling right now?"

"I feel all right."

"All right. Are you going to come over to C1 with me?"

"Yeah, I'll go over with you."

"All right, I'll push you over. Hop in the wheelchair."

I got in the wheelchair, and was taken over to C1.

"Ed, hop up here on the table and let me talk to you for a little while. I want to give you a shot, too. You need something to calm you down."

"No, I don't want any more shots. I'm perfectly okay. That last shot got me all worked up."

"This one's a little different. It won't hurt, and it doesn't have the same effect that sodium pentothal has."

"I don't want it, Doc! I just want to contact my wife. I want to find out what's happening, and I want to get the hell out of here."

I noticed he was looking at a group of what seemed to be male patients standing around. I got suspicious as hell, and started to get off the table. Eight or ten fellows grabbed me, and pinned me down. I wasn't able to do anything more

than squirm a little bit while Dr. Miller gave me a shot of paraldehyde, a very strong sedative. Though the drug did not put me to sleep, it certainly rendered me defenseless. I wasn't in a condition to even fight a baby. Vaguely, I remember their putting me in a wheelchair, tying a sheet around me, and taking me down a corridor. When I came to that evening around eleven, I found myself in a padded cell. There was a little peephole in the door, through which I could see a couple of orderlies down the corridor.

"Hey, you guys. Give me some water, will you?"

"What's that?"

"How about some water? I'm thirsty."

"All right, just a minute."

In a few minutes, they returned. One held the water while the other unlocked the door.

"When am I going to get the hell out of here? What am I doing here on this floor?" I was awake now, and panic-stricken.

"You should be out of here tomorrow. The doctor suggested we bring you up here for the time being, because you weren't feeling too good."

"I feel all right now. Let me out of here. Where's the doctor? I want to see him."

"It's a little late for the doctor. He's asleep. You'll just have to wait until morning. Cool it. We have fellows here who are real sick, and are trying to get some rest."

"I want out." I screamed. "Get me somebody who has authority."

"All right, we'll see what we can do."

About a half hour later, the orderlies came back and said, "The doctor wants to talk to you."

They opened the door and led me into the first-aid room. The orderlies pointed to the examination table.

"Get undressed and jump up there. The doctor wants to examine you."

I removed my pajama top. Then, I put my hand on top of the examination table for balance, so I could take off my shoes. It was wet and freezing cold.

I caught on immediately: the ice pack! I was to be wrapped in ice cold sheets for at least two hours, from the tip of my toes to my neck. The purpose of the ice pack is to quiet a patient down, bring him back to his senses, and subdue his aggressiveness. It is supposed to produce an effect similar to shock treatment.

When I discovered what they were up to, I went berserk.

"Oh no! You sons-of-bitches! You ain't going to put me in no ice pack!"

The orderlies looked at each other. I backed up about four steps, and said, "Look, fellows! I don't want to get hurt, and I don't want to hurt anybody, but you're not putting me in no ice pack. Now, just let me out of here."

I started walking around the other side of the table, daring them to take me on. I was just strong enough and mad enough at that time to handle two men easily.

All of a sudden, from nowhere, about ten orderlies appeared. I'm not sure to this day where they came from. At the time, it seemed as if they had dropped from the ceiling. They flung me on the table, tore my clothes off, and had me tied up in the ice sheets and immobilized in seconds.

The ice treatment did help in bringing me back to my senses, but I was damned happy when it was over, and I

could get back to that padded cell, where it was a trifle warmer.

The next morning, I finally got to see Dr. Miller.

"Hello, Ed," he said, "how are you feeling today? Do you still want to get out of the hospital?"

"Yes sir, I want to find out what happened to my wife."

"Ed, if I do you a favor, will you do one for me?"

"If I can. What is it?"

"If I let you go home for the weekend, will you come back here Monday morning? Will you also remain in the hospital until the following weekend, so we will have some opportunities to talk? How about it?"

"Sure, Doc," I said sincerely. "I'll come back. I just want to be with my wife for a while, and find out what's happening."

Dr. Miller arranged the check-out and I went straight home. Linda wasn't in. The people who owned the house told me she'd left for downtown about half an hour ago. I didn't have an automobile, so I had no way of searching the downtown area.

Three hours later, Linda came home. She told me she had been walking around for a while and had then taken in a movie. No one would have judged that she was deliriously happy to see me—shocked, would be more like it.

"All right, Linda," I said, "tell me everything you can remember about those guys who raped you."

"Well, I think one fellow's name was Blackie. He's supposed to be a car salesman."

"Then let's start looking for a salesman by the name of Blackie. I'm sure there can't be that many car lots in the city."

I called a cab. We went around to different automobile lots. At each lot, I asked if they had a fellow there by the name of Blackie. At the ninth call, I was successful.

"Sure, Blackie works here. He's not here right now, but he ought to be back around eight or eight-thirty."

"How long has he been working here?" I asked.

The fellow I was speaking to noticed Linda, sitting outside in the taxi.

"Is that your wife?"

"Yeah, that's my wife."

"You want to see Blackie about her, I take it?"

"Yeah. Do you know her?"

"Yeah, I know her. She's been down here quite frequently. Somehow, I thought she was married."

"You been going out with her?"

"No, man, I haven't been going out with her. I was with Blackie one night, and we gave her a ride. I let her and Blackie out by his car.

"As a matter of fact, she was down here just about two hours ago. He left with her and then he came back by himself. I guess she and Blackie went some place to eat."

He was scared and nervous. The fact that I purposely kept my right hand in my pocket to suggest I was carrying a gun may have had something to do with his fright.

"She tells me that you and Blackie raped her."

"Man!"—he fought to remain calm—"Do you think that if Blackie or I raped her I would let on I know her? If you want to stick around another couple of minutes, one of the other salesmen will be back, and tell you the same thing I just told you."

Just then, another salesman pulled up to the lot and

started toward the office.

"Hey, John, come over here a minute," cried the man I'd been talking to. "This fellow wants to ask you something."

"Yeah, what is it?"

"That girl sitting there in the taxi—have you ever seen her before?"

"Oh sure. That's Blackie's girl friend."

"Well, Blackie's girl friend is this guy's wife."

"Your wife!"

"That's right."

"Oh, *boy!* Well, look buddy, I'm not involved in this. I don't know the girl. I just know that she comes down here quite frequently, and that she goes out with Blackie. She's told us she isn't married. I'm telling you the God's honest truth."

"Okay, buddy, you've answered my questions. I have nothing against you or Blackie. But I had to find out these things for myself."

"Sorry it worked out this way."

I got back in the cab, and Linda said, "Is there a Blackie working there?"

"No," I answered.

She was trying to find out if I'd uncovered the truth. I kept on avoiding her questions. Finally, I said, "Let's just wait until we get home to talk about it."

During the ride home, I was visualizing how I would attack her. I would keep my feelings under control until we reached home. I didn't want the cab driver to see how violent I felt.

The people who owned our house weren't in when we

returned; they both worked. As soon as we were inside our room, I wheeled around and hit her in the stomach with every ounce of strength I had. She doubled up and let out a pathetic groan. I then tore most of her clothes off, and kneed her in the face. She fell back on the floor, moaning. She was bleeding from the mouth and the nose. I could see I'd knocked the wind out of her. I gave her a chance to catch her breath. For my own sake, I didn't want to kill her.

"You little son-of-a-bitchin' slut! I go to the hospital because I'm sick, and you start screwing the first bastard who looks at you sideways! Don't you get enough screwing here at the house? Don't I do a good enough job? Do you have to run around and pick other guys off the goddamn street! I'll mess your face up so bad, you'll never be looked at by a horse, let alone a man!"

I started screaming, hitting, and kicking her as she lay on the floor. She was screaming from pain. I then picked her up, and knocked her down again. She couldn't even try to protect herself.

"I'm sure that somewhere here in Houston they have a skid row. I'm going to take you down there, and put you on the block."

"What—block?" She could barely get out some half-sounds.

"I mean, I'm going to peddle you off for $5 a screw. At that rate, I think I could possibly get you screwed about 50 or 60 times between now and midnight. That ought to suit you fine."

"No. . . . " Both her eyes were practically swollen shut. Her expression was pleading and anguished, but I was unmoved.

"We're going down to Niggertown. I understand they have some big black studs down there who can really give you a good, long fuck. Get your clothes on, we're goin'."

"No! Please don't, Ed! Please!"

"Get your clothes on!" I shoved her toward the closet. She started crying very hard. While she was crying, I cooled off a little bit and said: "All right. But so help me God, if ever again you look like you want to get somebody else's dick shoved into you, I'll cut your head right off your shoulders and shove it up your goddamn ass!"

Boy, was my ego shattered.

It was really too bad Linda set herself up to get caught; I had cheated on her constantly, ever since we'd first started dating, and I would keep on cheating on her. My philosophy at the time was: if you want to go out and screw somebody else, fine. Just don't get caught. There's an old saying, "If you're going to play, then you must be able to pay." She played, got caught, and paid.

Fortunately, I didn't break any of her bones. That was miraculous. But for several weeks she bore some very unattractive bruises.

The day after I blew up—it was a Sunday—we stayed pretty close to the house. She was in no shape to go anywhere. About three in the afternoon, the telephone rang.

"Hello, is Eddie Edwards there?"

"This is me."

"Ed, this is Dr. Miller."

"Yes, Doctor, how are you?"

"Fine, and how are you?"

"Just great."

"Ed, I want you to do me a favor. I think it would be

a good idea if you came back to the hospital now. I've got a little time today, and we can talk."

"Well, Doc, my wife and I are on our way out to a movie. But I'll sure make it a point to get back there early tomorrow morning."

"Ed, I don't really think you'll be in tomorrow. I want to help you. Let me come over and get you."

"Now, Doc, you know if I had any intention of splitting, I'd have split already. I'm going to a movie. I want to enjoy my weekend. I'll be back in the morning at eight."

Five minutes after he hung up, I said to Linda: "Let's get all our shit packed. We're leaving for Akron."

"Why so suddenly?"

"I just want to leave. Get your goddamn shit packed!"

I had a cab driver take us to the outskirts of town. As we hitchhiked on, I felt cocksure, almost elated.

"That psychiatrist wanted to use me as a guinea pig," I thought. "I fixed him. I talked my way out of that hospital. I guess he's still thinking I'm going to come back; I wonder how many times he's tried to call the house. Lord help the next guy who tries to get a weekend out of there claiming he's going to come back! That doctor will chain him to the seventh floor and shackle his balls to the wall to make sure he doesn't get away!"

Once again, I felt victorious.

After Linda and I reached Akron, we met a young fellow and struck up an acquaintance. He invited us to his home for dinner, and we had a pleasant meal. Later that evening, his father said he'd be driving downtown and asked if anyone wanted to come along.

"I'd love to go," I offered.

When we returned, it was time for Linda and me to wind up the evening and go home. Our new friend offered to drive us home.

As we pulled in front of the house, he said, "Ed, I was talking to Linda while you were out with Dad. She told me you aren't married. That's your business, of course. But will you do me a favor and allow me to talk to her alone for ten minutes?"

"I can't understand why you want to talk to her alone," I answered, "but, hell, go ahead, if you want to." And I went upstairs alone.

I watched from our window to see if they would drive off, but they didn't. A half hour later, Linda came up to the room.

"Did you have a good talk with him?" I asked.

"Yeah, we had a real good talk."

"I was watching the car, and I noticed you didn't get into the back seat. What did he do, feel you by remote control?"

"Ed, I want to go back to Florida. He said his family would give me money for fare. In the meantime, I'd like to stay with them for a day or two. Is that all right with you?"

"Yeah, go back if you want to. I don't care."

"Do you mind if I stay with them a couple of days?"

"Shit. I don't give a damn. Go right ahead."

"All right, I'll just get my stuff, and go on over right now."

"No, you won't. Christ, it's after midnight. This is no time to be going over to someone else's house."

"I told him I wanted to. He's down there waiting."

"You get undressed and hop into bed. I'll go down and tell him you'll be over tomorrow."

"No, I'll run down and tell him."

"Goddamn it! I said *I'd* tell him!" I slapped her across the face. "Now get your clothes off, and get into bed."

I stormed out the door, and went to the car.

"Look, she'll be over some time tomorrow. If she wants to stay with you guys and go back to Florida, that's her business. It's all right with me."

"Oh, she's not coming down now?"

"No, she'll be down in the morning."

"Can I speak to her?"

"No, there's no reason to talk to her now. You'll have tomorrow, the next day, and from then on to talk to her. Just drop the subject, and head on home."

"Okay, Ed, if that's the way you want it."

"That's the way I want it."

He drove off, and I went back to the bedroom.

"I thought I told you to get your clothes off."

"I was just watching. I was afraid you were going to get into a fight with him."

"Well, I didn't get into a fight with him. I goddamn sure ain't going to get into a fight over you. You're not worth it, nor is any other goddamn woman. Get your clothes off."

"I don't want any sex with you tonight."

"You sure *are* going to have sex with me tonight! If I feel like it, I might even stick it in your ass."

I really wasn't interested in screwing at that moment, but I just wasn't going to let her deflate my ego a second time.

The next day, Linda moved in with her new friends, and I moved to another part of town. She stayed in Akron for another week, and then went back to her family in Florida.

Nancy

As for me, I went to work for a rubber company. A fellow I had gone to school with worked on the same floor with me. He had a room across the street from the rubber company, so we decided to live together and share the rent.

Soon, I met a new girl and was dating her regularly. Nancy was an overweight dishwater-blonde who idolized me. She tried hard to meet all my demands. Nancy always agreed with me, lavished praise on me, and generally poured salve on my wounded ego. She had a great sense of adventure, and loved to cooperate in all my schemes. I was then into stealing hubcaps, batteries, and tires off parked cars. One night, on a spree, we stole 27 batteries. We took them to a junkyard and unloaded them for $2 apiece.

After a few months, I once again got the urge to roam. I didn't like the idea of pushing my luck too long in one city.

I asked Nancy if she had any objections to taking off for Arizona. She said she didn't mind. In fact, she seemed rather enthused, but somehow I didn't trust her outward reaction.

"If you don't want to go, just say so," I said.

"No, Ed, it sounds like fun."

Nancy was eighteen, and was living with her uncle who wasn't too much concerned about her. It was easy for her

to leave.

We chose Pittsburgh as our first destination because it was the closest big city outside Ohio. After a day in Pittsburgh, we headed for Phoenix, Arizona. There I got a job setting pins in a bowling alley. That didn't pay too well, and Nancy wasn't working. So we soon were having trouble making ends meet, and we concocted a scheme to help alleviate the problem.

We'd stuff bedsheets into some large shopping bags and stroll into a grocery store. Whatever we wanted—meats, canned goods, goodies—all were tossed into our bag, and quickly covered with the sheets. We would then buy some milk and a couple of cans of lunch meat to give the impression that all was on the up and up. This method worked every time we tried it. We saved my meager earnings for rent, and for fun.

We'd been in Phoenix for only three weeks, when I impulsively decided to leave.

"Nancy, I'm going to get a car tonight. We'll head for greener pastures."

"How are you going to get a car, Ed?" she asked.

"Shit! I'm going to find one with the keys left in the ignition and steal it."

She was shocked, but she would never openly disagree with me.

"What the hell! There's no way they can catch us. We'll ditch the car as soon as we can, and then steal another."

In the parking lot of the bowling alley where I worked, I spotted a '48 Chevy with the keys in it. We loaded up our belongings and drove away, with no destination in mind.

We got as far as New Mexico, when I had a minor

accident involving another car. I obviously couldn't stick around and wait for the cops to come, so we left the scene of the accident and headed for Memphis, Tennessee. It was now time to ditch our car and get ourselves another.

About three blocks away from a car lot, I put Nancy and our possessions out on a street corner. I told Nancy to wait there. Then I drove our car onto the lot.

"I'm interested in trading this car in," I said to the car lot manager.

"Any particular make you're interested in?"

"I see a Dodge over there. That's a goodlooking car. How much do you want for it?"

"$1795." He smiled the smile of the righteous.

"Would I have a chance to try it out?"

"Sure. The keys are in it. Hop in."

"My brother is a mechanic. He works down the street. If I like the car, I'd want him to check it over." As usual, lying was easy for me.

"Take your time. Let him look at it. What kind of a trade-in figure are you looking for?"

"I'll be reasonable. I'm sure we can work something out if I like this Dodge."

I beamed him a hopeful look of gratitude, and drove off.

Nancy and I headed for South Carolina. At a small town on the outskirts of Columbia, I noticed our gasoline was low.

It was three in the morning, and I didn't have a penny in my pocket. Just as I was beginning to worry, I spotted a small gas station.

"There can't be more than 50 people living in this god-forsaken town," I said to Nancy. "I'll just turn on the gas

pump and fill up this son-of-a-bitch."

I pulled up alongside the pump, shut off my lights, and kept the motor running. In the alley behind the station, I started to pry open a door with a tire iron. Suddenly, shots rang out. The first bullet ricocheted off the tool I was holding. The second, third, and fourth, each barely missing me, hit the building. I sure didn't waste any time getting out of there. We took off so fast, we peeled rubber the entire length of the street.

Two blocks away, on a main highway, we found another gas station. As luck would have it, this one was open. I pulled into it, and said to Nancy, "We don't have any alternative. I either have to get gasoline, or we'll get stuck on the outskirts of town."

"I'm on my way to Columbia," I told the attendant. It was difficult to act calmly after what had just happened, but I pulled it off. "I've run out of money. I have a spare tire in the rear of the car. I don't want to sell it, but if you'll hold it for me, I'll be back sometime this weekend to pick it up, and I'll pay you for the gas."

"That sounds fair enough. What do you want, regular or high test?"

"Regular will do."

Under the circumstances, asking for high test would have sounded suspicious. Acting the big shot in a situation such as this could have caused me to stand out in the attendant's memory.

After he filled the tank, we continued to Columbia. In Lexington, South Carolina, I was traveling at about 95 an hour, and actually fell asleep at the wheel. I awoke in time to watch us smash into a tree. We had gone over a 50-foot

embankment, had traveled some distance, and had mowed down about 100 feet of tiny trees before hitting the big one. Ironically, our high rate of speed had saved our lives, because we went straight off the embankment—not down the side. Had we been going slowly, the car most certainly would have turned over. But the machine landed on all its four wheels. I suffered gashes on my head and elbow, and Nancy sustained a fractured shoulder.

Because my door wouldn't open, I climbed through a window, and then pulled Nancy out after me. We painfully climbed up to the road, where we were picked up by a passing motorist, and driven to a hospital in Columbia. Nancy had her shoulder set, and was released. My nose and head were stitched, and I was admitted to the hospital for further examination.

The following day, I bought a newspaper at the hospital newsstand, and combed it for any reference to the shooting. I found a small article stating that the town constable, who lived in an alley behind a gas station, had heard somebody prowling around, and had blindly opened fire in the direction of the noise. I sure would have hated to have been around if that son-of-a-bitch had been able to see his target!

After reading the article, I got jumpy. I knew it would only be a matter of time before our wrecked car was found. I waited anxiously for Nancy to show up at the hospital. It seemed like an eternity before she finally arrived at four in the afternoon.

"Nancy, I have to get out of here," I opened.

I showed her the newspaper clipping and said, "Where are our clothes?"

"In a room down the street."

"How in hell did you get a room? You don't have any money."

"I had luggage, so they didn't ask for money in advance."

"Get a bag. Put a pair of pants, a shirt, and some underclothes in it, and bring it up here to me. I'll keep it in the cupboard; and when they're changing shifts tonight, I'll put the clothes on and get out of here. You wait for me out front."

During the shift change, I slipped out of an exit. I met Nancy out front and we went to her room.

The following day, we visited some car lots. I tried the same technique I'd used in Memphis. However, since I didn't have a trade-in, nobody was interested in letting me test-drive a car unless he went along for the ride.

Towards afternoon, I was standing around in our fourth or fifth showroom, waiting for a salesman, when I noticed a tweed sportscoat hanging on the coatrack. When no one was watching, I walked over and reached in the pocket. To my surprise, I pulled out a pay envelope containing $150. I slid it into my pocket and whispered to Nancy: "Come on. We've got to get out of here. But don't make it look like you're in a hurry. Just take your time."

We casually walked out and down the street. We hailed a taxi, and asked to be taken downtown. Then we took another cab to our room and picked up our luggage.

We hitchhiked to Charleston, South Carolina. There, I started trying the lots again. At the sixth or seventh lot, a fellow finally let me take a car out by myself. That car got us to Wilmington, North Carolina.

Wilmington was one town I had reason to visit. I was

familiar with the burg, and knew some people in it because I'd been stationed there when I was with the Marines. I was particularly interested in looking up some old waitress friends at a restaurant I'd hung out in. I had shacked up with most of them, and I was looking forward to repeating the pleasure.

Nancy and I located a rooming house, and settled in. I went right over to the restaurant, of course. Some of my old girl friends were still working there, and I was particularly glad to lay my eyes once again on Anna, who for me was an exceptionally challenging girl. She was dark-haired and quite feminine. As I've said before, femininity in women was absolutely essential for me. Because her face was round, with bones that sort of settled into her skin, I had nicknamed her "panface."

Anna and I started going together again, at once. I was drawn to Anna as if by a magnet. Nancy was irritated with me for not being home more often, but in a way, I enjoyed her jealousy. I often took Nancy to eat in that restaurant, but Anna never let on that she and I were making it with each other.

One day, Gertrude, a fat, sloppy waitress at the cafeteria, told Nancy I'd been seeing Anna and other girls, too. Nancy, who had never doubted my fidelity, was crushed. I had to talk fast.

"Shit!" I fairly screamed, "Gertrude doesn't know what she's talking about! She's feedin' you all this baloney because she's always been hot for me, and I never would have anything to do with her. Her pride's hurt, that's all. The other night she asked me when I was going to put her to bed, and I told her she was following the wrong trail.

That made her so goddamned mad, she's now coming off the wall, and trying, in revenge, to cause trouble between us."

I really loathed the sight of Gertrude. She was grossly overweight, loud, masculine, and a no-good busybody.

The next day, at the restaurant, I left Nancy to go down the street for ten minutes or so. When I got back, Gertrude jumped all over me.

"What the hell do you mean, callin' me a liar. You sorry son-of-a-bitch! You called *me* a liar. You're the one who's a liar! Stand here and say you haven't been going out with Anna and these other girls!"

"I haven't."

"You're a goddamn fuckin' liar! Nancy's told me all about you, how you lured her away from home, and just how you swindled your way here. So why don't you tell her the truth?"

People all around were gawking. The scene was beginning to get embarrassing. I turned to Nancy. "Come on," I said, "Let's get away from this motherin' bitch before I knock her down."

"Who are you going to knock down, and who are you calling a bitch? I'll tell you something, buddy; if you want to walk outside with me, I'll fight you just like a man. You don't scare me a bit. I can probably kick the shit out of you, too."

She was unnerving me.

"Come on, Nancy, let's go."

We walked out, with Gertrude right at our heels.

"You gonna fight me?" she bellowed.

"Get out of my face, will you, you blubbering dike! Go back and lie down. Come on, Nancy, let's get away from

this battle-axe." I knew I couldn't squelch my anger any longer.

Then, Gertrude came up behind me and hit me on the shoulder, saying, "I'll battle-axe you, you yellow son-of-a-bitch."

The instant she punched me, I glanced around to see if anyone was watching. Then I hauled off, and with one punch knocked her flat on her ass. I grabbed Nancy by the arm. "Let's get the hell out of here!" I hissed.

On the way home, Nancy said: "Ed, you have been running around with Anna and those other girls, haven't you?"

"Hell, no! I haven't been running around with them. I told you she's just trying to start trouble. Let's go home, pack up, and sometime tomorrow we'll take off."

I'd developed itchy feet again—on two scores, this time. I was bored stiff with Nancy, and wanted to ditch her, and I wanted to entice Anna into skipping town with me. I had never been able to be close to anyone for very long. Nancy was no exception.

Anna

When we arrived at our room, I told Nancy to take her time packing, since we weren't leaving until the following day.

"I'm going to get some gas and I'll be back shortly."

I went to a gas station, called the restaurant, and talked to Anna.

"How would you like to leave town?"

"You and me alone, or is Nancy going with us?"

"Just you and me."

"What about Nancy?"

"The hell with her!"

"When would we leave?"

"What time do you get off work tonight?"

"Eleven."

"I'll come over at eleven, and we'll go to your house, pick up your clothes, and take off."

"Are you kidding, or are you serious?"

"I'm serious. Are you?"

"Hell, yes!"

Today, looking back on those days, I never stop being amazed at how many girls were willing to pull up stakes and leave town with me. So many girls seem to crave excitement.

When I got back, I reassured Nancy.

"Honey, you know I would never step out on you. As far as I'm concerned, you're the sweetest little thing in the world. We get along fine, and we have fun. You're the best woman I've ever been with. Don't believe all this shit people are handing you."

It would have been simple to just walk out on her, but I felt it wiser to set her at ease, and create as little fuss as possible. It was so much easier to lie than to put up with her justifiable anger.

About a quarter to eleven, I said to Nancy, "I'm going to get a couple of six packs. I'll be right back. I might as well take our clothes and put them in the car now."

"But I want to change my clothes in the morning."

I was hoping she'd say that, and she fell right into it.

"Okay. Then I'll put mine in the car now; tomorrow morning we'll load yours in, and take off."

"Okay."

Having loaded the car with my clothes, I took off to pick up Anna. We proceeded to Norristown, Pennsylvania.

I'd chosen Norristown because I had gotten to know the town well when I ran away from reform school. I always felt safer going somewhere familiar.

We found a room at a motel.

As you might guess, I spent very little time with Anna, once I'd conquered her. The day before Anna and I left for Norristown, I purchased a Marine uniform. I wore it in Norristown, posing as a Marine Corps Corporal. The uniform opened up doors for me, gave me prestige and an air of trustworthiness.

In Norristown, I went out nightclubbing and meeting girls. In about a week's time, Anna became irritated with my

coming in at two and three in the morning, and some nights not at all.

"I don't know why in the hell I came down here with you. I thought we were going to have a good time together. I've seen you no more than a total of four hours since we arrived. What have you been doing? Never mind, I don't have to ask what you've been up to. I saw lipstick on your collar when you came in this morning."

"Oh, that lipstick has been there all along."

"What was the sense of my coming down here with you, if you're going to stay away all the time? I might as well go on back." Disgust was apparent in her tone.

"Don't feel that way. We're going to be leaving town in a couple of days anyway." This was just another lie.

One afternoon, I was driving in the downtown area. While I was waiting for a red light, a policeman who'd been walking the beat came over to the car, and said: "Hey, fellow, I've been seeing you around here quite a bit lately. Let me see your driver's license."

I showed it to him.

"Let me see the registration for the car."

I showed him a card that was in the car when I took it from the lot.

"This isn't your car registration. Let's see your registration."

"That's what I have for registration. My other one's coming through."

"I see. Let's see your Marine Corps ID card."

I tried to convince him I left it at home, but he wouldn't fall for it.

"I'll tell you what. Move over, and let's take a ride to

the police station. There's something phony about you. I've seen you around here for days now, in that Marine uniform, and with one girl after another. It's a long time to be home on leave. I think you're AWOL, myself, and I don't think that's your car. I think it's stolen. We'll just check you out."

He took me to the police station and locked me in a cell containing a metal bed with no mattress, a tiny washbasin, and a toilet. I was the only prisoner there. Fifteen minutes later, he returned.

"Look, you better level with me. Tell me about yourself and the car."

"I am leveling with you. That's not a stolen car, and I am in the service."

I feigned indignation.

"All right, we'll see."

Two hours later, the jailer came down and said,

"There's a couple of people upstairs who want to talk to you."

I was escorted upstairs, and introduced to two FBI men from Philadelphia.

"Hello, Ed, how are you?" Despite the reason for their visit they seemed fairly friendly.

"I'm fine."

"It's taken us a long time to track you down."

"What do you mean?"

"We know you left Akron with a girl named Nancy; went to Phoenix, Arizona; stole a car; drove to Memphis, Tennessee; and stole another car in Memphis. You wrecked that one outside of Columbia, South Carolina, and stole a third. That's the car you have now. You left the girl in

Wilmington. We've already talked with her."

They sure had the story straight. It was amazing how they had uncovered all this information.

He continued. "There's another girl with you now by the name of Anna. Where is she?"

"At a motel out on the highway."

"We're going to take you with us to Philadelphia. Are you ready to leave?"

"I guess." I had no choice anyway.

"You want to call this Anna and talk to her?"

"No, I don't really think it's important." At that point in my life, I felt no loyalty to anyone.

I was transported to Moymaensing Prison in downtown Philadelphia, a facility that has since been condemned. I was charged with impersonating a Marine, and with interstate transportation of a stolen motor vehicle. Two months later, I was taken to a federal court.

The judge asked: "How do you plead?"

"Guilty."

"Son, do you have anything to say before I pronounce sentence?"

"Yes, sir. I'd like to ask for another chance. I'm sorry for what I did. It won't happen again."

"For a little while anyway, it won't happen again. I've read your record thoroughly, and I'm sentencing you to two years in the Chillicothe Federal Reformatory in Chillicothe, Ohio."

I was frightened. This was the first time I'd been sentenced by a court, or sent to a federal institution. In my view, two years was a lifetime. I wept. In an effort to quiet me, the federal marshals took me back to the office and

explained:

"Look, boy, two years is no time at all. You'll be there a couple of months, and you'll go up for parole. Even if you have to serve all your time, you're only going to be there 16 or 17 months. So shape up. Go down there and learn a trade. In no time, you'll be out. And then all this will be behind you. You can thank God you're being sent to a reformatory—not a prison." They succeeded in calming me. When they put it to me in that way, my lot didn't seem so hopeless.

A month later, in April of 1952, I was escorted to Chillicothe by two federal marshals. They were kind and friendly. We stopped occasionally for food and soft drinks, or just to stretch our legs. Nor did they insist on keeping me handcuffed. Considering the situation, they made the journey as pleasant as possible.

The marshals attempted to convince me that how I would take to Chillicothe was up to me. My attitude could render my time hard or easy. But I wasn't listening. I wasn't heeding any advice, no matter how well intended. I found it necessary, subconsciously, to resist being told what to do. Unthinkingly, I dismissed what the marshals were telling me as so much nonsense.

Our trip came to an end in front of the mammoth reformatory. I was awed by its size; from the outside, it resembled a small city. Lining the roads leading in were palm trees, a rarity in Ohio's northern climate. The survival of the trees was the subject of much discussion in the area.

The reformatory had no walls, just a 20-foot fence and guntowers every 100 yards or so. The marshals walked up to the guntower at the front gate, removed their pistols

from their holsters, and gave them to the guard. When the gate opened, they ushered me inside the administration building. There, they filled out my commitment papers, said goodbye, and wished me luck.

Chillicothe

Some other men had come into the reformatory just before me. While they were being processed, I waited on a bench in the corridor, where I had a chance to contemplate my future, and absorb some of my surroundings. The marshals had prepared me well; the fright I had experienced at the time of my sentencing had abated.

"So this is a federal reformatory, and I have to do two years time here. Actually, I don't have that long now, because I was in the county jail for a month. So now I only have 23 months left to go. I'll write some letters to my relatives, let them know where I am, say I'm doing fine so far. Chillicothe! Now how in hell do you spell that?"

"Edward Edwards. Edward Edwards, you're next. Come on, get up here. What the hell are you dreaming about?" shouted a guard, bringing me out of my reverie.

"First thing, you're going to drop your name for a while, and be number 33245 for all the time you spend in this institution. Remove your clothes and throw them in the box over there," he commanded. "Take a shower. Put on these prison clothes, and wait on that bench."

From the bench, I was taken to see the doctor, was given a complete physical, and was pronounced in excellent health. Then I was sent to the dentist, and then to the

psychiatrist.

The psychiatrist asked if I'd had psychiatric help before, or if I had any problems now that I wanted to discuss with him. Even though I'd been given extensive psychological tests as a child, I saw no point in telling that to the psychiatrist. I just glossed over the fact that many psychologists had tried to figure me out. I'd been tested, and retested, but no one had ever told me anything about myself I didn't already know. At the time, I didn't believe anyone ever would.

The parole officer was the next to see me. He advised me that I would be eligible for parole when one third of my time had been served. I filled out a paper, listing the names and addresses of people with whom I wished to correspond. The list might be totally approved, or partially approved, or even totally rejected. The parole officer explained that if I wished to speak with him for any reason, I was to fill out a written request.

Then I was sent to quarantine, where all new inmates must spend 30 days for tests, mostly of the IQ variety. The quarantine officers asked me about my interests. I said I wanted to attend school where I could learn how to be an airplane mechanic. But I wasn't eligible because I wasn't going to be serving enough time to complete the course.

Then we were given orientation lectures, and told what we might expect at the institution. Good conduct time was also explained to us. If a man held a three-year sentence, he was automatically given one-third of that time off for good behavior. This was known as "statutory good time." Thus, he might have only two years to serve, if he stayed out of trouble. All or part of that good time could

be revoked, if the inmate became belligerent or caused trouble in any way.

There were other methods of earning good time. Convicts who worked in the chair factory received credit for two days' good time each month. Chair workers also received pay during their first year on the job. From the second through the fourth years, they received four days' credit each month for good time. Thereafter, five days' good time per month were awarded.

While touring the reformatory, I found that the institution contained a fair-sized hospital, a psychiatric ward, tennis and badminton courts, four horseshoe pits, three softball diamonds, one baseball diamond, and a football field. The reformatory also contained a sizeable theater, a chapel for both Protestant and Catholic services, and an education building, a library, a chair factory, an airplane mechanic's school, a foundry, a large laundry, and several vocational training shops. There was also an indoor gymnasium for wrestling, weightlifting, and ping-pong. I was surprised and pleased to discover all these facilities.

The reformatory included four cellblocks, three dormitories, and an honor dormitory which consisted of individual rooms. Every man who lived in the honor dorm was given the key to his own door.

Custody in this prison was classified in three ways: close, medium, and minimum. A man was placed in close custody if his record showed that he had once tried to escape, or if upon his release from the Chillicothe Reformatory he was to be turned over to another State for prosecution or imprisonment. Close custody men slept in the cellblocks.

To be placed on the minimum custody list, a prisoner had to be considered no escape risk; he had to have no detainers from other States held against him; he had to be a first offender, easy to control, and receptive to rehabilitation. Minimum custody men worked outside the fence at jobs on farms, and at other nearby enterprises.

The men kept in medium custody were borderline cases: they were not trustworthy enough for minimum custody, but were nevertheless considered potential rehabilitees. They were permitted to sleep in the dormitory.

School attendance was compulsory until a convict obtained a sixth-grade education. Prison officials encouraged the inmates to seek more education after this level had been reached, but the final choice was left up to the inmate. If a convict did not wish to continue his schooling, he could move on to one of the prison jobs. He had the privilege of requesting any job he desired, and if there was an opening he could usually get what he wanted.

Quarantine wasn't really unpleasant. I detested the thought of losing my freedom, but I was encouraged to find such abundant facilities and tolerable living conditions. The fact that I didn't choose to make the best of my time at Chillicothe, that I didn't learn from my mistakes and try to build a new life, wasn't the fault of the prison personnel. The flaws were within me. My negative characteristics had been deeply embedded at earlier institutions which, had they been like Chillicothe, might have succeeded in changing my life for the better.

The first night at the reformatory, I was required "to stand count." This turned out to be a daily ritual. The men stood in four lines and counted off down each line. A group

of inmates were wisecracking and talking as the guard was beginning the count. The guard called out:

"Okay, fellows, any time you're ready! Any time you guys are ready, we'll start counting. If you want to eat, you're going to have to be counted first. I don't give a shit how much you delay, because I've got all night."

At that time, I was still pretty cocky, so I blurted out: "Oh, yeah? I've got two years!"

He turned around quickly, demanding: "All right, who was the smart bastard who said that?"

Everyone, including the guard, broke into laughter, but no one would reveal who the culprit was. Nor was I about to volunteer the information. Finally, the incident was passed over, everybody quieted down, and we were counted. We then marched to the chow hall where we ate cafeteria style. We were permitted to have second helpings at all meals.

When my 30 days in quarantine expired, I went to school in the mornings. Afternoons, I worked in the tailor shop. After three months, I was finished with all the schooling required of me, and I then began to work all day in the tailor shop.

I made no money in the tailor shop. The work was considered vocational training. So I submitted a request to see my parole officer. I asked him for a transfer to the chair factory where I could earn $14 a month. I planned to save the money until I was released. He authorized this, and I began my new job.

One day, on my way to the chair factory, I ran into an old buddy of mine by the name of Jerry. I had met Jerry in the juvenile detention home in Akron, and we'd become

great friends. I was delighted to see him. His attitude hadn't changed one bit. He was still a thief, and a very good shitfighter (prison lingo for streetfighter). I'd always admired Jerry very much. He was afraid of no one, and let everyone know that. To me, he exemplified manliness. Jerry believed in evening his score with the world; and that just about summed up my feelings about life, too. He had always stayed on top of things, I felt; and I wanted to emulate his attitude and image.

On Sundays, while the other convicts were at the movies, Jerry would steal candy and cigarettes out of their lockers. A con, suspecting Jerry, went up to him and asked him "Jerry, did you steal my candy and cigarettes while I was at the movie?"

"Yeah, man, I got them. I'll tell you what. You and I can go into the shitter, and if you can whip me, you can have them back. If you can't whip me, I keep them."

Any guy who really wanted his commissary stuff back usually took Jerry up on his invitation, whereupon Jerry would knock the stuffings out of him.

Chillicothe presented me with no large problems. I found that the guards were willing to help when you needed it; and they would talk to you, if you wanted to gab. If you got out of line, most of them were willing to give you another chance; but if you wanted to be difficult, they could return the treatment in kind.

One afternoon, when Jerry and I were returning from work, he asked me: "Ed, do you like living in the dormitory?"

"Oh, I don't know. I can take it or leave it."

"Look, let's put in for a transfer over to Cellhouse 1. Then we'll each have our own cells, and a little more

privacy."

We entered the request, and we were transferred. It took us two weeks to get adjoining cells. While we were waiting, we dreamed up a project: we would get a little business going; we would start making wine and beer and selling it to the other inmates.

One night, we either muscled or bribed every inmate who worked in or near the chow hall to get us in there and we loaded up. We stole everything we needed for our distilleries: dried fruit, yeast, sugar, glass jars, etc. In just under one day, we had both distilleries set up, and in about four days, we had some fair tasting wine.

We had a few fun-filled and lucrative days as merchants, and some glorious drunks and not so glorious hangovers, before our operation was extinguished. We had found it impossible to camouflage the distinct smell of the beer and wine and that proved to be our downfall. But when we were finally found out, we never suffered anything more serious than temporary restriction to our cells.

In the cell house, I became acquainted with two guys who were rather weak-minded. One guy wasn't an out-and-out homosexual, but if you looked at him crosseyed and told him to drop his pants, he'd do it. The other was a big boy from the State of Washington who was about six-foot-two and thin as a rail. I called him "the space cadet" because he had a passion for science fiction books. He, too, was weak-minded; if you talked to him rough, he'd start crying like a child.

I talked these two jerks into playing checkers with me for 50¢ a game. After a while, we increased the stakes to $1 a game, and then to $2. They were losing; so every

time I suggested they could make up their losses by increasing the stakes, they agreed. Each time they had a spell of losing, we'd double the stakes.

After about a month of this, the pants dropper owed me about $7,000, and the space cadet owed me around $1,300. There was no possible way they could pay me off. And I couldn't have done anything with the money then if I had gotten it; for no one was allowed to spend more than $10 a month for groceries. Nonetheless, I worked out a plan so I could get as much payment on their debts as possible. I'd make a commissary list out for each of them. They were each instructed to buy me $8 worth of groceries a month, and I generously allowed them $2 for themselves. This meant that I got $16 worth of groceries from them, which plus my own $10, gave me $26 worth of commissary goods a month.

Obviously, I didn't have to go to the chow hall very often. Jerry and I were able to sit in our cells, eating cookies and fruit, enjoying life pretty well. I was pleased with myself for figuring out a way to get some of the finer things in life in a place not set up for pleasure.

I got along with most of the fellows in the institution. I didn't hard-nose them, nor they me. Although I'm not tall, I'm pretty husky, and nobody tried to challenge me.

Likewise, my relationship with the guards was good. I never allowed my rebelliousness to show when the guards were around. I had nothing to gain by giving them trouble. I knew they had the upper hand; and I knew that if they didn't like what I was doing, they could have me chucked in "the hole," or stick me in segregation just by giving the nod.

The hole, generally called "solitary confinement" by the outside world, was a cellblock by itself. It was the bottom tier of four tiers of cells. Inmates were sent to the hole for fighting, being drunk, cussing out a guard, gambling, stealing food from the chow hall, rioting, or attempting to escape. When a convict went to the hole, all his clothes were taken away, and he was given a pair of coveralls and a pair of socks. He got two meals a day; each entire meal slopped together in one bowl. For breakfast, coffee, cereal, milk, and fruit were combined. At night, mashed potatoes, corn, milk, bread, and dessert were mixed together, if that happened to be the day's menu.

There was no furniture at all in the cell; a mattress was brought in around nine in the evening and removed at seven in the morning. A most unpleasant place, and I zealously guarded against winding up there.

My operations at Chillicothe continued to go rather smoothly. That is, until one unlucky evening. On that night, the cellblocks were lined up to march out for chow; the command to march was given, and the inmates began, as usual, to walk toward the chow hall in single file. But instead of entering the chow hall, the first man of each line turned and headed straight out into the yard.

Out in the yard, the inmates congregated in small groups, and played baseball, badminton, and horseshoes. The prison officials didn't take any action, for eating wasn't compulsory, and going to the yard was permitted. But then at eight, the whistle blew signaling the time to go back to the cells and the dormitories; no one budged.

The officials turned on all the lights, completely illuminating the yard. They called the FBI, some federal mar-

shals, and the State Highway Patrol. The FBI set up cameras, and proceeded to take pictures of the yard.

What began as a food strike, grew into a riot. Small groups of cons destroyed the bleachers surrounding the ballfields, while others pulled up the little trees lining the street inside the institution. All their actions were recorded by camera. A small group sought out the most handsome of the men, threw them down, tore off all their clothes, raped them, and repeatedly forced them to perform fellatio.

About an hour and a half later, a group of convicts darted toward the food and candy warehouse. A shot rang out. One of the men was hit in the hip by a tracer bullet, and the group dispersed.

The wounded con had already made parole, and had only three days to go before he would have been released.

Police officials continued to photograph the riot until around one in the morning. Then the officials ordered their men to throw tear gas into the compound, and everyone fled to their cells.

The next day, after the pictures were developed, guards came around and pulled men out of the cellblocks and dormitories and placed them in segregation. The FBI questioned the incriminated convicts, and confronted them with films of their actions. This went on for about three months. After the FBI had finished the mop up, about 100 cons were bussed to court in Columbus, Ohio, and given one to five years additional time, depending on the degree of their criminal behavior. The worst offenders were shipped out to other federal institutions. This was done to break up the cliques that caused the original revolt; and to eliminate the "unhealthy undercurrent."

During the riot, Jerry and I sat in the yard under some exercise bars and played cards in full view of at least two of the cameras. We were determined that the FBI would have clear pictures of us sitting there, minding our own business.

About four months before my release, and about five months before Jerry's, we decided out of sheer perversity we'd be happier in segregation. We were tired of the cellblocks, the dormitories, and the population in general, and wanted to be separated from the rest of the group. Actually, when a man in an institution "gets short"—just a little more time left to his sentence—he is likely to become very nervous and irritable. We decided we weren't going to take any chances on our nerves flaring up and getting us in trouble; we were going to segregation. But it would be on *our* terms.

One night, when it was time to return to our cells, Jerry and I stayed put. The guard said,

"What the hell are you doing down here? You're supposed to be up in your cells."

"We're not going."

"Now look. Let's get this straight. You're telling me you're *not going to your cells*?"

"Yes, sir. We want to go to segregation."

"We'll see about that."

He called the lieutenant, and the lieutenant came down. His name was Lieutenant Black, and he impressed me as being a genuinely nice individual.

"What seems to be the trouble, Edwards?"

"Nothing, sir. We just want to go to segregation."

"What for?"

"We're tired of the conditions, the general population,

and just about everything. We're getting short, and we'd like to go to segregation and be by ourselves."

"Well, go on back to your cells and we'll talk about it tomorrow."

"No, sir. We want to go now."

"Let me set you straight on something, Edwards. By your refusing to go to your cells, you're committing a federal crime, which is considered to be an attempt to overthrow the government. We could take you to court, and give you five years for this. So why don't you go to your cell, and tomorrow you can talk to the captain. Maybe he can arrange for you to be transferred."

"That sounds like a good idea, sir. We'll go to our cells."

I quickly suppressed my stubborn belligerence. I wasn't about to have five years tacked on to my sentence. I hadn't known how serious our small defiance could be considered, and I'm certainly grateful Lieutenant Black made me aware of the peril I was in.

The following day we talked to the captain.

"I hear you fellows want to go to segregation."

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"Just to be by ourselves, to get out of the general population."

"What's wrong? Do you have the short-time jumps?"

"I guess you might say that."

"If that's what you want, okay. I'll put you over in segregation."

Segregation was an improvement. We were only there three days before we were made orderlies. As orderlies, we received regular meals, and were permitted out of the cell

at all times. We were also allowed to receive mail and buy cigarettes, and were allowed almost as much recreation as the regular inmates had. We were assigned general cleaning duties, and had to wash windows.

While in segregation, we were able to sneak cigarettes down to the guys in the hole. Smoking in the hole was, of course, strictly forbidden.

In 1954, about a month before I was due for release, I became unbearably irritable. I decided to engineer a transfer to the psychiatric ward where there were private rooms, and I could move around with greater freedom. It would be much better than segregation; I could use the recreation room for ping-pong or card games anytime I wished to, get all I wanted to eat, and have it served to me, besides. I put in a request to see my parole officer.

"Yes, Edwards, what can I do for you?"

"Sir, I'd like to go to the psychiatric ward for the rest of my time."

"How much time do you have left? Let's see, 32 days. What do you want to go there for?"

"I'm very irritable. Everybody seems to be getting on my nerves. I don't want to get in a fight, or cuss out a guard, and jeopardize my release."

"I see. Look, Edwards, everybody else around here has to cope with that anxiety. Why can't you be like the rest and sweat it out until your release?"

My parole officer didn't know what he was talking about. I had seen one man after another deliberately pull some stupid act of defiance just days before his release, and then get five years tacked onto his sentence. That's how well everyone coped. In those days, I didn't know much about

motivation; but I sure smelled trouble when I felt myself getting itchy.

About three days later, I was told to see the parole officer again.

"I talked to the psychiatrist, and he said you can go over," my parole officer said. "But keep your nose clean. Any shit, and you're going to be hauled out of there and put in the hole."

"I'll be good." And I meant it.

The fellows in the psychiatric ward weren't violent. They were merely men who were nervous, and had problems. If someone in the federal system went insane and became dangerous, he was sent to the main psychiatric center in Springfield, Missouri. Once a prisoner was certified as insane, he could forget about parole.

I used my time in the ward to reflect on my past mistakes. Not that Chillicothe had changed my attitude toward crime—quite the contrary. I decided that when I got out there would be no more stupid, impulsive rip-offs: I would plan every crime deliberately, patiently, and coldbloodedly, whether it was forgery, burglary, or armed robbery. I was still defiant. The world must be made to realize how smart I was. This time I was going to make a full effort to prove my worth.

I also decided that I'd stick to federal crimes. Compared to my former stays in reform schools and State prisons, my treatment at the Chillicothe Federal Reformatory was great.

When I came up to within two weeks of release time, I started going to pre-release meetings. We were lectured by guards, by parole officers, and by doctors. We heard about jobs, about social security, about the changes that had

taken place in the outside world since we'd been incarcerated. One thing each lecturer stressed was that we should never lie to any prospective employer about our records. This, of course, was tantamount to telling us to stay unemployed.

We had to sit through the lectures directed at the parolees. Before, when I had gone up for parole, I had been turned down because I hadn't evidenced any desire to further my schooling or to change my attitude.

The day I was released from Chillicothe, I received a pair of blue trousers, a white shirt, a yellow vest-sweater, a pair of black shoes, and a ticket to Akron marked "No Refund." I was twenty-one.

At Liberty

On my way home to Akron, I had to change buses at Columbus. In my new bus, I noted a cute little girl in a dirty, white coat with her hair in pincurls. I thought to myself, "If she was a respectable girl, I don't think her coat would be that dirty." So I leaned over the seat from behind her and said, "Excuse me. Do you mind if I sit and talk with you on this trip?"

"No, come right ahead."

I moved to the seat next to her and drummed up a conversation. She told me she was going to Cleveland, and had a brother in Akron.

"Why don't you get off in Akron and see him?" I asked. "We can go out and have a hamburger together. Your ticket will still be good for Cleveland."

"Oh, I don't know. I don't think I ought to do that."

"Come on, be a sport. Heck, we can have a drink, and you can look up your brother. He'd probably be very happy to see you."

She agreed. It had taken me no time at all to get back in the groove. Already the old charm had returned.

When we got to Akron, I made about 15 phone calls in an effort to locate the girl's brother. But we were unable to trace him through a post office box number, the only ad-

dress the girl had.

"Look," I said to my new friend, "let's get a hotel room. Then I'll go over and pick up some clothes at my grandmother's and I'll come right back." I didn't want to go out on the town in prison issue.

So we went to a small hotel in Akron, and I got a room for $32 a week, paid in advance. I really wanted to get this girl in bed. When we got upstairs, I said: "Look, you go ahead and clean up, and get dressed. I'll be back in about two hours. Then we'll go out. Okay?"

"Sure, Ed, that will be great."

I went to my grandmother's house, said hello, and grabbed some clothes. Then I tore back downtown. I sure wanted sex in the worst way. I hadn't had a girl in 19 months.

I went to the room and knocked. Nobody answered. I went down to the clerk.

"Say, buddy, do you have the key for Room 314? I guess my wife went out."

"Oh, yeah. There's a note for you here, mister".

"Note?"

"Yes, your wife checked out. She said to tell you she found her brother. She took the refund on the money you paid, too."

"You've got to be kidding!" The blood drained to my feet.

"Nope. As a matter of fact, the room has already been rented again."

"How long ago did she leave?"

"About an hour ago."

I hightailed it out of there to the Greyhound bus station. She was nowhere around, so I checked the adjoining

train station, but to no avail. "Well, I'll be a son-of-a-bitch!" I groaned. "I haven't been out of the reformatory for ten hours, and already I've lost $32 to a slick-talking slut! Edwards, you're sure out of condition."

That dame had really chopped me. There would be another piece of ass nearby; it wasn't that so much, but to think I'd been conned by the same type of trick I'd spent all my life pulling on others. I'd been beat at my own game by a sleazy, pincurled broad.

It takes money to play around and I had two ways of getting it: working or stealing. Having just served 19 months in the reformatory, I had no desire to be running around town stealing. At least, for the time being.

Two days after my release from Chillicothe, I found a job with Woolworth's, in Akron, as a stock boy. I falsified almost everything on my application, except my name and age. For obvious reasons, I didn't want my employers to know anything about my past. I said I'd been in the Marines for four years.

I began at once to get back in the groove of dating and shacking up. It seemed that every other week I was dragging a girl home and introducing her to my grandmother, aunt, and uncle as my "fiancée."

Although I never really understood what love was, I was engaged many times in my life, especially after my release from Chillicothe. I found that engagement rings opened the doors to bedrooms. I purchased several engagement rings on time, and repeatedly presented them as tokens of my love, only to demand them back when I tired of the girl.

Occasionally, one of my "fiancées" would keep her ring,

and I'd be forced to buy another. One ring had been worn by four different girls before it was repossessed by the jeweler who sold it to me, when he spotted my current enamorata and me eating lunch in a restaurant.

My fickleness seemed to increase rather than diminish. I enjoyed playing Casanova. Lying was easy for me, and girls were fair game. When I wasn't telling complete lies, I was exaggerating badly. If I was earning $100 a week, I upped it to $150.

After working at the store for about two months, I was asked to move to Medina, a town 25 miles from Akron, to help open a new store. I actually had no choice, because I was working under a management training program designed to eventually elevate me from stock boy to manager. With memories of Chillicothe still vivid, I agreed to the move. I wanted to keep my job, and stay straight.

I'd been in Medina two weeks, when I met a blue-eyed, dishwater blonde named Rose. She attracted me. She was from a poor, broken family and I could certainly relate to that. She was very anxious to date me, but our working schedules conflicted, and we couldn't get together. I finally invented a scheme to take the day off and still remain in the good graces of my boss. I needed someone's help to pull it off, so I went to see a friend I'd acquired. John was a carpenter who was working in a supermarket three doors away.

"John, I'm wondering if you would do me a favor today?"

"Yeah, Ed, if I can. What is it?"

"Here's the phone number where I work. Now, I want you to wait about half-an-hour, call this number, and ask for me. When they call me to the telephone and I answer, you

just hang up. That's all I want you to do."

"What the hell do you want me to do that for?"

"I have a date this afternoon and I want to get off work."

"Okay, don't worry. I'll call."

About a half hour after I'd returned to work, the secretary came out to the stock room.

"Ed, you're wanted on the telephone."

"Which phone?" I feigned ignorance.

"Right here in the office."

The manager was sitting at his desk, doing some paper work.

"Use that phone," he said.

"Thank you." I proceeded with my imaginary conversation.

"Hello. Yes, this is Eddie Edwards. How's that—my aunt? When did this happen? You mean she's in the hospital now? Was there anybody else hurt in the accident? I see. Well, how bad is she? I see. Just a minute."

I turned to the manager.

"Mr. Jacobs, my aunt has been in an automobile accident, and she's in serious condition in the hospital. Would you mind if I were to take off, and go over there?"

"Hell, no, Ed. Take off right now. We're not that busy anyway."

He couldn't have been more obliging.

"Thank you. Hello, I should be there in approximately a half hour. Goodbye."

I left work and went on my date with Rose. But I couldn't leave well enough alone, and be content with an occasional roll in the hay. My lack of self-discipline reared its rotten head, and once again, I spent all my time with

Rose. But after about five days, I got bored with her. I began to think about facing my boss. I thought about it and then decided: "Oh, to hell with it. I just won't go back to work. Medina ain't the place for me, anyhow."

So I returned to Akron. I tried various five-and-ten cent stores, in hopes of landing a job as an assistant manager, but there were no openings. I was still lying like hell on all my applications.

At W. T. Grant's, in Kent, 15 miles from Akron, I fed the manager a great line, and the following day I started work there as assistant manager. I really enjoyed this job and its prestige; I was a big shot. And, as assistant manager, I was in charge of about 20 women. That's the part I liked best.

In no time at all, I was dating married women, using their cars, and encouraging them to spend their money. I explained to them that I'd been recently discharged from the service, and consequently had no money for a car or for running around. Most of them would reply eagerly:

"Oh, Eddie, don't worry. I'll pay for the date. My husband and I are both working, and I can do what I want with my money. He never knows how much I make anyway."

We would shack up at a local motel or use the back seat of the car, whichever was more convenient.

Heretofore, I'd always felt that marriage was sacred, at least to others if not to me, and that a woman should belong solely to her husband. I soon discovered that many women had pretty casual marriages.

Except for the manager and myself, all the store employees were women. It was my responsibility to do the

hiring of the new personnel. I obligingly read all applications, and gained valuable information about each applicant. I pried further into their lives with questions like, "Are you engaged? Do you plan on getting married?" And I only hired those I thought I could seduce.

I dated plenty of women who weren't store employees, too. I often took them to the store long after closing hours, and told them that I had a privilege that went along with my position: they could pick out any clothes they liked, and I would graciously let them keep the clothes, on the condition that they modeled them for me. Quite frequently, they'd model panties, slips, brassieres, bathing suits and other apparel. After the performance, we'd adjourn to the stockroom to make love. I was quite the man. My women really thought I was hot stuff.

During the time I worked at Grant's, my personal wardrobe grew rapidly. It was my job to lock up at closing time. After everyone else left for home, I continued to work for an hour or two. Then I would fill my car up with underwear, shirts, pants, men's jewelry, shaving equipment, and anything else I thought I'd have use for. Two months later, when I decided I'd had enough of Grant's, I had accumulated upwards of $2,000 worth of clothing and accessories.

Akron was becoming old hat. And I was bound to be found out sooner or later, if I stuck around. I used the same technique I had used when I wanted to screw Rose during working hours, and once again had a friend call me at work.

My boss was very concerned when he heard about my aunt who had just been in an automobile accident, and even offered to let me use his car to go to the hospital.

I told him no, because I didn't have any way of knowing just how seriously she was hurt or just when I would come back to work.

I went home, packed all my clothing, and took a Greyhound bus to Denver, Colorado. I picked Denver because I had been there on other occasions, and I liked the city very much.

Barbara

In Denver, I found a room in a private home, and again I went to work for a five-and ten outfit as an assistant manager. On my application, I again said that I had just been discharged from the Marines, and added that I had had plenty of experience as manager of several post exchanges.

At a cafeteria two doors away from the store, I met a girl named Barbara. She was a well-built, auburn-haired girl, with a lovely personality. I truly liked her. She was the mother of an eight-month-old girl, and was separated from her husband. She was a challenge. I set my sights on persuading her to leave town with me, something a girl in her position shouldn't have even considered. I had visited her home on several occasions, and had met her mother and her child. One evening I said to her:

"Barbara, would you like to go to Dallas with me?"

"Dallas, Texas?"

"Yes. I know that town quite well; I've lived there before. I can work for any five-and-ten, so there will be no problem getting a job. I'd love to have you and your daughter come along with me."

"I don't know, Ed. What about my husband? I realize I'm not living with him; but if I leave, and take my child, he would have grounds for divorce as well as for custody."

"What do you mean, grounds for custody? Hell, you're allowed to move."

"I realize that, but I'm not allowed to move in with another man and run around the country with him."

"Who is going to know you are leaving the city with me, or living with me? He doesn't even know I exist, unless you've told him."

"No, I haven't. He knows nothing about you, and I know my mother wouldn't tell him. I'll tell you what. Let me think it over tonight, and I'll give you an answer in the morning."

"Okay."

The following morning, around ten, she phoned.

"Hello, Ed. Are you still planning to go to Dallas?"

"I want to, but I'm not anxious to go without you."

"When did you plan on leaving?"

"That all depends. Are you going with me?"

"Yes."

"Why don't we leave tonight? I'll go get two tickets and we'll leave as soon as the bus pulls out."

"Only two tickets? I'm taking my daughter, you know."

"I realize that, but it doesn't cost anything for her." I'd always loved kids, and having her daughter along was quite acceptable to me.

"I'll tell you what. I'll come over and pick you up in a taxi around six."

"I have a better suggestion. Why don't you come over to my house after you pack; then I'll just have my mother take us down to the bus staton when it's time to leave."

We left Denver that evening for Dallas, where we found an apartment in a private home. I went to work for Arthur

Murray as a dance instructor. I was delighted with this job because of the fantastic opportunities it offered me to meet women. The studio had a rule against dating the students, but I had no intentions of letting that stop me. I never told any of my students about the rule, but I explained to each that it would be best if they didn't let on at the studio that they knew me socially. Of course, they all complied.

During this period, Barbara went to work as a waitress in a large dance hall. Her job was to circulate among the men, entice them into buying her champagne, and have her glass filled with ginger ale instead. The customer would pay for the drinks at $1 per glass, and Barbara would receive 50 cents for each drink. Some nights, she brought home as much as $20 or $30, even though she was only being paid a dollar a night in wages.

All was well for about two months. I was enjoying my work at Arthur Murray's, and dating a girl named Peggy, who worked in the Texas Theater office. She was dark-haired, brown-eyed, and attractive; but I found her new car and healthy bank account of even more interest. I kept my distance from Peggy sexually, so she'd think my motives were heartfelt, respectable and pure. Then I talked her into marrying me, knowing that once the knot was tied, her car and money would be as much mine as hers.

While I was scheming, I felt badly about Barbara, for she was one of the few girls I ever really felt close to. But I had to get rid of her because she would never have stood for my plan to swindle Peggy.

One night, I awakened from a sound sleep to find her missing.

"Barbara, where are you? Barbara! Are you in the bathroom?"

No answer. I waited anxiously, with the lights out, until about three-thirty in the morning when a taxi drove up. Barbara tiptoed silently into the house and slipped smoothly into bed. I waited silently for about 30 seconds. Then I said: "Why are you being so careful?"

Being completely certain that she'd carried her entrance off, she was startled when she realized she'd been found out.

"Oh, my God, you certainly scared me!"

"Why are you being so careful?"

"I didn't want to wake you up."

"Where have you been?"

"I went to get my ring."

"Your ring?"

"Yes, my ring."

While I was worrying over how I would get rid of Barbara, she had provided the perfect excuse.

"Now, let's start all over again, Barbara. Where have you been?"

"I told you. I went to get my ring."

"Where was your ring?"

"A guy was holding it for me."

"A guy was holding your ring and you went to get it? Would you like to tell me why he was holding your ring?"

"Okay! Earlier tonight, I needed $10 to send my mother a flowergram for her birthday. I didn't have the money, so I pawned my ring to this guy who works at the dance hall. He gave me his address, and said that when I got the $10 I could pick up the ring any time after midnight. Around twelve-thirty, you were sleeping. So I called a cab and went

to his house to pick up the ring."

"I see. Did you get the ring?"

"Yes, I got it."

"Did you get screwed, too?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"I think I have a goddamn good reason to be asking that! Did you get screwed, too?"

"No, I didn't."

"You're a goddamn liar. Come here a minute."

I pulled her over to me, and put my hand between her legs. She was damp.

"Now, you're going to lay there, when you're wet all over, and tell me he didn't screw you?"

"All right! I did give him a tumble. I had to. He told me he wouldn't give it back unless I went to bed with him. I wanted the ring because it means an awful lot to me. He doesn't mean anything to me. It was just a matter of laying on my back for ten minutes while he screwed me. When he put it in, I hardly felt it. I got no enjoyment out of it, but I've got my ring back. Is ten minutes such a big thing?"

"Is it such a big thing? Why, you big goddamn stupid son-of-a-bitch! You're living with me, and telling me you love me! I'm taking care of your daughter, and trying to be the best man on earth! And you go out and get screwed, and then have the gall to say, 'Is ten minutes such a big thing?'

"I'll tell you something right now, Barbara. In the morning, when you get up, you can pack your things and the child's. Call up your mother, and tell her you're on your way back to Denver."

I was talking loudly and roughing her up, but I really didn't want to hurt her. We'd been close, and I had enjoyed

her baby. I was mad, but in control.

"I don't want to leave, Ed."

"You're going to leave for Denver, because in the morning I'm going to pack my things and leave."

"Does it really have to be this way?"

"Yeah. It has to be this way."

It worked out beautifully. The next morning, I wasted no time in putting her on the bus for Denver. I went over to Peggy's house that very afternoon.

I'd convinced her to put the car and money in both our names, but I was patiently waiting until we were married to skip town.

"Peggy, we've been talking about marriage, and I want to ask you something. Do you have any objection to marrying me right away?"

"What do you mean right away?"

"*Right away.* Like over the weekend. Let me explain. You have the automobile and the bank account in both of our names. It would be simple for me to go down and draw all that money out, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, Ed, it would, but I don't think you'd do that."

"That's true; I wouldn't. But I'd like to get married right away, so we could go to bed together. I'm hot about you. You and I have never made love, and I want to very much. We could take off Saturday morning, and go to Oklahoma. We can have our blood tests, get our marriage license, and be married, all in a matter of hours. Then we can be back here, in Dallas, in time to go to work Saturday evening. In a couple of weeks, we can give notice, and take off on a honeymoon."

"You know, that sounds like a good idea, Ed. I love you so much! You're a great guy. I just can't understand

how you've managed to go this long without falling into some other girl's lap. Okay. Let's do it."

Around eleven the following evening, I received a long-distance phone call from Denver.

"Ed, what are you doing?"

"I'm just sitting here, Barb."

"Ed, are you really mad at me?"

"Yes, I am. I think you did me wrong."

"I've been thinking about it, and I guess I did do you wrong, but believe me, honey, I'm sorry. I love you, and I was so happy with you. Can't I make amends? Why don't you come to Denver, and let's start all over again."

"I'll tell you what, Barb. Let me think about it for a couple of days. Give me a call Sunday afternoon."

"Will you really think about it, Ed?"

"Yes, I promise. You call me back Sunday afternoon, and I'll give you my answer."

"Okay, I'll call Sunday. I love you, darling."

I put Barbara out of my mind, and went about the business at hand.

When Saturday morning came, Peggy was very ill with the flu. It was impossible for us to go to Oklahoma as planned. Having gone to great lengths to be certain that what I was up to was legal, I was not about to throw all my careful planning to the winds. A few days previously, I had even called the FBI, and checked it out.

"I'm wondering if you could give me some information?"

"Sure. What do you want to know?"

"My sister married a guy last Tuesday, and he just took off with her automobile and money. They didn't even

go to bed together. Now, is there anything at all that can be done to this guy?"

"Let's see, now. You say they were married, and then he took off with her car and money? Was the car in both their names?"

"It was. So was the bank account."

"No, there is really nothing that can be done. Was the car paid for?"

"As far as I know, it was. I'm quite sure."

"If the car is paid for, there's nothing that can be done. If it isn't paid for, it's a matter of taking mortgaged property across the state line. No, I'm afraid there's nothing that can be done, although it's a damn dirty trick!"

That was all I needed to know. I now had a guarantee that I wasn't leaving myself open to be charged with a federal offense.

I wanted to get married just as soon as Peggy could stand up, but she wanted to wait until the following weekend.

"Look, Ed. I'll probably be all right tomorrow or the next day, but I want to get married on a weekend. Let's arrange it for next Saturday. I can ask my boss for Saturday and Sunday off, and we can go to a little motel for a honeymoon.

"Okay, Peggy. If that's the way you want it, fine."

Peggy was feeling better the next day, and returned to work. I'd stopped reporting to Arthur Murray's the minute our first wedding date had been set; Peggy didn't know about this, and I had no reason to tell her, needless to say. But this new turn of events left me at loose ends.

Not being one to let any grass grow under my feet, I

called a girl I had dated about two weeks previously, and we went out for a few drinks. Since I hadn't been able to make this girl, I was fascinated by the challenge. She was the kind of girl I enjoyed trying to ball. Her personality and looks appealed to me, and she seemed innocent, feminine, and alluring.

"Donna, would you be interested in leaving the city with me?"

"I couldn't do that."

"Why not?"

"You know I'm only seventeen."

"I know, but you look older. Hell, we're here drinking now, and if they knew you were under age, they wouldn't be serving you."

"Well, Eddie, where would you want to go? What could we do?"

"We'd go to Jacksonville, Florida, and I'd go to work for my brother. He has a new-and-used car lot there, and I work for him quite frequently. Donna, I'll tell you what. You're allowed to go out on Saturday evening, right?"

"Yes."

"Okay. Saturday night we'll go out. I'll take you home Saturday evening, around ten-thirty. Your mom and dad will see you come in, and you can sit around and bullshit for a while.

"Then, tell them you're sleepy, and go to your bedroom. Douse the lights and put your stuff together, and hand it out the window to me. I'll put it in the car, help you down, and we'll take off."

"Okay, we'll do it." She glowed.

"Donna, you'll never be sorry."

"I don't think I will. You've always been considerate, and I think you're a decent guy."

Peggy managed to get the weekend off. Saturday rolled around, we left about seven in the morning, got married, and were back in Dallas around six that evening.

I told Peggy I had to make a phone call. "I've got to call this fellow at the studio. An elderly lady is supposed to come in—she had her lesson cancelled the other night because she was sick. My boss has asked me to give her instruction tonight, if she can get to the studio. It will only be for a couple of hours. You won't mind, will you?"

"Yes, I will, but if you've already committed yourself . . . well, it's only for a couple of hours."

I made my fictitious phone call to the studio. I hung up, told Peggy the elderly lady had made it, and I split.

I took Peggy's car, and picked up Donna. We had hamburgers and cokes at a nearby drive-in, and made plans to leave that evening.

Donna was quite scared, and sounded as if she wanted to back out of the whole thing. She was deathly afraid that her parents would catch her putting her clothes out the window, beat her severely, and confine her to the house. I managed to convince her that everything was going to run smoothly. About twenty to eleven, I took her home, parked the car three doors down the street, and waited about 15 minutes for her room light to come on. She undressed, turned off the light, and began handing me her clothes through the window.

About 15 minutes after midnight, Donna and I were headed for Jacksonville, in Peggy's car.

Betty

In Jacksonville, I got a job with a private detective agency, through a newspaper ad. The job presented me with great opportunities. Snooping around on divorce cases, I learned all sorts of useful things.

The agency gave me a camera, and I was to find out if one partner was stepping out on the other, and if so, to snap a picture of the two culprits in a compromising position. They also sent me out on insurance cases. If a person had a claim against an insurance company—for a bad back, for example—I was to find out if the claimant was doing any manual labor. If so, I was to photograph him on the job.

An elderly lady, a practical nurse, had retained the services of our agency. She was trying to collect money owed her by the husband of one of her patients. I found that she had already paid the agency about $600, without receiving any information. I suggested that for $500, I would investigate the case on my own, and obtain all the information she wanted, including pictures and copies of the important papers. Being anxious to get what was owed her, she advanced the $500. I told her I would start investigating immediately; but, of course, I had no intentions of doing that. Using the same scheme, I swindled four more

clients out of a total of $1,400.

During this period, I met a pert little 18-year-old blond named Betty. She was married to a 72-year-old railroad worker, who was home only two or three days a week. While he was away, I'd shack up with Betty.

Betty had a three-year-old daughter. Forever on the search for wild adventure, I made up my mind I would convince her to leave her husband and come away with me. I approached her one day, and said:

"Betty, in a few days I'm leaving for Akron. How would you like to pick up your daughter and come along?"

"What do they have in Akron they don't have here?"

"Well, one thing they have is snow."

"Oh, Ed! That's one thing I have always wanted to see! I have never seen snow."

"That's good enough reason to go to Akron, isn't it? We could live together, and not have to worry about your husband walking in. I think I would make a real good father for your daughter. I have a brother in Akron who's a lawyer. I could have him start divorce proceedings for you. Then we could get married."

"It sounds like a winner, Ed."

"Okay, we'll do it. Oh, there's one other thing. Do you and your husband have any charge accounts here in town?"

"Oh yes, we have two or three."

"Good. Tomorrow, why don't you go down to some of these places and get you and the baby some clothes and whatever else you might need. I want you to have some warm things for yourself and the child. It's much colder in Ohio."

"That's a good idea. God, I'll be happy to get away

from that old crutch. I hate him. He insists on ripping my clothes off and manhandling me, pretending that he's taking me by force. I detest the bastard. Sex should be beautiful and gentle and loving, like it is with you."

That evening, when I went home, I said to Donna, "Do you want to go back to Dallas?"

"Yes, Ed, I do."

"Aren't you afraid of what will happen when you go back home?"

"Oh, I may get a beating and be restricted to the house, but they might also be glad to see me. You can never tell. Will you take me home?"

"Donna, I think the world of you, but I can't take you to Dallas! I'll send you back on the bus, or you can stay here and live with me. Whichever you want."

Since I was finished with her anyway, I said whatever I felt like saying.

"I do like living with you, Ed, but I really think I should go back." And that marked the end of my relationship with Donna.

That evening, Betty, her daughter, and I headed for Akron, shortly after her husband left for work. I had the detective agency's camera with me, plus the money I had swindled from the agency's clients. I felt confident that I was wise and cunning, and I knew I could easily obtain sufficient money to answer my needs.

After settling down in an Akron apartment, I showed Betty the town. As we were leaving a restaurant where we'd eaten supper, Betty exclaimed:

"Oh, Ed, look! Look, Ed! Snow! This is the first time in my life I've seen it! God, it makes me so happy!"

God's Gift to Females

A friend from Florida, Jim, had accompanied Betty and me to Akron. Two days after we arrived, instead of staying home with Betty, I was spending my time running around with him, and renewing old acquaintances. On the third morning, Betty said:

"Ed, I want you to take me and the baby back to Jacksonville. I don't really care for Akron, and I feel guilty about leaving my husband. He's kind and gentle in many ways, and it's not right doing this to him."

"If you want to leave, go ahead. I'll give you the money."

"I'd rather you take us back." Her voice was pleading and guilt-ridden.

"No siree, babe. I'll give you the money and put you on the bus. But I'm not going back to Jacksonville. Let me know what you want to do. In the meantime, I'm going out. See you later."

I went to see a girl named Louise. She had two sisters, and the four of us had known each other well. I'd dated and been to bed with all three of them, at one time or another. I asked Louise if she'd go out with me later that evening.

After I left her house, I continued to look up old friends, and had a few snorts with each. About five o'clock in the evening, I asked Jim to go with me to Louise's later that

evening. Then I went home and prepared to go out. Betty and the child were gone—out to get something to eat, I supposed. I was finished with Betty, so I didn't care. I dressed, and left.

The lights were on when Jim and I arrived at Louise's house later that evening. After knocking for a couple of minutes, I opened the unlocked door and yelled in to the family. But there was no answer. On previous occasions when they'd not been home, I'd prankishly carried out various pieces of furniture and put them on the porch or lawn. When the girls returned, they'd have to cart the items back inside. The girls thought I had a great sense of humor, and enjoyed the attentions. I enjoyed it too. The more outlandishly I could make my presence known, the better I felt.

Jim and I started to repeat the prank. I put some furniture on the porch, and Jim and I carried their couch to the front lawn. I picked up a clock radio that had been left blaring away, then figured it would be too easy to steal if I put it on the lawn with the furniture, so I chucked it into my car. I planned to return it later when I came back for the girls.

Jim and I went to a drive-in restaurant, to wait until the girls returned. As we pulled into the parking area, five squad cars circled my car, and twice as many policemen leaped out, with their guns drawn and pointed at us.

"All right, which one of you is Edwards? Stop right where you are!"

"I'm Edwards."

"Put your hands up, both of you! Turn around!" They turned us around, made us stand against the car and shook us down.

"Where's your gun, Edwards?"

"What gun? I don't have any goddamn gun. What's this all about?"

"Just stay there with your hands on the car."

After completing a search of the car, and arranging to have it towed, they put us in a paddywagon and escorted us to the city jail. When we entered the squad room of the Akron city police department, I was greeted by an old friend. Sergeant Waldo, who remembered me from my boyhood scrapes, leapt out of his chair.

"Goddamn! If it isn't Ed Edwards! I told you sooner or later you'd end up in Leavenworth, Ed. And by God, that's where I'm going to put you!"

Sergeant Waldo had picked me up several times for loitering, on suspicion of burglary, when I was a kid. He was well aware of my tarnished reputation. It was like old times.

"Hey, Sarge, what's this all about? I haven't done anything."

"Yeah, you haven't done anything! I've heard that goddamn story for 10 years. You *never* do anything. You're into more goddam shit for somebody never doing anything than anyone I've ever known!"

"I don't know what it's all about. Tell me."

"I'm going to tell you! We have a warrant here for your arrest for kidnapping."

"For kidnapping? Oh, come on, now, who in the hell am I supposed to have kidnapped?"

"You've kidnapped that girl you were living with, Betty somebody." He fumbled through the pile of papers on his desk.

"Kidnapped her?" My jaw dropped in amazement.

"You brought her here at gunpoint. She filed the complaint, and has sworn out a warrant for your arrest."

"I haven't kidnapped anybody! She came here of her own free will. Do you think, for a minute, that if I had kidnapped her, I'd leave her so that she can walk around the streets whenever she wants to? By God, think about it for a minute. I wouldn't leave her at the house and let her wander around!"

Man, I couldn't talk fast enough. This was an incredible situation.

"We'll see. Take him in the back room."

Jim and I were locked in the adjoining interrogation rooms and left alone for about a half-hour. Each room was four-by-six feet, and contained a table, two chairs and a small window. Our yelling back and forth to one another was accompanied by the sound of a crackling radiator.

When Sergeant Waldo finally returned, he said, "I've talked to her and she admits that she came freely. She wanted to go back to Florida, and you wouldn't take her."

"That's true. I told her I wouldn't take her, but that I'd give her the money to go back."

"Why in the hell did you bring her here in the first place? She's a married woman and she has a daughter."

"I realize that, but she wanted to leave Florida."

"You slick-talking son-of-a-bitch! You got her to leave!"

"Well, I guess I am a little younger than her husband."

"I understand she's married to a sixty-two-year-old man."

"Nope, seventy-two."

"Either way, it's beside the point. She's still married to him. That stuff in your car, where did you get it?"

"That's my clothes. I haven't unpacked yet."

"Where did you get the car?"

"It's my car."

"With Texas license plates? Where did you buy it?"

"I got it in Dallas."

"You'd better have bought it in Dallas, because we're going to check it out. We're in the process right now."

"It belongs to my wife and me."

"It belongs to your *wife*!"

"That's right."

"Oh, come on now, Edwards. What do you mean, *your wife*?"

"We had a misunderstanding, and I left. The car is in both of our names."

"You're married?"

"That's right."

"And you're running around with this girl? And others, too, I'd imagine?"

"I'm not living with my wife."

"Who the hell do you think you are, Don Juan? God's gift to females? One of these goddamn days you're going to get your head blown plumb off your shoulders for running around with married women."

While Sergeant Waldo was preaching to me, another detective was talking to my buddy. He confessed to the detective that we'd carried out the furniture and had taken the clock radio. He further explained that the radio was still in the car that had been towed away. The detective went around to the car and returned with the radio. Then Sergeant Waldo had me brought out of the detention room.

"Edwards, where did you get this clock radio?"

"It doesn't belong to me. It belongs to a girl friend of mine."

"Another girl friend, huh?"

"Not exactly a girl friend. It's just a girl I know."

"Did she give it to you?"

"Well, no, she didn't give it to me."

"How did you get it?"

"I took it. I'm pulling a prank on her."

"A prank or a robbery?"

"Listen, Sarge, lots of times I've been over to her family's house when they haven't been home. I move the furniture out on the front porch or the lawn, just to play a prank on them. I didn't want to leave the clock radio outside, because it might get stolen. As a matter of fact, they were going to get the clock radio back tonight, because I have a date with one of them."

"They may end up getting the radio back, but you're certainly not going to be on a date with anyone tonight. You went in the house and took the radio, right? That's burglary. Burglary of an inhabited dwelling. Do you know that carries life?"

First kidnapping, now burglary. I was accumulating problems at an alarming rate.

"Oh, come on now, Waldo. I didn't burglarize their home. Get in touch with them, and they'll tell you that."

"We're going to. As of now, you're being booked for burglary."

He ordered one of the other detectives to take me downstairs for booking. Later that evening, my friend and I were transferred to the county jail, where we sat around for six weeks waiting for some kind of action to be taken.

I Break Out of Jail

In the meantime, Waldo had received a detainer on me from Dallas. It seems they were curious as to my true motives for marrying Peggy.

We finally went to court for taking the radio. I stood before the judge, and the complaint was read by the prosecuting attorney. He asked the mother of the girls,

"Mrs. Smithfield, what do you want to do about this matter?"

"Your Honor, I don't want to press charges, but I want this man to stay away from my children. He's trouble for them and he sets a bad example. I would like to have some kind of guarantee that he will stay away."

"We'd just better hold this case over to the grand jury, and let them decide what to do."

His decision set me back on my heels. The possibility was becoming quite real that my little prank would result in a serious charge, possibly a conviction. At the very least, being held over for the grand jury meant the county jail for at least a month more. And the county jail was no picnic by a longshot.

I was locked in a cell behind the courtroom, one of several used to house drunks and others awaiting appearance before the city court. The jailer sat in a small, enclosed

office, adjacent to the courtroom. From there, he could open a big, steel door which led into a corridor running the perimeter of the cells. At the end of that corridor, there was the bullpen; and in the corridor just beyond the jailer's office there was a telephone. If you were in the bullpen, and wanted to use the phone, the jailer had to unlock the door. After observing this setup, I figured out that whenever an inmate was visited by a bondsman, or a relative, the jailer would have to unlock the steel door, and leave it open. Then he would open the bullpen door, to release the inmate. I speculated that someone could be talking on the telephone at precisely the time he opened the steel door and was going to open up the bullpen. The person using the telephone could, conceivably, escape by running through the office, the courtroom, down the stairs, and out of the police station. Having already decided I wasn't going to stick around long enough to be charged for burglary, I called for the jailer.

"Hey, jailer."

"Yeah?"

"How's chances of letting me make a telephone call to my grandmother?"

"To who?"

"To my grandmother. I want to ask her if she would come down here and make my bond."

"All right; just a minute."

In a few minutes, he came and opened the cell door, allowing me to go to the telephone. There'd been no time limit put on the length of my call. I made the fictitious call, having made up my mind to remain on the phone until the jailer had to open the door for some reason.

I carried on my imaginary conversation for some time, until a bondsman walked into the office and asked to see an inmate. The jailer opened the steel door. He paid no attention to me. He walked down the corridor to the bullpen, to open the door. The minute he had the key in the lock, I dropped the receiver, and bolted through the office.

"Stop that man! Stop that man! Grab him!"

I shoved aside the bondsman, and darted through the courtroom. In the background the jailer was still yelling for someone to stop me.

As fast as my legs would go, I ran onto High Street. Half-a-block later, I was still being chased. I ran to the nearby Palace Theater which had an entrance on High Street. A flight of stairs, alongside the theater, led down to Main Street. But they were too open and exposed. I took the steps directly adjacent to the theater, which lead through an arcade and then onto Main Street.

Running down the arcade steps, I tore off my sweater and shirt, and discarded them. Then I exited onto Main Street. I was wearing only a T-shirt and slacks. In my pocket, I had one lonesome quarter, which would be enough for bus fare if I could find a bus.

I knew Main Street was a city bus route. Shortly, a bus came along. A siren was blowing; I knew that was a signal for the officer on the beat to call headquarters. I immediately boarded the bus. The bus kept right on down Main Street, picking up and discharging passengers.

When the bus came to the end of the line, I got off and started hitchhiking. I hitchhiked to Cleveland, and from there, I headed for Pennsylvania. It was a blustery March day, and my T-shirt was little protection against the cold.

Foot Chase Fails

City Jail Prisoner Dashes To Freedom

A speedy ex-private eye broke from City Jail late Tuesday by the simple expedient of shoving aside the jailer and running.

With a bondsman and the police prosecutor in pursuit, Edward Edwards ran north on S. High st. and lost himself in a theater arcade.

A burglary suspect with a federal record, a man facing charges in two Southern states, Edwards still is missing.

The press, the public, the radio and television stations of the Akron area were asked to cooperate in the manhunt by carrying his picture and description.

He is 21, 5 feet, 8 inches tall, 156 pounds with blue eyes, sandy, wavy hair and a slight hook to his nose.

• • •

MOST OF HIS life has been spent in the Akron area. He has relatives living on Sixth st., Cuyahoga Falls, and gave this address at the time he was arrested.

Edwards had just been arraigned on a burglary charge when he made his break.

He appeared before Municipal Judge C. B. McRae in Police Court, heard himself held for the Grand Jury on the charge.

Detectives led him back to the jail which is entered at the rear of the court room and occupies the second and third floors of the Police Station.

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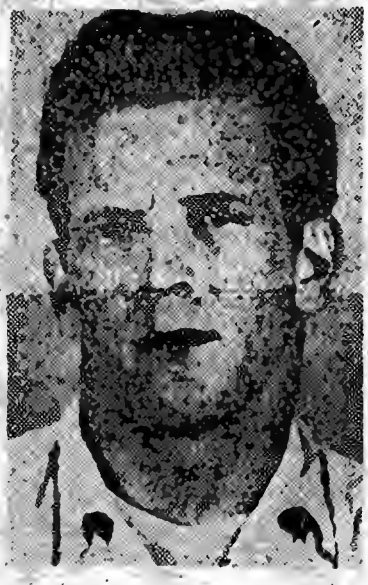
JAILER RAY POPE said Edwards had asked to use t



EDWARD EDWARDS
...have you seen him?

From the Akron Beacon Journal, April 6, 1955.

telephone. The phone is just inside the jail entrance. Permission to use it is a common procedure in the jail.

While Edwards talked, Pope opened the entrance to let out a man serving time on a drunk charge. The man's fine had been paid.

Pope said Edwards slammed down the phone, shoved the jailer's arm aside and sprinted through the empty court room.

Frank Percoco, agent of the P. & C. Bonding Co., saw the dash. "Stop that man," Percoco yelled. "He's a prisoner."

The court room door is opposite the entrance to Police Prosecutor Paul Lombardi's office, a narrow hall separating them.

Lombardi, in his office, noted the dash out of the court room and took off himself.

* * *

HE SAID Edwards turned north on High st. Lombardi gave chase. The prisoner disappeared into the Palace Theater Arcade, midway in the High st. block between E. Market and E. Mill sts.

Lombardi, thoroughly out of breath, tried to question theater employes and others he met in the Arcade. No one had seen Edwards.

The only trace he left was a sweater and a sport shirt. Both had been discarded along the route through the Arcade, Lombardi said.

Police had sent the wagon crew to help with the chase. Lombardi met wagon men along S. Main st. at the Arcade's west end.

A tour of nearby restaurants turned up nothing as did a fast check on the places Edwards is known to frequent.

* * *

"IF FRANK had yelled four or five seconds sooner, I could have nailed him head on as he ran out of the court room," Lombardi said.

Edwards was arrested here in the March 9 burglary of the Glenville Potts' home at 742 Coburn st. A clock radio was taken.

Detectives caught him in a downtown drive in restaurant a couple of days later.

Detective Capt. Boyd F. Burk Jr. said he had been told two weird tales of events that led to Edwards' coming here from Florida.

One story had it Edwards married a Rockwall County, Tex., girl last Feb. 1, deserted her the same night and left with his father-in-law's car.

* * *

THE SECOND account went that Edwards and his bride went to Jacksonville, Fla. and Edwards left her there in early March.

In any event he went to Jacksonville and worked for a private detective agency, "snooping around on divorce cases and things like that."

He left the detective agency, according to Burk, with some of its funds and a camera given him for his work.

This led to the hook-up with a girl, 18, the mother of a 3-year-old and the wife of a man, 71.

Edwards and the wife, together with James T. Melton, 22 of Green Cove, Fla., left Jacksonville after running up her husband's charge by $400.

Burk said they came here because the girl "never had seen snow." She has been returned to Jacksonville with help from a social agency. Melton is in County Jail on a burglary charge.

No Trace Of Jail Escapee

The 21-year-old prisoner who escaped from City Jail Tuesday while awaiting transfer to the County Jail appears to have covered his tracks well.

Detective Capt. Boyd F. Burk Jr. said today officers have no clue as to where Edward Edwards may be hiding.

The 5 feet, 8 inches, 156-pound man vanished into the Palace Theater Arcade after running north of High st. from the Police Station.

* * *

HE BRUSHED past an officer on the second floor and ran downstairs and onto High st., pursued by Police Prosecutor Paul Lombardi. Edwards had a good start and vanished before Lombardi could gain much ground.

Only a short time before the breakout, Edwards had been arraigned before Municipal Judge C. B. McRae on a charge of burglary and had been held for Grand Jury action.

He was arrested March 9 for burglarizing the Glenn Potts home, 742 Coburn st., and told various stories to police about escapades in the South before coming to Akron recently.

From the Akron Beacon Journal, April 7, 1955.

Mug shots, used to identify prisoner Edward Wayne Edwards.

I succeeded in getting a ride to the Ohio-Pennsylvania border with a man and his girl friend. Because I made up a story about being down on my luck, he gave me $5 and the very shirt off his back.

Then he said, "Buddy, I'd like to take you on into Pennsylvania, but I don't dare do that. You could be running from the police, for all I know. I can't risk taking you across a state line. I hope I've helped you a bit."

To this day, his compassion and generosity are unforgettable. He most likely didn't realize that I was an escaped prisoner. He might have heard one of the many radio broadcasts saying I was at large. And he picked me up anyway.

I got out of the car and waited at the bridge, hoping for another ride. I waited a long time. I was chilled to the bone, and starving. I used up two of my five dollars buying candy at a gas station across the street, trying to fill up my empty stomach. The thought of walking down the road to keep warm had entered my mind, but I quickly decided against that, when I realized the man in the toll booth might have heard the radio bulletins and might become suspicious. Three long hours passed before a trucker, on his way to Jamestown, New York, offered me a ride.

From Jamestown, I got another lift to Buffalo, and arrived there around four the next morning. I was flat broke by then, and wearing everything I owned. I went to the Greyhound station, where I slept on a bench until daylight. When I awoke, I went uptown and walked around. I stopped four people and asked each to loan me a dime so I could catch a bus. The first man gave me a dime, the second and third a quarter, and the fourth a dime. Being exhausted, and having nowhere to turn, I finally entered a

movie theater, where I instantly fell sound asleep.

I slept from noon until eight-thirty that evening. When I awoke, I was dazed. I sat there for a long time, wondering what my next move would be. I began to hope that a queer would sit down beside me; that would give me a chance to pick up $5 or $10, and get a blow job, as well. This thought gave me an idea. I left the theater, in search of a cab driver. I located one a half a block away.

"Mister, I'm wondering if you would give me some information?"

"If I can, buddy."

"I got into town last night and went to some bar. I don't know its name, but it was some place down around skid row. There were a lot of queers in the bar, and a couple of women. I left my suitcase there accidentally, and I'm wondering if you might be able to give me some idea of which bar it might have been."

"You're probably thinking of the Angel Bar. Tell you what to do. Go up this street to that second red light, then turn left. Go down about three blocks, and you'll find it right on the corner."

"Thanks."

When I entered the bar, I had 20¢ in my pocket. I ordered a glass of beer, and sat there sipping it, hoping for some action. About ten minutes later, a fellow approached me, saying, "Do you mind if I sit down and talk to you?"

'No, go right ahead."

"Can I buy you a beer?"

"Yeah, I'll have another one."

"Fine. Say, bartender, give us a drink here. I haven't seen you in here before."

"This is the first time I've been here. I'm just new in town, and I thought I'd drop in for a beer."

"Oh? Where are you living?"

"At a hotel up the street, by the Greyhound bus station."

"Where are you from?"

'Akron, Ohio." Not wanting to be trapped with questions concerning a town I knew nothing about, I leveled with him.

"I've been threatening to move there several times." It was sickening, the way he was trying to ingratiate himself.

As we kept talking, he kept buying drinks. His effeminate ways, and his approach, left no doubt in my mind as to his sexual preferences. He was working up to a proposition; it took him three hours to get there.

"Look, friend," he said, finally, "would you like to have a little bit of fun tonight?"

"I'm always game for fun. What do you have in mind?"

"How would you like to come to my house; we can relax, and get to know each other better." He smiled his most seductive smile.

"I don't know. What's in it for me?"

"Well, you'll get a blow job, which should be a little thrilling. Plus I'll give you $3."

"I'll go for that. I haven't had a blow job for quite awhile."

"Good. Let's go over to my house."

"Fair enough."

We went to his house, where I spent the night. During the night he blew me twice, and the next morning I got my $3. Although I'd sought out this experience, I was sickened by it. I'd looked on it as an easy way to earn some money

in the face of desperation. But once I was actually involved in earning my easy money, it didn't seem so easy.

I subdued an urge to punch him and run out. I was a fugitive, and wanted to do nothing that might anger someone or call attention to myself.

"Look," he propositioned, "why don't you stick around the house for the rest of the day. I'll be home from work around four-thirty, and we can go out and have a couple drinks. Hell, you're a goodlooking guy, and I like you. We can have a lot of fun together."

"I don't know. I'm going back to the bar now to have a couple of drinks. Maybe I'll be back there tonight."

"Look, I'll tell you what. If I give you $5, will you be there tonight?"

"Yeah, I will. That will be $8, and I think that would last me."

"Well, I hadn't planned on giving you an *extra* $5, I planned on giving you $2, to make it $5. But here's $5 more. I like to talk to you. You carry on a good conversation."

"All right, I'll be there."

On his way to work, he dropped me off at the bar. It was about nine in the morning, and I was the only customer there. I had a few drinks, and chatted with the waitress. Soon, a girl came in who had been there the night before. She was a chubby girl with plain features. I got the instant feeling she was lonely and undecided about her next move.

I learned that her name was Martha, and began talking to her, hoping she would be willing to cooperate in my next venture. She sat down and I turned to her, asking:

"Can I buy you a drink?"

"If you want to."

"Give her a drink. Do you mind if I sit with you?"

"No, come on over."

"I saw you in here last night, didn't I?"

"Yeah, I was here."

"I thought I did. I stopped in for a drink. I realize this place is down around skid row, but I kind of like it. I'm probably leaving tonight anyway."

"Where are you going?"

"My car broke down. I was waiting for someone to come along and fix it when another car came by and hit it. I'm going to Key West, Florida, to get another car from my brother." Once more, my fictitious brother appeared in my conversation.

"Are you going to drive that car down?"

"No, that car is too banged up. I'm going to just leave it and let my brother worry about it. He has a car lot in Key West. I'll just go down to his lot and get a new car. I don't have to pay anything for cars when I get them from him. Are you from Buffalo?

"No. I've been here about three weeks. I'm from Cincinnati."

"From Ohio? How about that! I'm from Akron. Have you ever been to Florida?"

"No, I've never been there."

"You ought to go there sometime. It's a real pretty state."

Our conversation continued for about two hours. The $8 I came in with was dwindling away. I finally said. "Look, do you want to go to Florida with me?"

"How would we get there?"

"We'll hitchhike. Hell, drivers like to pick up girls; with

you along, we'd be there in no time at all. We can stop along the way if you want to. I know a few people in different cities such as Wilmington, North Carolina. We could stop here and there and live it up for a little bit. I used to be stationed in the Marines in Wilmington, and I know quite a few people there."

"I've never done any hitchhiking. It would be different."

"Come on, we'll have a ball. Where are all your clothes?"

"I don't have many clothes. I have a room nearby, but all the duds I have fit into my small suitcase."

We went to Martha's rented room. Once I'd cleaned up, I seized the opportunity to screw her. I'd been with other girls who had appealed to me more, but I wanted to sandwich in as much sex as possible, should the police be successful in finding me.

"Ed, where are your clothes?"

"Would you believe my clothes are smashed?"

"What do you mean, smashed?"

"When that guy hit me, my clothes were pushed right out the other side of the car and all over the highway."

"No kidding?"

"There wasn't even a shoe I could salvage out of the damn mess. But I'm not going to worry about it. I'll get everything new when I get to Florida."

That evening, when we started hitchhiking at the outskirts of town, I had $1.25 in my pocket. Fortunately, we got a ride almost immediately. Four rides later, we were in Wilmington, North Carolina. By that time, I had 50¢.

"Martha, I've got an idea," I said. "Now don't misunderstand me, because I'm not really trying to be a hard

guy to get along with, or a criminal. You weren't a virgin when we met, now, were you?"

"No."

"How many men have you had in your life?"

"I don't know, maybe four or five."

"Look, do you want to make some fabulous money?"

"What do you mean, fabulous money?"

"I mean $100 or $200 for four or five hours' work. We can use the money, right? And we'd only do it for a couple of days. That way, we can get to Key West. I'm going to put you up in a hotel."

"Put me up in a hotel?" She was mildly surprised, but I knew she could be persuaded.

"There's a lot of money around this town. It's full of Marines, and they all want a woman. Hell, it's not going to hurt you!" While she halfheartedly protested, I went on with my plans.

"Stay here for a minute. I want to talk to the bellboy."

When I located the bellboy, I explained that I didn't have any money to rent a room, but that I had a girl I wanted to put up in the hotel. I offered him 40 percent of the take, if he'd lend me $6 to rent a room.

The bellboy jumped at the deal. We made a plan to circulate Martha from room to room, when the Marines hit town that evening. Martha and I went to our room, freshened up and screwed for a while. I figured that if I wanted to snatch some pussy, I'd better do it before the Marines landed and wore out the territory.

About eight, the bellboy knocked on the door.

"Are you ready?"

"She's ready."

"Okay. I have four customers lined up. I'll just take her from one to the other. We'll be back as soon as she's finished."

When Martha returned, at two in the morning, she was disheveled, forlorn, and overwhelmed with fatigue. The curl in her hair had completely disappeared, and her forehead was covered with beads of perspiration.

"How did things go?" I asked.

"How are things supposed to go when you're in this business?"

"You've been gone a long time."

"The bellhop kept me busy."

"Were you going from one man to another all this time?"

"Yep. I went to 17 of them. Some of them were white, and some were colored. One was Spanish."

"What did they want you to do?"

"Some of them just wanted to fuck, some wanted blow jobs. There was one guy who wanted to cornhole me, but I wouldn't go for that."

"Wanted to cornhole you?" This was something new to me.

"Well, we ended up having intercourse. A lot of them wanted half-and-half. I had to start with a blow job, then they'd fuck me till they came."

"Are you tired?"

"I'm beat." She was emphatic.

"How much money did you bring back?"

"Here it is. I haven't counted it."

She had $68. Just as I finished counting it, the bellhop knocked on the door for his share.

"Say, man, are you going to be here tomorrow night?"

"I don't know. I'll let you know tomorrow."

"Okay, but if you're going to be here tomorrow night, we can make a killing."

The next morning, I decided it would be wise to move on to another location, before word of our business operation spread to the wrong people. Now that we had some money, we could rent a motel room outside of town, and arrange with a cab driver to bring us customers. We found a cab driver who looked like he might be a likely partner, and we had him drive us around while we felt him out.

"Hey, friend, do you have many Marines around looking for women?"

"Marines are always looking for women. Of course, it doesn't always have to be Marines."

"Would you be willing to bring some guys out to the motel?"

"Oh, that's your set up? Well, you don't want to go to a motel out this direction, then. Let me take you to a better one, where I know the proprietors. If you set up in this one, I can get $4 for a round trip: $2 going out and $2 coming back. What percentage are you going to give me out of this?"

"Ten percent."

"How much are you going to charge a head?"

"At least $10."

"You have a deal."

We spent the entire weekend at the motel. The cabbie brought us a total of 33 men.

Then we left Wilmington, and went to a small town outside Fort Bragg, North Carolina. In one night, Martha made $250 from the paratroopers.

Charleston, South Carolina, was our next destination. I felt sure that the nearby naval base would offer a lucrative business. On our first night at the Hotel Charleston, Martha had seven customers. The second night brought only four. Needless to say, business was not what I'd hoped it would be.

On the third morning of our stay in Charleston, I awoke as Martha was walking out the door, wearing her coat. It was quite warm outside.

"Where are you going, Martha?"

"For a cup of coffee and a doughnut."

"With your coat on?"

"I guess I don't need this."

She took her coat off, flung it on the chair, and left. And that was the last I ever saw of her. I suspect she had met another guy, or had stashed away some of her earnings and decided to move on.

Our earnings had been substantial, but I was glad my career as a pimp was over; it offended my sense of decency. I'd always managed to screw every girl who appealed to me; and it struck me as intolerable to have to pay or to be paid for having sex with someone. I had always thought of sex as being the expression of some emotion I felt for my partner, however small. Prostitution invariably destroys the prostitute, and it can't be that pleasant for her clients.

Juggling Women Again

After hitchhiking to Key West, Florida, I got a social security card under the name of James Langley, and went to work at a gas station. I'd been working there two weeks when on my day off, I met Laura, a student nurse.

Laura happened to be from West Palm Beach, and was on vacation visiting her sister. She was auburn-haired, freckled and pleasingly feminine. Nurses were always more than attractive to me. I figured they were motherly, compassionate people, and I loved that type of woman. I spent a great deal of time with Laura at her sister's house.

When her vacation time was over, Laura asked me to return to West Palm Beach with her. She'd been a virgin when we met, and felt particularly close and loyal to me, since I was the first man who'd ever made love to her.

Two days later, I followed her, and took a large apartment directly across the street from the hospital. My new job was driving a truck for a soda pop company. Laura and I had sex at every opportunity. In order to keep her around, I started talking marriage to her. I knew she still had a year and a half until she graduated from nursing school, and that she didn't want to get married until she had her degree. So I felt safe in the knowledge that she wouldn't take up my proposal seriously.

"Look, Laura, I have an idea."

"What is it, Jim?"

"I haven't been in town long enough to establish any credit, but I could come up with about $300. Let's go down and use my $300 and your credit to buy a car. We'll put it in both our names. That way, we'll have a car to bum around in, and we'll have it when we're married."

We put $300 down on a 1955 Ford convertible.

The next day at work, I had a violent argument with my boss, and was fired.

In short order I found work driving for a lumber company. Shortly after changing jobs, I was carrying on an idle, innocent conversation with the owner of a gas station about spray-painting automobiles.

"Do you know how to spray-paint, Jim?"

"Oh, yeah, I know how."

"You know, that's a business I've been thinking about getting into. I wonder how much it would cost."

"Not much. Hell, you could rent a garage and set up a section in it for spray-painting. Get some tarpaulins and tarp it off. Have an outside fan and outlets for your air and so forth. I'd say that, if you'd pinch pennies, you could probably get everything you need for about $1000."

"$1000! Would you consider going into this business with me?"

"I've never given much thought to going into any business, but, hell, I'll think about it. The only thing is, I don't have any money to invest in it."

"I'll tell you what. I'll invest the money, and as we make money from the business, you can pay me back. We'll make it a 50-50 partnership."

So we rented a garage, and were in business.

By this time, I was tired of Laura, and had found a new girl friend. Verna was seventeen, small, dark-haired, and goodlooking. She seemed sweet, and naive. I'd always been partial to guileless girls, as I said. But I was particularly careful to avoid sharp operators since my experience with the pincurled number who swindled me out of $36 in Akron on my first day out of Chillicothe. I wanted to go to bed with Verna, but I just couldn't talk her into it. I had to pull the marriage routine again. It was beginning to be a drag.

Sitting at a drive-in restaurant one evening, I asked, "Verna, would you marry me?"

"Marry you! Oh, Jim! I would marry you, But I can't. I'm only seventeen and I still live at home. I don't know how Mom and Dad would go for it. They haven't even met you."

"We don't have to tell your parents, or stick around here and get married. We can travel around the country. If I get short of money, I can always call my dad and have him send me some."

"Okay, Jim darling, I'll do it."

See what I mean. It must have been the 50th time I'd made the same proposition. Nobody had turned me down yet.

While I was setting up the spray-painting business, I'd become friends with a police officer in town. He'd come to our garage to have his car painted, and we'd gone out drinking together occasionally. We found that we shared two common interests—love of excitement and love of women. I rode around with him in the squad car at night, and I soon discovered he'd do anything he could to make a

buck. I called him up.

"Mike, I'm fixing to leave town soon. Do you want to buy about $1000 worth of spray-painting equipment for $300?"

"Hell, yes! Where can I get it?"

"I'll sell you all my stuff."

"You mean, you're going to get rid of it all?"

"If you want it for $300, I'll drop it off at your house tomorrow night."

The next day, I called Laura and told her that I was going to Jacksonville that night, and wouldn't be back for two days. Verna and I purchased clothing on charge accounts that Laura and I had opened jointly. That evening, after I delivered the equipment to Mike, we took off.

Verna and I spent two months traveling around to various cities. When we ran short of money, I either cashed a bad check, or stole auto parts from gas stations while the attendant was busy servicing my car.

After that got to be routine, I invented another money-making scheme. I'd rent an apartment, then inquire around town for people who might need furniture. I explained that my father was a furniture wholesaler who could afford to sell at a low rate. Once I'd determined my potential customer's preferences, I would quote prices they couldn't turn down. Then I'd go to a furniture store and buy, for example, $1000 worth of furniture for $20 down. After it was delivered, I would rent a truck and deliver the furniture to my customer, selling it for about $400 cash.

Touring the country was becoming a bore, so we stopped at Idaho Falls, Idaho, and I looked for work. Verna was pregnant by this time. Work was scarce, and I'd only

found a few jobs unloading boxcars. Then, a fellow worker tipped me off.

"You know, the potato picking season starts next week. The hiring has started already. You can sign on to pick, or to buck. Buckers walk behind the buckboard and load on the potatoes as they're bagged. Then they unload the buckboard at the barn. You get $1.50 an hour. You can put in 12 or 14 hours a day."

"It sounds good. Where do I go?"

"Just go to any employment agency, or to any farm around town, and they'll put you on."

I reported to an agency the following day and was sent to a large farm about two miles out of town, where I worked for $1.50 an hour, bucking potatoes. Shortly after I started work, I met the potato farmer's daughter, Theresa. Theresa knew Verna, but thought she was my sister. I said to Verna:

"Now look, don't get jealous. I'm going to go out with this Theresa a couple of times because her parents have quite a bit of money, and I think I can probably get a couple of thousand off of her."

"Okay," Verna replied, "I'll go along with it."

Then Verna decided that she'd come and work in the potato fields, too. It would be a chance to get out of the house, she said.

I wasn't sexually attracted to Theresa because she was husky and boyish, but her father's money compensated for her lack of appeal. Theresa and I started going out for a bite to eat after work. Sometimes we'd ride around a while in the evening. Then one evening during one of our rides, we stopped in at a custard stand, where Theresa introduced

me to her friend, Jeanette. Jeanette was a gorgeous, dark-haired girl with enormous blue eyes. She was devastating. I monopolized Jeanette's attention for about 15 minutes, until she announced she had to get home to supper.

"Well, let us take you," I said. I didn't want to lose sight of this girl.

'Oh, no, it's just a short way."

"Don't be silly. We'll take you."

We started in the direction of Jeanette's home, when Theresa said, "Oh Jeanette, you don't have to go home. Look what a nice night it is. Come for a ride with us."

"Well, I have to at least let my mother know that I won't be home for dinner."

"Hell, Jeanette, you're eighteen."

I was panicking; if she went home now I might never see her again.

"You're on your own, aren't you?" I asked her.

She blushed.

"I'm on my own, but I still live at home, Jim."

We stopped in front of Jeanette's house. She went in and told her parents where she'd be. Then we drove around the countryside for about two hours. My attraction to Jeanette was intensifying by leaps and bounds. Theresa must have sensed this. Needless to say, my plans for Theresa had rapidly dwindled. In my infatuation with Jeanette, I couldn't have cared less whether she had $1000 or two cents.

Around eight-thirty, Theresa had had enough of being ignored, and suggested that we drop her at her house first, since it was nearer than Jeanette's. We did, and she bid us a flush-faced good night.

Once we'd lost sight of Theresa's house, I stopped the

car. I turned to Jeanette, consumed with the most intense feeling of love I had ever in memory had. This was it. This was real love. Bells and cymbals were clanging around in my head; I was almost dizzy.

"You know, you're a beautiful girl."

"Well, thank you!"

"Please don't slap my face, but I've been wanting to do something ever since I first laid eyes on you at the custard stand." I leaned over and kissed her passionately.

"Wow!" Jeanette was a bit taken aback. "What was that for?"

"I had to do it. I'll take you home now if you want me to. Unless . . . you'd like to ride around some more?"

"Jim, I'd like to get to know you," she said. "But why don't you come on over to my house. I'll introduce you to Mom and Dad, and we can sit around and talk for a while. Then maybe a little later we can go out again."

On the way to her house, Jeanette asked me how long I'd been in Idaho Falls, and how long I was going to stay. I started talking fast again, as usual.

"I'm not really sure. You see, I'm down here with my sister. I'm trying to keep her away from her husband. He's been in jail, and he mistreats her pretty badly. She's pregnant, and we're all afraid she'll lose the baby unless she has a calm atmosphere for the rest of her pregnancy."

"I'd like to meet her," sweet Jeanette said, and I agreed to introduce Jeanette to Verna that very evening. I dropped Jeanette off at her house, and told her I'd be back in an hour. Then I went home to Verna.

"Jim, where on earth have you been?" she queried.

"I've been out with Theresa. Not only that, but I've met

another girl called Jeanette. They're both loaded. In short order, I'll be cashing in on both of them."

'I don't like the idea of you running around with all these women," Verna whimpered.

"Look, Verna, baby, you know why I'm doing it. I'm trying to get enough money so we can take off for green pastures and live it up a little bit. Hell, you know you're the only girl in the world for me—and you're carrying my baby." I gave her a hug, and this calmed her down a bit.

"Look, I've met this girl Jeanette, and as I told you, she owns a mint. I have a plan. Jeanette is kind of sweet on me, and that's exactly what I want. I want to introduce you to her, but I want you to pretend you're my sister. *Don't give me away,* regardless of what is said or done. I think it'll take me no more than two or three days to take both these chicks for every penny they've got."

Verna agreed to go along with my plan. Because of her condition, she couldn't very well disagree with anything I demanded.

I took Verna to Jeanette's house, and stayed for a late supper. Jeanette's family, as well as Jeanette, were impressed with the tender solicitude I showed toward my sister. Then, after dinner, I took Verna home, and went back to see Jeanette.

Theresa, by this time, was acting like a woman scorned. I had borrowed $10 from her the day I met Jeanette; not only had I cut her out of my life entirely, but I had not paid her back the $10.

I managed to juggle the three women for a week. By that time, Verna finally had all she could tolerate. Verna had been picking potatoes all this time at Theresa's father's

farm. One day, when I hadn't shown up for work but had spent the day with Jeanette, Verna overheard Theresa discussing me with some of the other women. Verna dissolved into tears, and said to Theresa:

"I'm not Jim's sister, I'm his wife. And I love him very much. I wish you and Jeanette would stop seeing him."

This bowled Theresa over. She was really knocked for a loop. She felt guilty, and very sorry for poor, pregnant Verna. Theresa took Verna home. And that night, Theresa called up a detective.

I was eating supper at Jeanette's. There was a knock at the door. When Jeanette answered the knock, she found that a detective had come to talk to me.

"Are you Jim Langley? Come out here a minute, I want to talk to you. Miss, will you come outside too, please?"

Out in front of the house, standing close together in the dusk, and both very angry, were Theresa and Verna, Verna's belly forming a distinctive silhouette against the grey sky.

"Now," said the detective, "we're going to get something straight right now. First of all, Jim Langley, is this lady here your wife, your sister or your traveling companion?" He gestured toward Verna.

I hoped I could cool Jeanette by signalling her in some way, and I began to tap my foot gently on the tip of her right toe.

"She's my wife."

"She's your wife, and you've been running around with this other lady here?" He indicated Theresa.

"Yes."

"You've also been running around with Jeanette?"

"That's right."

"Do you owe Theresa, here, $10?"

"Yes."

"Where are you from, Jim?"

"Akron, Ohio."

"What are you doing in Idaho Falls?"

"We decided to stop here because I was short of money and wanted to go to work."

"All right, I'll tell you what. I want you to give Theresa her $10, and then I want you to get in your car and go back to your house. Leave these other two women alone. Now you just better stick to taking care of your wife. She's carrying your baby, and she wants you with her. I'm sure if these girls had known you were married, they wouldn't have given you a tumble. So take you wife on back to your home and stay there."

He got into his car with Theresa and drove off. I turned to an exhausted Verna.

"You stay right here a minute," I commanded.

I took Jeanette back into the house.

"Jeanette, I'll explain it all to you. Verna isn't my wife, but I had to say she was. Let me go out there a minute, and talk to her. Then I'll bring her in here, and we'll get all this straightened out."

Jeanette, whose look of bewilderment had slowly turned to chagrin, replied: "I hope you can do that, Jim."

When I came out, Verna was in my car.

"Verna!" I was furious. "How did this all come about! What the hell are you trying to do, wreck everything?"

"Jim," she started to cry, and it was pathetic. "Jim," she said, "I just couldn't take it any longer. I just never see

you, and you really don't have to do this! We can stay here long enough to get some good money together from our wages."

"Listen, Verna, I told you why I'm running around with these women. They don't mean shit to me. This gal right here, in that house, has a ton of tin. And tomorrow night I was supposed to get it from her. *Tomorrow night!* You've ruined everything with your dumb attitude. She's got *$2000* bucks!"

"I'm sorry, Jim." She felt guilty as hell. "I just couldn't take it."

"Now you listen to me, sister, and let me tell you something. You and I are going to go into Jeanette's house and you're going to tell Jeanette with a perfectly straight face that you are my sister, but definitely! And the reason you did what you did was because you don't like Theresa, and you wanted to hurt her. Now is that clear? Can you just open your dumb trap long enough to pull this off and wait until *tomorrow night*?"

"All, right," she sniffled, "but I won't go along with this one minute after tomorrow night."

"You won't have to, Verna, not one minute longer."

Verna did a pretty tolerable job of convincing Jeanette that she had lied to Theresa and the detective. "I told Jeanette I was going to take Verna home. I said I'd come back, and I asked her to wait up for me."

When we got home, I said to Verna, "Start packing everything. That detective is sure as hell going to check out the car's license number, and he's also going to check me out. You can bet your ass on that. As soon as I get that $2000 from Jeanette, we are going to clear out fast. Just

make sure you're ready; Jeanette *might* have the money for me tonight."

Then I trotted back to Jeanette's house.

"Jeanette, you know a little bit about me. I told you I'm not just running around the country, living it up. But when this detective starts checking on me and the car, the word will be out that Verna is here. Her husband's been looking for her ever since I took her away. He'll put out any kind of warrant he can put out, just to keep her here until he can pick her up. Then her life won't be worth two cents. I know this is going to happen. I have to get her out of town, fast. But I want to ask you something. Will you marry me? And will you leave with me? Will you do that?"

"Oh, Jim, I don't know. I want to leave with you, but I just don't know."

"Look, Jeanette, I love you. I want you more than anything in the world, and that's God's truth. Think about it overnight. I'll be back tomorrow, and you can let me know then."

I hoped desperately Jeanette would accept my offer of marriage. She had kindled emotions in me I didn't even know existed. She made me feel like a man in the true sense of the word. I loved her and I needed her.

When I got back, Verna had everything packed. Because of her condition, I controlled my urge to hurt her physically. I contented myself with brusquely yelling at her for causing me so much trouble; that was the extent of it.

The next morning at five, the phone rang. It was Jeanette.

"I want to go with you. I know you want to leave fast so Verna won't be in danger, but I want to be married first.

I've got a plan. Some friends of mine live out in the country on a farm. We could get our blood tests, and you and Verna could sort of hide out at the farm while we wait out the three days. As soon as we get our test results, and our marriage license, we can be married and take off. I've already called my friends and explained the situation to them. They said it's perfectly all right. Will you go along with my program?"

"Okay, Jeanette, I'll do it."

"Good. Come to the house and I'll take you out there right now and introduce you to my friends. Then as soon as the doctor's office opens, we can have the blood tests taken."

I went back to the house and said to Verna:

"Look, she's getting the money but it's going to take a couple of days. Now, here's what the set-up is. She wants me to marry her. Naturally, you know I'm not going to do that. She's suggested that we go to her friends' house, and stay there for the three days it'll take to get the money. In the meantime, we'll stay on this farm together, just you and me. I won't be running around town. When she gives me the money, we'll take off. OK?"

"I won't mind," answered Verna, "as long as I know I'm going to be with you."

We picked up Jeanette; she took us to the farm and introduced us to our hosts, and I drove her back home. The next morning, her brother brought her to the farm, and we went to the doctor's office to have our blood tests taken. After dropping her off at home, I returned to the farm where Verna and I remained for three days. Verna, of course, was blissfully oblivious to everything that was going on, and happy to have me around for a change. On the third day,

Jeanette and her brother picked me up at the farm. We stopped for the results of our blood tests, got a marriage license, and were married by a judge.

"I love you so much, Jim!"

"I love you, too, Jeanette. Let's get the hell out of this town. Fast!"

"Oh, I've got everything already packed. Let's pick up my stuff, get your sister, and head out. Where are we going?"

"Denver."

"Oh, good. I've never been to Denver. I'll like that. They have a lot of mountains up around there, haven't they?"

As we were getting ready to leave for Denver, I got Verna off to the side.

"Verna, let me tell you something. She's going to tell you we're married. Now, we're not. We have a phony marriage certificate. It's the only way I could get the money from her. Just go along with me on this. In Denver, I'll drop her, and we two will take off for another city alone."

In Denver, we rented a large apartment, and I went to work for a rubber company. Our first night there, I slept with Jeanette. Verna didn't like it but she was in a precarious situation and knew it. She'd seen displays of my violent temper and was badly frightened of what I might do if she caused me trouble. She still believed I was acting as I was strictly to get money. Hard as it might be to believe that she'd be so stupid as to be still buying my line, one must understand that fear, effectively manipulated, can dull both perception and intelligence. And Verna wasn't too bright to begin with. Three days later, I told Jeanette:

"We're going to leave Denver, but we're not going to take her with us. Don't let her know that you know what's happening. I only have her here because she is pregnant, and she wanted to get away. I lied to you; she is not my sister. But I swear to God she's not pregnant from me. I've never touched her, I've never been to bed with her, not even once. In a couple of days we'll leave, but I've got a thing going now. I think I can get rid of the car, and I have to, because I'm not going to be able to get license plates for it. You see, the car is in two names—my name and hers. Understand? *Will you go along with that?*"

"Jim," Jeanette said, "you know I'd go along with most anything you want to do."

Jeanette was by no means stupid; she must have been at least half on to me by this time, but she loved me very much.

"All right. Now, this fellow I work with has a 1950 Chevy, but he likes my car. I told him I get my cars wholesale through my brother, who has a car lot back in Ohio. I also told him that I would trade him my 1955 Ford convertible for his 1950 Chevy, plus $200. He said he would talk to his wife and let me know. So I'm going to see him now."

That day at work, this fellow agreed to the trade. When we completed the deal, I had clear title to his car, plus $200. After explaining that he'd receive the title to my car in two days, I turned over my registration.

That evening, when I went home, Verna was downtown shopping.

"Jeanette, how long ago did she leave?"

"About half an hour ago."

"Did she say where she was going, or when she'd be back?"

"From the way she talked, she'll probably be gone a couple of hours."

"Let's hurry up and get all our stuff packed and head out."

We loaded up our belongings and headed for Minneapolis. In Minneapolis, I took the '50 Chevy to a car dealer, and traded it in on a new 1956 Pontiac convertible. The Chevy, with the clear title, was the down payment on the Pontiac.

Love in Atlanta

When the registration came back on the new car, we skipped town with mortgaged property. We went to Atlanta, Georgia, found an apartment, and I became a milkman for a dairy.

Quickly realizing that many women found an outlet for their pent up desires when a man repeatedly presented them with the opportunity, I capitalized on availability. I'd heard a lot of stories about milkmen, and soon found out how true they were! I discovered there were all kinds of women to be had—single ones and married ones. It took me longer to complete my route; some deliveries took as long as two hours. But I certainly enjoyed my job.

While in Atlanta, I met a seventeen-year-old girl whose father was a police officer. She lived about two blocks away from a drugstore I frequented. Several times, I had been over to her home when her parents weren't there. I found that she had a lovely wardrobe and many possessions, but I could tell from talking with her that she was very displeased with her parents and wanted to leave town. On several occasions, she hinted that she'd love to go away with me. Often I would talk about other cities and states, and she would say,

"Oh, I wish I could go there. I wish I could live there."

So one night I said to her: "I'm going to Phoenix, Arizona, Tuesday. How would you like to come along?"

"Are you kidding? Would you take me along?"

"Sure, I'll take you," I smiled.

"Hey, that would be jazzy!"

"What about your mother and father, won't they object?"

"Oh, the heck with them! I ain't going to tell them. We'll just leave."

"Yeah, but you have to get all your clothes and stuff."

"That'll be no problem. Dad and Mom work all day, and I have all the time in the world to take my clothes out."

"All right, next Tuesday."

While I was setting this up, I had another deal going. I had met a fellow with a 1951 Ford, and talked him into trading me his Ford, plus $500, for my car. I was using the same scheme that I'd pulled off successfully on the fellow in Denver. I completed this transaction on Monday, and told my wife we were going to be leaving soon. Tuesday evening, I traded the '51 Ford in on a new 1956 Ford.

When the policeman and his wife left for work the next morning, his daughter and I put all of her clothes in the trunk of my car. Her father had a huge gun collection, and I helped myself to some choice pieces. Then we went downtown, and the girl wrote $400 worth of checks against her father's account so we could have a few luxuries for the trip and the necessary cash. We stashed our purchases in the trunk of my car, and she gave me the cash, for safekeeping.

"Jim, rather than leave right now, let me get supper ready for Mom and Dad when they come home," she said.

"Then we'll leave."

"If that's the way you want it, kiddo, I'll pick you up later."

"That's the way I want it. I'll have an opportunity to see them again and sort of say goodbye to them without them knowing that I'm saying a final goodbye."

After we rode around for a while, I dropped her off at her house, went home, picked up Jeanette, and took off for New York City, with all the girl's clothes, the stuff she'd bought, her father's guns, and all the cash. I explained to Jeanette that I'd enticed the girl out of her belongings by leading her on. I'd been to bed with the gal, but of course, I didn't share this information with my wife.

Although I loved Jeanette intensely and cared about her well-being, I still found it necessary to sleep around with other girls. Force of habit caused me to continue to make every pretty gal I met. When I was with my wife, I wanted no one else. But I couldn't control my impulse to check out my attractiveness to the opposite sex at every turn. My love for Jeanette had not dissolved my need for sexual conquest.

In New York, we found a room at the Manhattan Hotel. Then I went to a couple of airline ticket offices and worked a technique I'd discovered by accident. One time before, I had bought four plane tickets by check. I used a bad check, of course, and was delighted to see that since it was rush hour and they were very busy, the clerk neglected to write my identification on three of the four tickets, nor did he endorse the tickets as having been paid by check. I took each of those three tickets to another ticket agency, said I had to cancel my trip, and cashed in the tickets for a total

of $800.

I simply repeated the swindle in New York. Within 20 minutes, I had several hundred dollars in my pocket. I'm not the only con man who has discovered this ruse. Thousands of dollars are lost yearly by the airlines to con men who employ this scheme.

We had accumulated quite a bit of money, so Jeanette and I decided to take off for Nevada, and try our luck at gambling. We had $1200, and a new Ford, complete with a radio and heater, when we arrived in Las Vegas. Three days later, we were down to $35. I'd hocked the car's radio and heater for $40 to feed the slot machines. At first, our luck had been good; but then it turned normal and we literally lost everything.

As we left the gambling casino about three in the afternoon, and were walking down the street, I said to Jeanette:

"What the hell are we going to do now?"

"I don't know, Jim. Don't you think you can get a job somewhere?"

"I don't know. I just feel that it's going to be pretty hard to find a job around here. Anyway, I really don't want to live in Nevada. I want to get the hell out, but we only have $35. That isn't going to take us very far."

"You'll think of something."

We were walking along, more or less gazing in the store windows, when we passed by a pawn shop which displayed several items at very low prices. A .32 automatic caught my eye. I looked at the gun, and could've kicked myself for selling off the collection I'd helped myself to in the police officer's house back in Atlanta. If I had one of

those guns now, I could go out and hold someone up. New plans were running furiously through my mind.

"Jeanette, let's go in here."

"What do you want to do in there?"

"Come on, you'll see. I think I've just solved our problem."

Armed Robbery

"Yes, sir, may I help you?" asked the pawnbroker.

"Yes, I'm interested in that .32 automatic you have in the window. I don't have an awful lot of money, but I'm wondering how much I could purchase it for?"

"This one right here, sir?"

"Yes."

"You could have that one for $22."

"$22? Do you have any bullets for it?"

"No, sir, we don't sell bullets for it. I might have a couple of old ones in the drawer—let me look. Well, I have a couple of .38 bullets, but none for a .32. Would you like to have the gun anyway?"

"Yes, let me have it, please."

As we left the store, Jeanette said:

"Are you thinking what I think you're thinking, Jim?"

"Probably," I smiled.

"You're not going to hold up any place around here, are you?"

"No. We'll fill the car up with gas and head for Reno. Who knows, Reno might be a prime spot for a robbery."

"What would you rob?"

"Oh, I don't know—a bank, a gambling casino, a finance company, a gas station. We'll have to wait until we get there."

When we left Las Vegas, I had $6 in my pocket. It was January-and-bitterly-cold, particularly without the car heater I had pawned. We arrived in Reno chilled to the bone, got a room without having to pay in advance, and absorbed the warmth it offered.

As we gradually thawed out, I decided it was time to level with Jeanette about who I really was. Explaining my stained past and my fake name was by no means an easy task, but it wasn't nearly the impossible situation I'd anticipated. I ran down my whole history, fully expecting that when I got to my true relationship to Verna, at least, Jeanette would come to her senses, react violently, and leave me.

When I finished, Jeanette informed me that she'd already guessed three-quarters of what I'd told her. She said she'd been content to wait until I felt I could tell her everything; she loved me enough to respect my feelings, and my need to cover up and lie about my life. Jeanette had been brought up as a strict Mormon, yet she could reconcile herself to my story; she loved me that much. She said she would do anything to keep us together; and hoped that quite soon, we could begin to live a life we could be proud of.

You can imagine my feelings at that moment. With Jeanette, living a lie gave me no satisfaction at all. I wanted her to know and love the person I *really* was. To find that she could truly accept me—the real me—was overwhelming. That realization lent a degree of inner peace to my turbulent life.

After Jeanette's reassurance, we set out to find a filling station I could rob. At that moment, all her talk about going straight was so much wishful thinking. I had no trade nor

talent to offer a straight world, and too many things to run from. My only means of support was stealing.

At the moment, we had $6, and I was in no position to take the time to seek another avenue for earning a dollar. I was still a wanted fugitive in Akron, and as such, couldn't afford to let my heels cool long enough anywhere to get established as a respectable breadwinner. I'd reached the point of no return; I had to play the game out to its end.

As I brooded over this inevitability, I scouted around for the perfect hit. The station I chose would have to be away from the heart of town, somewhat isolated. I must be able to rob it, and to return to the motel without drawing suspicion to myself.

After riding around for about 45 minutes, we located a filling station which met my qualifications. We drove down the street behind the station, and I parked in an abandoned garage.

"Now honey, here's what's happening," I explained. "I'm going in there and hold that man up. You sit behind the wheel, and just as soon as you see me coming toward the car, start the motor. Don't turn the lights on. I'll jump in the back seat and change into the Marine uniform I bought in Denver. While I'm doing that, you put the lights on and drive back to the motel. Observe all the speed laws, the stop signs, and the caution lights. Do your best not to look suspicious. Can you do it?"

"I think so."

"Okay! Here goes nothin'."

I put the gun inside my belt, and nervously covered it with my sports jacket.

"Ed, aren't you going to put any kind of disguise over

your face?"

"No, I'll go like this and take my chances."

Although I was not anxious to be captured, I was compelled to seek some kind of recognition. If I'd resorted to disguise, it would have defeated my true purpose. I wasn't anonymous; I was Ed Edwards, master crook! And I wanted the world to know it.

It was just about eight in the evening. The rain was drizzling down. As I walked into the gas station, I could feel my pulse rate rise. Fear overtook me, and my heart lodged in my throat.

"Yes, sir, can I help you? It's a little wet out there tonight, isn't it?" he said politely.

"It certainly is," I replied.

As I said this, I brazenly pulled my sport jacket back and reached for the gun. When the attendant saw it, he froze in fear and pleaded:

"No! No! Please don't! Please don't shoot! I have a family! Please don't shoot me!"

"Put your hands down, mister! I said put your hands down!"

"Yes, sir. Yes, sir. Please don't shoot me!" He was too frightened to hear what I'd said.

"I said put your hands down!" I was petrified that someone outside would see him waving his hands in the air.

"Yes, sir."

"Now where's all the money?"

"Right here, sir."

He punched one of the buttons on the cash register so vigorously that the drawer flew open, and some coins sailed over the room.

"Look buddy, get over next to that wall and stand perfectly still." My shaking worsened.

"Yes, sir! But please don't shoot me! I have two children. I'm married. I don't want to die!" He pleaded with me by the expression on his face as well as with his voice. He wanted desperately to come out of this alive, nothing more.

"If you don't put your hands down, I'm going to shoot you. Now get over there against the wall, and stay put, and nothing will happen to you."

"Yes, sir."

I greedily stuffed the contents of the cash register into a money bag lying next to it.

"Where's your safe?"

"Oh, sir, please, sir, don't shoot me!"

"*I said where's your safe!*" My fear erupted too. I wanted to get this over with, but he was complicating matters. His terrified attitude unnerved me; I was just as terrified, of course.

"Right there, right down there by your left foot."

"Sit down."

"Please, sir!"

"I said sit down, or I'll plumb you," I growled.

He dove to the floor, smashed his head against the wall, and stunned himself for an instant. When he regained his senses he began to plead again.

"Please, sir. Please, I have a family and two children. Don't shoot me. Take all the money!"

"Mister, if you don't shut up, I am going to blow your head off your shoulders! SHUT UP!" He was too obsessed with fear to reason, and I was too frightened to remain

calm.

I got the safe door open, and proceeded to take the money out and shove it in the money bag. I was shaking from head to foot. After I stashed the money in the bag, and turned around, I noticed a partially opened file cabinet.

"What do you have in this drawer here?" I looked in, and there was a 32 caliber pistol.

"Oh so you have a gun!" This was an added problem I could have easily done without.

'Oh, no, sir! No, sir! Please sir! I couldn't shoot the gun. It's just there. I would never use the gun. Oh, sir, I would never point that gun at you. Please don't kill me! Please don't. I have two children. Don't kill me. Oh, my God, please don't, mister!" His eyes went glassy and his trembling intensified.

"I am not going to kill you, and I am not going to hurt you. But if you say another word or stand up one more time with those hands up in the air, I'll shoot you right between the eyes. Now stay down just where you are!"

He hit the floor again. I grabbed his gun, stuck it in my pocket, and stopped in the doorway on my way out.

"Now buddy, let me tell you something."

"Yes, sir."

"I'm parked right behind this filling station, and my buddy is right there at the corner watching for any cars that might drive in. It's going to be three or four minutes before we drive off. In the meantime, I'm going to be standing right here at the corner of the building watching you. If I see you so much as even think about getting up from the floor, I'll shoot right through that window and kill you.

Is that understood?"

"Oh, yes, sir! I'll stay right here. I won't move. I promise, sir."

"Good! That way you'll live to go home to your family!"

Once past the front window, I trotted across the street and jumped in the car. My wife had kept the car idling, and she headed down the highway to the motel. We made it back to the motel without attracting suspicion, even though I was going through pretty obvious contortions in the back seat to get into the Marine uniform.

Behind our bolted door, we spread out the money and eagerly counted it. My first armed robbery had grossed me a grand total of $171.

I was shaking uncontrollably.

I started to tell Jeanette: "He kept pleading with me and screaming and telling me about his family. He begged me not to shoot him. He really scared me. Oh, yes—here's something else I got from him, this gun! He had it in a drawer under the cash register."

"My God, what if he'd had that on him?"

"I know. I thought about that."

"Ed, let's make this the last one!"

"We'll see. It really wasn't that hard. But let's get the hell out of here. You go ahead and get our things together, and put them in the car. I'll pay the rent."

"Where are we going?"

"I don't really know. I'll look at the map when I get back."

After paying our bill, and consulting a map, I decided our best bet would be to head for Sacramento. It

was the nearest large city across the state line. The first thing I planned to do when we got there was to invest in bullets. Chances are I would never use them; but just the idea of having bullets would give me a feeling of security. At the same time, I silently vowed that if I was ever called upon to pull the trigger, I'd aim for my victim's legs.

"Well, honey, how does Sacramento sound?"

"I've never been there. I don't know."

"Well, let's head out."

After we were on the highway, Jeanette said: "Was that guy really afraid, or do you think he was faking it?"

"No, I really think he was afraid."

"Was he old?"

"I'd say he was probably around 45, but he wasn't acting. He had to be afraid—a man putting on couldn't have done that good a job of it."

After driving about 20 miles, we ran into a blizzard near the pass dividing Nevada and California. The toll gate attendant explained that we'd have to put chains on the car if we wished to go on, since they weren't allowing anyone through without them. At a station a few blocks away, we bought a set of tire chains, which greatly aided us in our getaway. That gate attendant was probably responsible for our successful escape, because within the next 15 miles we saw 20 to 25 cars stranded along the highway. We could have been so easily identified, and picked off like sitting ducks.

The next day, we arrived in Sacramento, and rented a motel room on the outskirts of town. We were so exhausted from the pace and the strain we'd been under that we slept away the whole day.

When night fell, I'd retrieved my courage, and said to Jeanette, "Hon, let's go out and scout us another place."

"Ed," she said, "we've got better than $100. We don't really have to go out and rob another place right now!"

"Why not? I can take their money here just as easy as I can anyplace else."

We rode around for an hour and a half, in the hope of spotting a service station meeting my standards. Although I couldn't find exactly what I had in mind right away, I did succeed in finding one some distance from the heart of town. It stood on a very busy section of the main highway. Behind it there was an alley, where Jeanette could hide in the car for a fast getaway.

"Okay, honey, it'll be the same thing again. Get behind the wheel. When you see me come running out of the station, start the car and be ready to leave. I'll jump in the back seat and put the uniform on."

I left the safety of the car, walked along the garage side of the gas station, and through the front door.

"Yes, sir, can I help you?"

"You sure can. Just stand right where you are, mister, and don't make a move."

"What is this, a robbery?"

"That's right, mister. Now go right over to that cash register, take all the money out of it, and put it in your cash bag. Come on, move! Stop looking out that window. I know you're trying to wait me out. You're sure a customer or a cop car will drive in. I'm going to tell you for the last time, *get over there and put that money in the bag*, or I start pulling the trigger."

Once he'd filled the bag, I said: "All right, open your

safe and put that money in the bag, too."

"We don't have a safe."

"Mister, I know you've got other money around here some place, and I want you to put it in the bag!"

"This is all the money we have."

"Empty all your pockets and put the contents in the bag."

He took out his wallet and was about to drop it in the bag when I said, "Just a minute. Take the money out of the wallet and put it in the bag. I don't want your wallet."

"Thank you. I appreciate that."

If I'd taken his wallet, I'd only have to ditch it. His personal papers and photographs were of no interest to me. They had value to him, and I had no reason to deprive him of them.

"That's fine now, keep it up, and you'll live to go home tonight. Take the money out of your shirt pocket and put it in the bag, too." The sound of my own brusque voice bolstered my confidence.

"Now just set that bag right on the desk, and walk over to the corner. I told you not to look out the window! That's it. Now just stay there!"

I picked up the bag of money and walked toward the door, pretending a bravery I still didn't entirely possess.

"Now, I'll be standing at the side of your garage, waiting for my buddy to drive up. He's right across the street. It'll take three or four minutes, and if you so much as move from that corner, I'm going to pop a bullet right through that window at you. You understand that?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Fine. Just stay put."

I walked out the side door leading into the garage section of the station, continued along the side of the building, and jumped into the waiting car. Jeanette took off out of the alley.

After I had been scrambling around in the back seat trying to change into my uniform for a few minutes, it occurred to me that it would be a good idea to stash the gun in the glove compartment, up front. As I was leaning over the front seat to do so, Jeanette stalled the car in an intersection, just as the light was changing to green. We thought it was just our nerves that made the resultant tooting and honking seem more insistent than the occasion warranted. When Jeanette turned her head slightly, she noticed that I was completely naked from the waist down. I was waving my bare ass to one and all, in full view, as she bumbled with the choke.

No matter how desirous I was of recognition, it was hardly the time for a peep show.

"Honey! Get down!" she hissed.

Suddenly I became aware of a cool breeze on my rear, and I speedily ducked into the back seat. Mercifully, the engine finally turned over, and we returned safely to our motel.

We immediately counted the loot. It came to $92.

"How'd that one go, Ed?"

"Oh, he was braver than the last guy."

"How do you mean?"

"He kept looking out the window, hoping that maybe a cop car, or a customer would come by so he could attract their attention. After I started talking rough to him, he grew a little more cautious. But the way he didn't want to give it

up, you'd think it was his money."

"Maybe it was."

"No, it belonged to the gas station, and they're insured."

"Maybe he was the owner."

"That's beside the point. He's still insured. I don't think he could be in business without carrying insurance."

Even though I was a crook, I still had my own moral code. I didn't want to physically harm anyone, or to steal from an uninsured place of business. I wasn't interested in harming individuals. To me, the name of the game was recognition and money.

Jeanette was mollified. "I guess you're right," she said. "What are we going to do now?"

"We're going to leave town immediately."

"You mean we can't even stay one night, and get a good night's sleep?"

"No, honey, I'd rather not stick around. If we're not in town, they can't find us."

"But where are we going to go?"

"We'll head over to Oakland, just as soon as you pack up everything."

About an hour later, we were on our way to Oakland. Jeanette seemed exhausted. We agreed that once we got there, we'd stick around town for a couple of days to get some rest. We'd buy some new clothes and incidentals, and live it up a bit.

We were there only 36 hours, when I went out scouting for another service station to hold up. I found a fine prospect, two miles away from where we were staying. While it was close to town and on the highway, it was still rather isolated. All nearby places of business were quite

obligingly closed. I parked the car a block and a half away from the corner station, and once again went through the plan with Jeanette. We didn't change the basics. I sauntered up the street, and into the service station. As I entered, the attendant was sitting with his back to me, engrossed in a newspaper.

"Mister, turn around real easy and look down the barrel of this gun." His attention shifted rapidly from his paper to me.

"Yes, sir. If you want my money, you can have it all. I'm not going to give you a hard time."

"That's the way I like to hear you talk, buddy. Go to your cash register, and empty all the money out into your money bag."

"I don't have a money bag, sir."

"You have a grease rag. Use it and fill it."

After he emptied the cash register, I instructed him to hand over the contents of the safe. He obeyed, adding: "All that's not going to fit into the grease rag."

"Okay, put the money on top of that newspaper you've been reading, and wrap it up real good."

He acted like a well-behaved child.

"Now I'm going to walk out of this station the same way I came in. You just stay right there in that corner for about three or four minutes. If you pop your head around that corner or out the door before I'm gone, I'll shoot you." My spiel had now become routine, and my fear had greatly diminished. I was in complete control of the situation.

"Don't worry, sir. I'll stay right here."

Following my pattern, I left, ran to the car and drove back to the motel. About a mile down the road, a police car

passed us, with its red light blinking and its siren off, heading in the direction of the service station I'd just robbed. I knew the cop had left the siren off because he didn't want to let the thief know he was on his way.

We once again counted the money in the relative safety of our room, and found ourselves richer by $118. We packed our suitcases, nestling the money among our clothes, and headed for Portland, Oregon, by way of San Francisco.

When we reached 'Frisco, Jeanette said: "Ed, let's stop here for a while. Let's just go out for an evening."

"I'd rather not, Jeanette. We've already pulled two robberies in California, and I think we'd better get the hell out. I think if we stay here we'd be pushing our luck. If something happened in San Francisco, they would have us cornered. All the law has to do is block off the bridges and start looking. I'll tell you what, honey. When we get to Portland, maybe we'll stay there about a week. How does that sound?"

"Okay. I'm tired and restless, and I think you'd better know the reason why. I'm pregnant."

"Pregnant! How do you know that?"

"I haven't had a period for quite a while now, and I feel sick to my stomach in the mornings."

"Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"I've been wanting to, but I wanted to be sitting across the table from you, out dining somewhere, or maybe lying in bed, without wondering if the police were going to tear the door down. I just wanted to tell you under pleasant conditions, honey. Ed, I love you so much."

"I love you, too, darling, and we'll slow down. I promise. It won't be long now 'til we have enough money so

that we can settle down. I can find a job and go to work. But we need enough money to hold us while I'm looking for a job, and until I get a paycheck."

I was overjoyed to hear that my beloved wife was expecting. My love and concern for children had caused me to feel a great load of justified guilt in running out on Verna. I was worried about the welfare of the child, but my overpowering love for Jeanette made life without her unthinkable.

At this point, I really believed I was ready to give up my life of crime, for I had found the love I had so desperately craved.

These noble feelings lasted about a week. I went out to look for work, and discovered that since I had no trade and no channeled ability, I could eke out just about enough in wages to pay for rent and groceries. That was it. We wouldn't even be able to pay doctor bills for the baby—much less make a warm and comfortable home for the child.

Five days after our arrival in Portland, I committed three armed robberies on three successive nights. Before long, the town was referring to me, in the local papers, as the "West Side Bandit."

Leaving Portland, we went to Seattle. The first night there, I robbed a gas station, and grossed $52. The following night, the same sort of robbery brought me $84. The third day in Seattle, I decided to change my tactics. Knowing that an afternoon holdup of a larger station would be more lucrative, I summoned my courage and picked a victim.

About three in the afternoon, I parked my car half a block away from my target, and walked in through the front door. One attendant was in the office, the other was out pumping gas.

"Okay, buddy, I'm going to make this real quick and

you are going to do just as I tell you. That way you'll live to see tonight. Now start putting all your money in this bag."

While I was threatening him, the other attendant started toward the office.

Before the other attendant reached the office, I said to the one inside:

"Hold it, buddy! Just make believe you're getting something for me. I don't want this other guy to know what's going on. Don't let on you're being robbed."

The other attendant came in, got change, and walked back out to the car, none the wiser.

To my surprise, while watching the attendant return to the car, I spotted three squad cars sitting in front of the gas station at a red light. As if this wasn't enough, a fourth cop car came along, and stopped directly in front of the station. One of the officers hopped out and ran across the street to the drugstore to buy some cigarettes or something. Seeing what I was up against, I said to the attendant:

"Buddy, if you so much as look out that window, I'll pull this trigger."

"Don't worry, mister, I won't do anything," he said.

"I'm just telling you, don't look out that window," I repeated.

At that moment, the attendant who'd been outside walked in again, and I showed him the gun.

"Listen pal, do just as your buddy is doing. Stand perfectly still, and put your back to that window. Don't let on there's anything going on. If you don't obey me, there'll be one hell of a bloody mess in this service station, and you two will be dead!"

"Don't worry, buddy, you can have all the money. I

don't plan on stopping you!"

When the light changed, the three cop cars took off, quite unaware of what was in progress. A few seconds later, the policeman driving the last car came out of the drugstore and drove away. But my desire to rob the station had been killed by the sight of those cops. I was almost petrified.

"Okay, fellas," I said. "I'm not taking your money, but I want both of you to stay right where you are. I'm parked behind this filling station, and I'm going to get in that car and leave. If I see one of you poke your head around the side, I'll blow it off. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir."

"How about you, buddy, do you understand that?"

"I sure do."

"All right, just stay put."

After making my way back to the car, I jumped behind the wheel and took over the driving. If we were pursued I wanted to be able to maneuver the auto. Altogether shaken up, I explained to Jeanette what had happened.

Some time later, I discovered I had chosen the hour when the police were changing shifts to pull my stick-up.

"Ed, I think we ought to leave," said Jeanette. "That was too close. We haven't gotten any money to speak of out of this city. Let's go someplace else."

"Okay," I agreed, "I think we'll pull out tonight. Right now, I just want to go back to the motel for a while. Christ, looking out there and seeing all those cop cars sure shook me up!"

By this time, I felt that hollow threats to shoot weren't going to carry me through much longer, so I summoned my

nerve and bought bullets for my gun.

My next target, another corner gas station, was on the main highway, yet far enough from the heart of town to be cut off from other businesses.

I approached the attendant.

"Yes, sir, can I help you tonight?" he asked.

"Yes, you can buddy. I want all your money."

I flashed the loaded gun before him.

"Yes sir, anything you want!"

"Take all that money out of the cash register and put it in your cash bag." It was done in seconds.

"What next, sir?"

"Give me the money out of the safe."

He complied and then said: "What do you want next, sir?"

"Do you have any more money in here?"

"No sir, you've got it all."

"Do you have any money in your pockets?"

"Yes, sir. I've got about $3."

"Well, keep it." There was no sense in leaving him flat broke.

"Put all the money right down there on that desk."

He complied. I picked the money up, and said:

"All right, now. I want you to walk with me around to the back of the station. When we get there, I'll let you return, while I head for my car. I just don't want you calling the police right away."

"Don't worry, sir."

At the back of the station, there was a pile of old cardboard boxes. Noticing a cab coming up the side street, I said:

"All right, mister, here comes a taxi; so just make believe you're talking to me about these boxes."

"Yes, sir. You can have this box here, or you can have the one over there. Now this box here I have to keep because I put my old rubbish in it." He cooperated splendidly.

The cab continued on its way. After it passed, the man said: "Hell, buddy, as far as I'm concerned, you can have all these goddamn boxes! I don't want any of them."

"I'm glad you're takin' it this way, fella."

"Mister, this is the only way I'm going to take it. It's not my money. It belongs to the company, and they're insured. I'm not going to give up my life for their money or anybody else's."

"Okay, now go on back into the station."

"Yes, sir. And lots of luck!" He was exceedingly helpful. He made my job easier, and far less hazardous. He was a criminal's delight.

My pleasure at how well the transaction had gone lasted until we hit our first red light, about two minutes down the highway. A siren cut loose right in my ear, and scared the livin' shit out of me. My ideal victim had tipped off the cops with lightning speed. A call box just to the side of the highway screamed signals that an armed robbery had just taken place. Within minutes all police in the area would be in our line of escape.

I hurriedly reached for my gun, which I had stashed, this time, under the front seat. The light changed, and we drove on with our hearts in our throats.

That robbery had been just too good to be true. I knew I was stretching my luck, and I decided we'd better get the hell out of Seattle as fast as possible.

We packed our things, threw them in the car. Twenty minutes after we'd left the gas station, we were on the road to Spokane.

In Spokane we pulled off one gas station robbery, and then decided to head out to Montana. To get there, we had to pass through Idaho, Jeanette's home state.

"Ed, let's stop in Idaho Falls," Jeanette pleaded. "It will give me a chance to see my mom, and my brothers and sisters."

"Jeanette, we can't do that! You know that the minute we set foot in that city, the cops will pick us up. We'll just have to bypass Idaho Falls, this time! We'll stop in Great Falls, Montana. When we get there, you can call your mom long distance."

"Oh honey! One of my brothers lives in Great Falls! He's a brick mason, and lives in a trailer court somewhere in town. Do you think we could see him?"

"All right. We'll look him up when we get there."

"Oh, honey, thank you so much. I want to see him so much."

In Great Falls, after renting a room I decided we would scout out gas stations. We spotted one on the highway which was set off by itself, and it struck me as a good hit. As I was walking into the station, two men got out of a car and followed me in, completely ruining my plan.

"Can I help you?"

"Yes, I'd like a pack of Camels, please."

"Anything else?"

"No that will be it."

"Thank you."

Leaving it at that, I returned to my car. "Boy, it's a

good thing I didn't pull the gun on him! I would have been holding him up just about the time those two guys walked in. I don't like the idea of putting more than one person under the gun at a time. You can never tell what they might do!"

"Let's go back to the motel, Ed, and get some sleep. We don't really need the money that bad."

But we drove two miles down the road, spotted another ideal prospect, and I couldn't pass it up. I was getting compulsive about my heisting; robbery was beginning to give me an exhilaration close to the thrill a person must feel when he breaks a bank at gambling.

"What can I do for you tonight?"

"You can give me all your money, buddy, and I mean, right now!"

The attendant was in his mid-30s, and tough looking. Immediately, I felt that he was plotting to outsmart me, and grab my gun away. He just stood there, motionless.

"Mister, you get over there to that cash register and take all the money out of it and put it in your cash bag. Then take all the money out of that safe. And I mean right now!"

I was going to boss this job, and the sooner he realized this, the better off we'd both be.

"Well, now, I don't really have that much money here, buddy."

"Mister, I told you once. Now let me show you something."

I ejected a bullet out of the automatic, then knelt to pick it up.

"See this bullet? The next one won't bounce on the

floor when it comes out. Either you move or I pull the trigger. Which is it going to be?"

I was enjoying this thoroughly. I continued boldly to wave the weapon before his eyes.

"Okay, okay, I'll get your money."

In short order, he cleaned out the cash register and the safe. Then he started to walk over to me with the money. I sternly commanded:

"Hold it right there, buddy. Just put the money down on your desk. Set it down!" I bellowed. "Now walk all the way over to the other corner of the garage and stay there." By this time, his toughness had evaporated, and he meekly complied.

Back at the motel, I decided to give up robbing service stations. Or anybody, for that matter. With each burglary, it seemed that my victims got braver—a most undesirable circumstance. I certainly was dead set against shooting anyone, and didn't exactly relish the idea of having Jeanette pick bullets out of my flesh, either.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, honey," I said to Jeanette. "Let's get cleaned up, and we'll go out tonight and find your brother. We'll start by checking out the trailer courts."

About nine-thirty in the evening, we began our search. On a hunch, I sought information at a gas station adjacent to a court. I suddenly realized it was the very same station where I'd aborted the heist earlier that day.

Could you tell me whether a man named Ray Rogers lives in that court over there?"

"Yeah, he sure does. Back in that first row of trailers. Number 5."

"Do you know whether he's in or not?"

"I couldn't tell you if he's in right now, but he was here three or four hours ago. Why don't you go back and take a look. If he is in, he'll still be up."

I got back in the car.

"Christ! It's a good thing I didn't hold that filling station up! Your brother lives here, right in the first row of trailers!"

After we calmed down, we went to Jeanette's brother's trailer, but no one was there. We waited for an hour. By then, we were pretty sleepy, so we decided to go home and try again the next day. Next day, the whole family was home, and we had a very enjoyable visit.

We stayed in Great Falls for two weeks, and it was a happy time. We went out on the town every night. Jeanette visited a doctor who pronounced her well. The baby was coming along fine.

However, we decided to move on to Cheyenne. About 50 miles outside of Great Falls, I said to Jeanette: "Look at the road map and tell me the next large city we'll be going through."

"It'll be Billings."

"Billings? Is that still in Montana?"

"Yes."

"We only have about $12. We're going to need money for gasoline and meals. We'll stop in Billings, and hold up another gas station."

Jeanette was taken aback; this was to be our new start. But we needed money. The thought of getting a job never entered my mind. Once the scare of my near-arrest was over, all my rationalizations returned.

"I'd rather we didn't," pleaded Jeanette.

"So would I, Jeanette, but we have no choice. How big is Billings?"

"Oh, I don't know. I've heard my brother say it's probably got about 25,000 or 30,000 people."

"That's really not too big. I don't like the idea of holding up a gas station in a town that size because it's much easier to get caught in a small city than in a big one. There aren't as many motels, hotels, or people, and it's easier to be tracked down."

"Great Falls is about the same size as Billings, and you held up a place there."

"Is that so? I thought Great Falls had 100,000 or 200,000!"

"My God, honey," laughed Jeanette "they don't have many more people than that in the whole state of Montana!"

That night, we slept in the car. The next day, we arrived in Billings, around two in the afternoon. The manager of the motel where we stopped wanted his money in advance. I threw him a line, and hoped he'd accept it.

"I'll have to go down to Western Union first to wire for some money. I'll pick up the money this evening, and pay you if that's okay."

"That's okay. Think nothing of it. Here's the key to your cabin."

Back at the car, I told Jeanette. "We're settled in. Now we're going for a little ride."

In no time at all, I found the type of station I was hoping for. I decided to return after dark—I was feeling tired and not up to par, and figured I'd better not pull anything until I had rested.

Robbery was now my chosen field. I didn't want to do anything to jeopardize my chances of success in my profession. I set high standards for myself. If I felt that my control wasn't exactly what it should be, I wouldn't go through with a job. I was terrified of causing anyone physical harm; and I knew, that under adverse conditions, I often reacted violently. Just as a fine athlete's game suffers when he plays under improper conditions, so does a criminal's performance suffer when he tries to work under any unusual handicap.

Caught!

After getting my needed sleep, we again went out to case my target. I was more positive than ever that this heist was going to be successful. Entering the station, I found a boy about 19 working there.

"Yes, sir, can I help you this evening?"

"You certainly can. Just take all your money out of your cash register, and safe, and put it in your cash bag. Don't just stand there, bud! Do as I tell you! Okay, I'm going to tell you one more time. Now, move! Don't just stand there and look at me! Get that money and put it in the cash bag!"

Since he still hesitated, I confidently ejected a bullet from my gun. I bent over, keeping my eyes glued on him, and picked up the bullet.

"You see this bullet? Goddamn it, the next one is going to come out the barrel and seam right into your guts! You move and get me that money, or you're going to be dead!"

I'd really gotten this robbery scene down to a science.

"Yes, sir! Yes, sir! I'll do it right now!"

He dutifully emptied both the cash register and the safe, and meekly handed the contents over to me.

"Now you walk out to your garage and stand in the far corner. And you stay there. I'm going to be outside the

station for a couple of minutes, and if I see you come back toward the office, I'm going to pop a bullet through that window and hit you right between the eyes. Do you understand?" The gun I was waving gave him no choice.

Back at the motel, I paid the owner for a day's rent. We went to our room, showered, and prepared to leave. As I was putting the luggage in the car, two deputies in a sheriff's car drove up. They got out, walked over to my car, and one of them politely inquired:

"Hello, how are you this evening?"

"Fine."

"You folks been in town long?"

"No, we got in this afternoon and stayed through the day to get a little rest." I maintained a nonchalant attitude, hoping my calmness would ease their suspicions about me.

"Have you been away from the motel at all today?"

"Oh, yes. When we first came in, we went to Western Union. Then a little while ago, we went to Western Union again."

I was covering up before the questions would be asked.

"I see. Where are you headed?"

"Cheyenne."

While this deputy was talking to me, the other one went into the office to talk with the motel owner. After returning, he conversed with his partner for a few seconds, and turned to us, saying:

"There's been a robbery in town. Since you have to go through town anyway, you won't mind coming along with us to see if the fellow who was robbed thinks you look

familiar, will you?"

"Sure, if you want us to do that, it's perfectly all right. We're not guilty of any crime."

It was common practice for the authorities to check out the area motels and hotels for new arrivals and possible suspects. Unfortunately, when they checked out my motel, my description matched the one my victim gave the police. The only chance I had now was talking my way out of it.

"Fine. Have you got all your stuff in the car?"

"No,I have a couple more suitcases."

"We'll wait until you get it all in the car, and then you can follow us down."

Back in the room, I said to Jeanette: "I think it's all over for us, honey. They're on to us."

"We can make a run for it, can't we?"

"We won't be able to do that."

"Why not?"

"There'd more than likely be shooting, and you could get killed. Besides, there's no place to run to. We're in wide open country. We'd have to go miles and miles, before we could outrun them. We couldn't get far; they've got helicopters. There's just no use trying. We'll follow them to the police station, and take our chances that the guy won't be able to identify me."

While we followed the squad car, I told Jeanette:

"Now, look. Take that money bag and throw it out the window."

"With the money in it?"

"No, just the loose change out the window. We won't be able to explain away that much money in coins. Keep the bills. Now listen to me. They're going to question both

of us, and I want you to do exactly what I tell you. You tell them that you've never known me to commit any type of crime; that every time we ran short of money, I told you I was going to Western Union to get money from my dad, and I always came home with cash. You've always been under the impression that my money came from my dad.

"Don't change that story for anything. They'll tell you that I've already told them the whole story, and that I've implicated you. They will tell you any kind of lie they can think of, even that they are going to send you to jail for 10 or 15 years. Don't believe them.

"You do as I say, and tell them just what I've told you. Nothing is going to happen to you. Absolutely nothing! Do you understand?"

I was panicked that Jeanette would be implicated. I felt I had to keep that from happening no matter what happened to me.

A few minutes later, we pulled up in front of the city jail. The sidewalk was filled with policemen and curious bystanders. I soon discovered the attraction to be my victim, who was sobbing on the shoulder of a sympathetic blonde. As we were walking toward the police station, he exclaimed:

"Yes, that's him. That's the man!"

His crying increased.

"Ha! What kind of a sissy jerk has this tough guy turned out to be!" I thought. I was later informed that during the robbery he'd been frozen with fear.

"Okay, people, let's go on upstairs. There are a few questions we want to ask you."

"I don't know what that guy's talking about. We

haven't robbed anybody!"

"We'll see about that. Just get on the elevator."

My wife and I were put in separate rooms, and the interrogations began.

"All right, you want to tell us about it?"

"Tell you about what?"

"About this robbery you've committed."

"I don't know what you're talking about. I know nothing about a robbery."

"What's your name?"

"James Langley."

"You got a middle name?"

"Yes, it's Garfield. James Garfield Langley."

"I see. Well, James Garfield Langley, that attendant has recognized you. The manager of the motel said you told him you went to Western Union to wire for money. Mister, let me tell you something. Western Union has been closed since six this evening. There's no way you could have gotten money from Western Union, unless you broke in and stole it. If that's the case, you'll have another charge of burglary. Now do you want to tell us about it?"

"I don't have anything to say."

"Very well. We'll get it out of your wife."

"My wife knows nothing about what I do." I had to work feverishly to convince the cops of her innocence.

"What do you mean, she knows nothing about what you do? She's married to you, isn't she? She's been with you. She was with you when you held up that gas station."

"Look. I'll make a deal with you guys. She knows absolutely nothing about what I was doing. She's always been under the impression that I got money from my dad

whenever I needed it. Now if you'll bring her in here, I'll tell you everything I know. But *I don't want her implicated in any way.* She's innocent. And I don't want her getting the story secondhand and out of context. I want her to hear the story directly from my lips."

"All right, we'll be right back. I'll see what I can do."

The detective returned in about five minutes, accompanied by four other officers and a matron. In the middle of this entourage, stood my frightened wife. They sat her down in a chair next to me.

"Okay, Langley, here's your wife. Now, then, you say you have a story to tell us, and you want her to hear it. Let's go."

I looked at my wife, and continued to keep my eyes on her throughout my speech.

"My name is not James Garfield Langley. It is Edward Edwards."

No sooner had I uttered the words, than one detective sprang from his chair and rushed out of the room. When he came back, he was clutching a small poster featuring my picture.

"This is you! You came through this part of the country one other time about a year and a half ago with a woman named Verna? You're wanted for jailbreak out of Akron, Ohio, and you're wanted in West Palm Beach, Florida, for fraud."

"I know nothing about that charge."

"Go ahead with your story."

I told them about every armed robbery I'd ever committed, emphasizing all the time that my wife was completely innocent. I also belabored the fact that she knew me

only as Jim Langley. She performed beautifully while I spoke. She feigned great surprise and distress at the revelations, and convinced the police that she knew nothing about my life of crime.

After completing my statement, I was taken to the county jail. My wife was permitted to call her brother long distance, and he promised to come for her the following day.

Before my wife and her brother left, the police allowed me to see them. Jeanette's words poured out:

"Ed, I'm going to stay with Ray until I find out what they're going to do with you. If they give you probation, you know I'll be waiting for you. If they send you to the penitentiary, I'll stick by you and I'll write every day. When you get out, we'll give up this life and live for our child. Believe me, I won't leave you under any conditions."

That was what I longed to hear. I knew that if there were anything trustworthy in human nature, at all, I could trust Jeanette's love for me. I longed to hug her.

About that time, Jeanette's brother, Ray spoke up:

"Say Ed, have they let you see any newspapers since you've been here?"

"No, they haven't given me much of anything. They keep me in this cell by myself."

"I was just wondering. Look at this headline."

He opened the paper, revealing the headline:

EDWARD EDWARDS CAUGHT IN BILLINGS, MONTANA.
HOTTEST CHARACTER TO HIT BILLINGS IN MANY YEARS.

"It says here something about you attempting to commit suicide." His reference was to an attempt I'd made the

night before at slashing my wrists. I explained my motives.

"I wanted to make them think I was committing suicide so they'd take me from the jail to the hospital. I might have escaped from the hospital. I couldn't do it while Jeanette was in jail, because it would have made it harder on her. If you read anything like that again, you'll know it's not true. I'll just be trying to escape."

I spoke the truth. I did not want to do away with myself, but I did intend to do my best to escape. Slashing my wrists had been a hopeful act.

Jeanette broke in. "Please don't try to hurt yourself, Ed. Please don't try to escape. Let's get this all over with, so we can start living a new life. Promise me, please."

"Okay, I promise."

She returned to Great Falls with her brother.

About a week later, I went to court with a court-appointed attorney. The judge asked:

"Do you have anything to say before I pronounce sentence?"

"Yes, sir. I would like to ask for leniency. I realize the mistakes I've made, and I've come clean with everything. I have a wife, and a child on the way. I'd like an opportunity to go back and start a new life."

It was a shot in the dark. I had nothing to lose.

"I see. Well, I sentence you to ten years in the Montana State Penitentiary. Case closed. Next case."

Ten years of my life had just been washed down the drain like so much dirty dishwater.

En route to the county jail, the deputy sheriff said:

"Hell, Edwards, don't worry about those ten years. They have a new parole system in this state that just started

last year. If we don't hurry up and get you to the penitentiary, you'll be paroled before you're processed in!"

"Yeah, I'll bet." How I wished it were true!

"Look fellows, can I call my wife long distance and tell her what happened?"

"Sure thing, just as soon as we get back to the county jail."

I made my call, breaking the sorry news to her.

"When will you be leaving to go there?"

"I don't know, honey. Maybe tonight, maybe a week from now. I haven't any idea. Just as soon as I get there, I'll write you a letter and let you know. Jeanette, are you going to stick by me and write me every day like you said you would?" I needed continued reassurance.

"I promised you I would, Ed, and you know I will." Her love remained my only shred of hope.

I was moved from my individual cell, and put in the bullpen with some other inmates. As I walked in, a tall boy said to me:

"Are you Edwards?"

"Yeah, I'm Edwards."

"Boy, you've really pulled a lot of robberies, haven't you?"

"I guess a few."

"A few! I've been reading the paper. Christ, it says you've robbed everybody in just about every state of the union."

"Don't believe everything you read, buddy, because I haven't really held up that many people."

Another convict spoke up. "How much time did you get?"

Edward Wayne Edwards at age 21.

City Jail Escapee Caught In Montana

The fleet-footed burglary suspect who broke and ran from City Jail here last April 5 has been arrested at Billings, Mont.

Edward Wayne Edwards, 22, admitted in a signed statement that he was an escapee here, Billings detectives reported.

He identified himself also as the bandit wanted for at least five service station burglaries in western states.

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THE FIFTH OF the five was a $63.70 holdup of a Billings station. It was after that one that Edwards was caught.

Akron Detective Capt. Boyd F. Burk Jr. said he discussed the case via long distance telephone with Chief G. E. Maness of Billings police.

The Billings charge of holdup being more serious than the $5 burglary case pending here, the decision was made to leave Edwards there.

Burk put a detainer against Edwards. This will give Akron a chance at him once the Billings case is disposed of.

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EDWARDS had just appeared in Municipal Court on the burglary charge here when he escaped from City Jail.

He did this by shoving Jailer Ray Pope aside, running out through the courtroom, down Police Station steps to the street.

Police Prosecutor Paul Lombardi, alerted by the shouts of bondsman Frank Percoco, gave chase. Lombardi ran after Edwards down S. High st. as far as the Palace Theater Arcade.

The prisoner entered the Arcade's High st. door and was not seen again.

Minutes before this, Edwards had faced Municipal Court Judge C. B. McRae on the burglary count. The prisoner had a technical plea of not guilty entered for him and had been bound to the Grand Jury.

The burglary charge here stemmed from the entry March 9, 1955, of the Glenville Potts' home at 742 Coburn st. A clock radio was taken and later sold for $5.

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EDWARDS AND James T. Melton, 18, of Green Cove, Fla., were charged with the crime.

Melton, who pleaded guilty, escaped a life sentence because Common Pleas Court Judge Stephen C. Colopy was lenient.

Breaking and entering an inhabited dwelling at night while the occupants are present is punishable by life in Ohio. Judge Colopy gave Melton a 5-to-30-year Mansfield Reformatory term instead.

Edwards has spent most of his life in the Akron area.

Article in Akron Beacon Journal, March 9, 1956.

"Ten years."

"Ten years! Holy Christ! I was at Deer Lodge (Montana State Penitentiary) once. I'd shoot myself dead before I'd go back there." His intensity was shattering.

"You were at Deer Lodge? What's it like?"

"Buddy, all I can say is, you'll be one sorry guy."

The blood drained to my feet. I could hardly stand. I had no reason to doubt his warning, and was in no hurry to be taken to the cage awaiting me.

Montana State Penitentiary

On a cold, dreary March morning in 1956, I was transferred from the county jail in Billings to the Montana State Penitentiary. I was 23 years old. Two deputies entered my cell, handcuffed my hands in front of me, put me in their car, and drove me to Deer Lodge.

The institution's bleak appearance snapped me quickly out of my anaesthetized mood. This dingy fortress was right out of a Frankenstein movie, only it was horrifyingly real. Miracles being highly improbable, nothing would ever get me out of this. This monster dungeon was going to be my home for the next ten years.

I'd envisioned the prison as a large plant, situated on acres of nice, green land, aesthetically isolated from the surrounding countryside. Instead, this hideous atrocity was plunk smack on one square city block right in the middle of town. The prison's next door neighbor was a whorehouse, which, as I later found out, did a booming business.

So, everything I had heard about this awful place was going to turn out to be true. Inside this bleak nightmare, it was highly improbable I'd find the decent sort of set up I had encountered at Chillicothe.

The 20-foot-high walls, made of jagged sandstone, were marked with the water streaks of continuous dampness. In

the middle of the wall, facing the main highway, was a guard tower built of stone and occupied at all times by a guard armed with a machine gun and a carbine. A line of craggy, snow-covered mountains, about a mile away, added to the desolation. As we approached the entrance, I dragged my feet.

Under the guard tower, we were met by a sneering man who was introduced to me as Deputy Warden Lockhart. He opened the door, then clanged it shut behind me, enclosing me in a vestibule located between the outside and inside walls.

The county deputies went across the street to the administration building to fill out my commitment papers. Then they left.

Deer Lodge had been a territorial prison early in the 19th century, and it still adhered to a few antiquated customs, particularly in the admissions system. In retrospect, that was one of the few interesting things about the despicable place.

When a prisoner was awaiting admission in the vestibule past the first iron gate, the guard in the tower above the gate would lower a key down to the deputy warden with a rope. The deputy warden would unlock the door, then tie the key back on the rope, and the guard would hoist the key up again into the tower. This raising and lowering of keys would continue, until all the doors and gates were opened and closed, and the prisoner was safely incarcerated.

After being admitted to the prison in this charming manner, I was escorted up some steps which led to the inside administration building. This structure contained a

tiny mail room, a fingerprinting room, a small visiting screen with a chair in front of it, and the deputy warden's office.

I sensed the deputy warden wouldn't be one of my favorite people. He sneered at me:

"So you're the bandit from Ohio I've been reading all about. What was it the papers called you—the hottest character that ever hit Billings, Montana? Well, we've been looking forward to your visit down here. Seems that all the talk in the penitentiary for the last month has been about you."

I must explain here that I *was* different from most of the inmates at Deer Lodge. I was an Ohio boy who'd pulled off armed robberies in a state known for its rotten penitentiary. Most armed, interstate robbers at least had enough forethought to choose a state where they would pay for the offense, if caught, in a prison providing a modicum of humane treatment.

The prison population at Deer Lodge was generally comprised of individuals whose crimes were spontaneous, passionate, triggered by unbalanced emotional states. A sizeable number of the inmates were downright sick and demented. Most certainly they could have been better rehabilitated in a good mental hospital rather than a prison of low caliber.

These things I learned later. At the moment, I listened as the deputy warden continued:

"You're going to be here a while, so you might as well get used to the idea. Now take off all your clothes. Give me all your money, and take everything out of your pockets."

I reluctantly turned over the $10 I'd brought with me, having given the rest to my wife before she left Billings.

After receiving an issue of drab blue uniforms, I was taken into the fingerprinting room and informed that 30 sets of fingerprints would be taken.

"Why so many?" I asked the inmate taking the prints.

"Well, buddy, it's like this. The fingerprints are sent to various cities around Montana for checking out. If you're wanted in any city, they'll send a detainer. In case you don't know what that is, it's an outstanding warrant for arrest."

"Well, I'm not worried about that. This is my first stretch in Montana, and you can bet it will be my last."

The fellow just laughed, knowingly. I asked him how much time he was serving.

"Twenty years."

"What for?"

"Embezzling."

"What's this penitentiary like?"

"Buddy, if you want me to say something good about this place, forget it. I can't tell you one thing about this penitentiary that's good. You'll be living under some of the worst conditions that ever existed. The guards here are the scum of the earth, and more than half of the inmates are, too. Hell, I should shut up. You'll find out soon enough."

Even inmates in a prison have their own moral code and status. Some crimes are considered even by most criminals to be unthinkable; and in no time at all, I found this prison to be well filled with many people who had performed such hideous acts.

The fingerprinting completed, I was escorted to a cellblock and assigned a cell with a white-haired man who was around sixty-five. They called him Big John. When I walked into the cell, I found him engaged in loud pleading and

vigorous prayer.

I thought to myself, "What kind of a nut have they got me in with?" The door clanged shut, locking me in with Big John until chow time, which came later in the afternoon. I felt most uncomfortable with this weirdo, and intended to have the situation changed as soon as possible.

When the time to eat rolled around, we were marched to the chow hall in single file. The prison sadistically enforced a rule against talking in the dining room. If you so much as turned your head to ask for salt, it was termed "inciting to riot," and you were pumped full of lead by one of the guards in the guard tower, all of whom kept loaded carbines continuously pointed at the prisoners. During my imprisonment at Deer Lodge, I personally saw two men cut down in this manner.

Eating with a loaded carbine pointed at you was not conducive to mealtime en oyment, and the food did nothing to spur on a lagging appetite. It looked, smelled, and tasted rotten, and I couldn't get it past my mouth.

The rations continued to be poorly prepared, and were essentially unvaried, day after day. The morning meal consisted of a bowl of hot oats of the consistency of putty, with one dipper of skim milk, two pieces of cold, burnt toast, and a cup of chicory. In the afternoon, you received three pieces of two-day-old bread, another cup of chicory, and a bowl of beans. On Mondays, we got navy beans; on Tuesdays, kidney beans; on Wednesdays, lima beans, and on Thursdays, black-eyed peas. Having run the gamut by Thursday, they went back to navy beans, and ran through the list again. This pattern was repeated—from January through December—365 days a year, year in and year out,

with no exceptions—not even on holidays.

Needless to say, I lost considerable weight. Within months, I had dropped 30 pounds; and I would have starved to death, if I hadn't caught on to the scheme of things and learned how to circumvent the atrocious diet.

A convict was permitted to spend $10 a week at the commissary, and could buy most anything he wanted, within that limit. Cigarettes, candy, milk, fruit, vegetables, meat, and eggs were all available. You could get just about anything you wanted except booze and drugs.

Many prisoners bought eggs and meat, and paid fellow inmates who worked in the kitchen to prepare them. The food would be waiting on the table for the prisoner, when he went to the chow hall. Once I got myself established in the prison, I, too, employed this system.

Prisoners at Deer Lodge also bought their own toilet paper, toothbrush, soap, tobacco, razors, razor blades, undergarments, and towels. The only items supplied by the penitentiary were blue shirts, resplendent with your prison number on the back, a pair of blue pants, a mattress cover, and a pillowcase stuffed with hay. The only way you could sleep comfortably on a hay-stuffed pillowcase was to cover it with a towel. This, of course, would have to come from the supply of linens you were obliged to buy yourself.

There were no toilets in the cells. Each cell was provided with an open can—emptied, if you were lucky, once a day. For that matter, there was no running water. Guards dispensed water to each convict at the rate of one bucket per day, to be used for bathing and washing your undergarments. The prison laundered only the items they supplied. From this meager ration, you were obliged to save enough

to quench your thirst. Knowing this was impossible, the guards were more than willing to sell you what water you needed at a price of 25¢ to 50¢ a bucket, depending upon the greed of the guard. When I got to know my way around, I averaged about five to seven buckets a day, which cost me from $2.50 to $3. I paid for the water out of my earnings from various projects. On many days, my water bill equaled what it would cost a small family on the outside to get adequate water for a full month.

The convicts were permitted to shave twice weekly, at which time the orderlies dispensed to each convict a dull factory reject blade, plus a free bucket of water. After you'd finished shaving, the orderly picked up your blade. If you wanted the blade for some hobby you were working on, he would break the blade in two pieces and return both pieces to you, a safety measure whose logic escaped me then and still does.

Until the practice was discontinued, we were allowed the luxury of a shower in a filthy washroom each Saturday morning. Since the washroom was also the room where chickens were cleaned—inmates had to slaughter and clean 50 to 60 chickens a week for the guards' use—the continual smell of dried blood hanging over the shower room greatly decreased any pleasure the weekly shower might have offered. Those chickens were horribly butchered rather than neatly killed and cleaned. The tools were blunt and inadequate.

We seldom were served such a delicacy as chicken. On holidays we might be allowed a small, unappetizing portion, but few of us could eat it.

Since there were only 20 to 30 jobs for 600 men, any

available job had to be bought from a guard. In order to get a job, you first had to locate somebody who was getting out. You'd pay him $50 for the job. Then you'd pay $100 to the guard supervising the particular type of work you'd bought. If you had no job, you stayed in your cell. Understandably, this was unbearable. It was well worth all the money you could scrape up to get out of those miserable cells.

There was no recreational yard. The only area that might once have been set aside for such a purpose was now being used as a vegetable garden for the guards. A microscopic percentage of the garden's produce was allotted to the inmates.

The prison provided no library nor any schooling. It was impossible to pass away the long hours in any constructive manner. The only recreation provided was a radio hook up in each cell. You could listen through earphones to a static-filled station which broadcast sports items almost exclusively. With careful concentration, you could occasionally catch sections of a newscast.

A doctor visited the prisoners weekly. The prisoners paid for this service, too. Twelve aspirin, in Deer Lodge, cost 15 cents. The dentist also made a weekly visit, charging $5 for an extraction, and $9 for a filling. If you needed a tooth pulled and didn't have the money, you either borrowed the money, had an inmate pull the tooth, or endured the pain.

The prison housed an unusually high ratio of sex offenders. An educated estimate, made at the time I was there, placed the number of sex offenders at 60 per cent of the prison population.

Montana strictly enforced its statutory rape law. Many times this involved a great miscarriage of justice. I became acquainted with three inmates who entered the institution at three different times; each had been convicted of statutory rape *involving the same girl.*

Sentences for statutory and forcible rape ran from ten to 20 years; sentences were seldom lenient or even fair. One convict had raped a judge's daughter, and had received a 20-year sentence; another inmate, who had committed various but more horrible crimes against average people who had no political pull, drew half the rapist's sentence.

Montana was long on agricultural livestock, and short on people; this encouraged another frequent crime. I personally knew of six individuals serving time for having had intercourse with sheep and cows.

Other crimes, ranging from the outrageously sadistic to the downright heinous, were to be found in the backgrounds of my prison society. One convict was caught at a bus station with the dismembered body of his wife stuffed into the suitcase he was carrying. The police were careful not to spill the evidence which convicted him.

Another fellow had been going with a girl and had gotten her pregnant. When they both decided they didn't want the child, he attempted to abort it by stabbing her in her swollen abdomen with an ice pick. He was successful in getting rid of the baby, and his girl friend as well.

One murderer had killed his small child during an argument with his wife. He had been holding the child in his arms, when one of his wife's remarks made him uncontrollably angry. He slammed the child down on the sidewalk,

killing her instantly.

Another inmate had been hitchhiking for some time without success. A farmer finally came along and picked him up, whereupon he showed his gratitude by shooting the farmer five times in the back with a .45.

An inmate who particularly stands out in my mind was the man who killed a deputy sheriff. When the posse found him hiding out in an outhouse, he told them:

"You can't convict me because I swallowed the evidence."

He had swallowed the bullets.

This demented individual showed an overwhelming interest in science fiction and Egyptian literature. He believed that anyone he killed would be his slave in the next life. He was generally disliked and distrusted by the other inmates. I personally felt that he was one of the most deranged and potentially dangerous persons in the prison. You never knew when he was going to erupt.

Unfortunately, this inmate idolized me, for the simple reason that I had earned the respect of the population—something, deep down, he wanted desperately to do. He had an uncanny knack for making your skin crawl. Today, when I think about all the different types I met in that excuse for a penitentiary, this man remains my most uncomfortable memory.

Turkey Pete I remember as one of the most humorous of the inmates. Originally sent to the pen for murder, he earned his nickname when the warden put him on the turkey farm as a trustee, and said:

"Pete, these are your turkeys, and I want you to treat them like *your* turkeys."

About a week later, when the warden went out to check on the turkeys, he found them gone. He went to Pete, who very easily explained the fowls' disappearance.

"Warden, you told me they were my turkeys so I sold them. Here's the money."

My first cellmate, Big John, was one of the very sick men serving time. I asked an inmate in an adjacent cell:

"What's with this guy? Why in the hell is he always praying?"

"Buddy, don't worry about him, he's a nut."

"What's he in for?"

"He killed his wife and family. He got a message from God one night, and he says God told him to kill them, so he did."

"This is who they have me celling with! There's going to be some changes made, right now!"

I went down to the desk and spoke to the sergeant, demanding:

"You move my cell."

"What for?"

"You've got me in with a nutty killer; he's up there right now, praying. I sure as shit don't want to wake up with a knife in me."

He laughed to himself and moved me to a single cell.

An unrealistic rule governing letter writing caused me much unhappiness. Each inmate was permitted to write one letter per week, covering no more than one side of a page. That, to me, was torture. I was counting on daily letters to and from my wife as my one outlet. It's a hopeless feeling to be cut off from communication.

The rule set down concerning relatives' visits was

equally ridiculous. We could visit on opposite sides of a wire-mesh aluminum screen, but a blinding light was directed in our eyes which made it impossible to see our visitors. The visits were strictly limited to 20 minutes, once a week, with one relative, no matter how far the relative had to travel to see you.

After I'd been in jail for about two weeks, my detainers began to roll in. I had one each from Seattle, Spokane, Reno, and Sacramento. I had three from Oregon, each for armed robbery. I also had one from Ohio, for breaking out of the Akron jail.

With my shady past, it was a cinch that I'd serve at least two years of my sentence before I'd be able to appear before the parole board, so I decided to make the best of it.

I saw great possibilities for making money in the leather business, and I bought a large quantity of leather from a wholesale house with money my wife had sent me. I set up a regular business with other inmates, having them carve, lace, and antique purses and billfolds. Once a week, the inmates on my payroll received a small amount for their work. I sent the finished products to my wife who took them to various taverns and sold them on consignment. Within six months, I was earning $300 to $500 a month, most of which I gave to my wife.

I also opened up a small store inside the penitentiary. I'd compile a list of articles, give five or six men $15 apiece, and have them buy my articles at the commissary. I built up quite a stockpile of goods most in demand, and sold the merchandise, on credit—with interest—to inmates who hadn't, for one reason or another, been able to get to the commissary to buy what they needed. They were required

to pay me at the end of the week. If they worked for me in my leather business, I deducted it from their wages.

For the most part, the guards at Deer Lodge were bums who'd heard about openings at the penitentiary and hopped a freight train to Billings. From my cell, I could see them get off, with shoes full of holes, patched pants, and dirty bodies. The next day, I'd see the same men somewhere in the institution in guard uniforms. Most of them had not completed grade school; many were totally illiterate.

Naturally, I worked out several arrangements which helped to make my life somewhat bearable. For $1 per letter, a guard would smuggle my daily correspondence to Jeanette. For $5, a guard would bring me a pint of whiskey, and look the other way when I drank it. On one occasion, I paid $20 for three pints of whiskey, sold it by the shot to the other inmates, and took in a total of $100. As long as I had bribery money, I could get just about anything I wanted brought in.

Money could even buy an inmate's way out of the hole. Incarceration in the hole was, without a doubt, the one torment every prisoner in Deer Lodge would do anything to avoid. Any man in that penitentiary who'd had a taste of it vowed he'd die rather than endure it again. Many of the guards, needless to say, had sadistic needs to satisfy, and the hole provided all the anonymity and safety these cretins needed to obtain their satisfaction of revenge.

A prisoner slated for the hole would be taken to the basement, thrown in a dungeon, and forced to stand on his toes while he was shackled to high bars. He was made to stand there, in that shackled condition, for 12 hours. Then he was unshackled, and permitted to rest for 12 hours.

There was no respite from this routine, and the minimum time in the hole was 30 days.

If a guard wanted more kicks from the suffering of a specific prisoner, he would lace the prisoner's twice-a-day bowl of bread and water with harsh laxative. Then he would arrange to serve the prisoner himself, during the prisoner's standing up period. He would graciously free one of the prisoner's hands, so the prisoner could eat. Then when the prisoner had finished eating, the guard would shackle him up again, and stick around to watch the fun. Of course, any kind of bowel and bladder control was impossible during the shackled periods; but when the laxatives went to work, the cries of the unfortunate prisoner could be heard three floors above. Cells were cleaned out at the end of each 30-day period.

I was able, not long after I had gotten my leather business going, to buy myself a job as an orderly, for $200. I thus freed myself from constant confinement. The job helped to pass the time, and enabled me to move around the prison, and set up business contacts with much greater ease.

When I'd been in Deer Lodge five months, my wife gave birth to a baby boy in Idaho Falls. A few months later, she and the baby moved in a trailer to Deer Lodge, and set up house directly across from the prison. The trailer had been turned at an angle so that I could see the front door and watch my wife's comings and goings.

Every day, I'd watch Jeanette walk over to the administration building with her letter to me. I'd anxiously await the guard's delivery of the letter—but many times he would forget to bring it. Several times, sitting in my cell, I almost lost my mind with frustration and rage, waiting for

the letter I'd seen Jeanette deliver. I knew the letters were being purposely withheld; the guards were trying to agitate me. Often, seven or eight days would pass without a letter, then they'd bring me all the mail at once.

Of all the cruel treatment handed out to me at this place, the letter-withholding trick was the one that stirred up the most hatred in me. My letters from Jeanette were the only connection I had with her, aside from our weekly, unsatisfactory visit through the blind screen.

But I finally thought of a way to get around this problem. I made a deal with a guard to sell me his flashlight, set up a code with Jeanette through the letters I bribed other guards to deliver, and we were able to communicate. At night, when the lights went out, I'd talk to her by blinking my light, and she'd answer by flipping the outside trailer light on and off. This did a great deal to reduce my tension, at a time when I was becoming dangerously anxious and unmanageable.

As time passed, I got to know my way around, and discovered who it was useful to befriend. If I wanted something, I went to the administration office, filed my request, and set down why I wanted what I wanted. They'd put in a call to my wife; and sometime during the day, she'd see to it that I had what I wanted. One day, I decided I wanted to paint my cell. I put in the request. That afternoon, my wife delivered a quart of blue and a quart of brown paint, and I went about decorating my cell. In no time at all, I'd painted the walls blue, and the floor a blue and brown tile design. The administration was happy to go along with this type of thing, because it meant more upkeep money went into their pockets.

When I'd been in the penitentiary about a year, I realized the tension among the inmates was very high. Complaints, understandably, centered specifically around the food, and the living conditions in general. One evening, window-shattering, banging on cell doors, and loud cussing and screaming erupted. The following day, we got no meals. But this was the extent of the punishment.

A short time after this uprising, a guard came to me one evening, and asked:

"When was the last time you had a good piece of ass?"

"Oh, the last time was with my wife, and that was before I came to prison."

"Could you go for one?"

"Hell, yes! I can always go for that!"

"Have you got $50 you want to put out?"

"Yeah, I got $50."

"All right, after everybody's locked up, around nine tonight, we'll arrange it."

"Where's she coming from?"

"Never mind about that. I'll take care of you."

He returned around half-past nine that evening, and took me up to the administration building. Greeting me there was Wildcat, a small, dark-haired girl I had seen many times before, both when the women prisoners had to pass through the men's area on the way to their quarters, and on her own, strolling out to the main administration building across the highway. She was a prostitute at the whorehouse adjacent to the prison. Thanks to the services of Wildcat, the pockets of the prison authorities were considerably fattened.

Wildcat would have been appealing even on the out-

side, but sexual starvation heightened her attraction. She looked at me sultrily, cooing: "Hi, honey, how are you?"

"I'm fine." Breathing heavily, I continued, "You know, I've been looking forward to this."

"I have, too, sweetheart," she purred.

The guard broke in with his instructions: "Look, kids. I'll be back here in exactly one half hour, so do what you're going to do, and be ready to leave on time."

Once he was out the door, we wasted no time in getting down to business. Conversation was out of the question. Squeezing as much activity as possible into the allotted time span, we managed to have intercourse twice before the guard returned.

Within the next two years, we had six such rendezvous, which gave the guards a fat $300.

Wildcat's services were available to any convict who could arrange to set up an appointment with her in the main administration building. But, of course, few convicts could afford the $50. Most men had to find other means of sexual release.

Prison conditions generally produce and foster sexual deviation, and Deer Lodge was no exception. There were approximately 75 men in the institution who were known to be willing to go along with any sexual demand, however perverse. All a prisoner had to do was to tell a guard that he wished to cell with one of these boys for the night, and the cell change would take place. The guard always looked the other way—for a price, of course. This was just another avenue of fund-raising for the guards. When it came to fattening up their pocketbooks, they were willing to overlook just about anything.

As one may expect, this type of atmosphere nurtured some weird situations. I personally witnessed three fellows being horribly cut up because they had been trying to make out with another guy's queen. One of these men nearly died from the injuries he sustained.

Prison Riot

A year after the first uprising, almost to the day, another revolt broke out. This time the inmates were out of their cells, and took eight guards as hostages. Rifling the chow hall of all the food they could obtain, they feasted on jellies, bread, and various other foods, before setting fire to the maintenance workshops. They were in complete control of the prison for about nine hours, before they were quieted down.

The United Press International and the Associated Press, along with the governor and the attorney-general of Montana, entered the pen in hopes of bringing a settlement. The governor and the attorney-general listened to the prisoners' demands, which ranged from requests for a library, a recreational yard, schools, and increased letter writing privileges, to removing the screen during visits, and of course, better food.

After the official investigation into the cause of the riot was concluded, the warden and the associate warden were fired, along with eleven guards. A highway patrolman was brought in to fill both positions, until new criminologists could be hired. Shortly after the firings, the deputy warden committed suicide, and one of the prison's parole officers

was sentenced to five years for selling paroles. Unfortunately, our activities with the women were completely abolished.

One of the major reasons for the awful conditions in Deer Lodge was due to the political structure of Montana. Traditionally, the governor of the state appointed one of his friends as warden. That warden would serve while the governor was in office; then a new political appointee, a friend of the incoming governor, would take over. Having no training in penology, most every warden was more interested in his bankroll than in ameliorating prison conditions.

Under this structure, the welfare of the inmates was of little account. While it may not always be true that under the headship of a political appointee poor conditions will prevail, this setup usually makes for corruption. The warden is answerable only to the governor, and even if a warden wanted to do a good job, the element of time would severely hamper any progress he might make.

After the new prison regime was installed, 20 months passed rather uneventfully. My wife still made her daily trip to the administration office with her letter to me. The high spot of my day still was watching her make that trip. Sometimes, she would take our son with her; I intently watched his progress into a healthy, robust toddler. I ached to hold that child, to care for him, to give him the security I'd never had, to help him grow up into a useful, respectable man. I was counting the days until our family could be joined together.

One day, my wife made the trip to the administration building with what seemed to me unusual haste. That evening, when I started flashing my light at her trailer, there

was no answer. The next morning, I saw her brother arrive. The two of them started loading Jeanette's belongings into her brother's car. Shortly after they drove off, Jeanette's last letter was delivered to me.

It was a classic opus. She went into great detail about her reasons for leaving. I had given her a purse. I had carved it myself and had taken great care and pride in doing so. A guard had told her, she said, that I was lying about that purse, that I wouldn't be bothered to do such a loving thing for her, that I'd had one of my flunkies carve it. The guards also told her that I was in constant trouble, and would have no chance of an early parole. They laughed at her loyalty to me.

This remark had been the final straw for Jeanette. It never occurred to her that the guards would be lying; that their motives could have been intense jealousy at the extent of her commitment to me, and mine to her. Few guards, not to mention prisoners, could boast of such a relationship.

None of her accusations were true. I had lived for the day when I'd be released to my wife and my son. I had every intention of going straight. All I wanted was a chance to get out of that ominous place and get back to civilization.

Jeanette's abandonment knocked the wind right out of me. When I recovered, violent feelings began to overtake me. I could easily have annihilated the guards who had fed her that hogwash. But I channeled my rage along other lines.

I had no way of contacting her. She hadn't even said where she was going. My intense love for her quickly turned into consuming hatred. If I'd been able to get my hands on her, I truly believe I would have murdered her. I wanted

revenge.

I decided to escape, so I could seek my revenge. I confiscated some tools from a maintenance crew, and began to tunnel my way out of my cell. I worked my way into the heating pipe system, where there was crawl space. I worked diligently. In no time at all, I had burrowed a tunnel about 30 feet long, which reached to within 20 feet of the outside wall.

Then the inmates staged a sit-down strike. The complaints, once again, centered around the rotten food. Since the last uprising, our meals hadn't improved at all. The guards promptly squelched the strike, and began a general shakedown of inmates. During the shakedown, they discovered my tunnel. Although they suspected I was the culprit, they let it pass, because they could find no proof that I was responsible. Nevertheless, my efforts were lost, and I was forced to think up another plan.

Then I stole some scaffolding, with the idea of constructing a ladder for escape. Within five days, I had built a ladder on top of the cellblock, between the cells and the roof. Strangely enough, although the noise of my sawing could be heard all over the prison, no one questioned the racket. Everyone assumed, evidentally, that whatever was going on was legitimate work. After completing three six-foot sections, I put them in a large air vent leading up to the roof, together with a rope I'd made from sheets.

Some days before the ladder was complete, I'd taken a white kitchen uniform from the laundry supply room. I was going to wait until a snowy night, camouflage myself in the uniform, assemble the ladder, take it down the side of the building on my sheet rope, position the ladder against

the wall, and climb over the wall.

Then to my utter dismay, the inmates pulled another food strike. This was followed by another shakedown. My ladder was discovered; and once again, my plans were ruined.

Again the guards had no way to prove I'd built the ladder, and I was in the clear. After this second failure, I temporarily abandoned my efforts to escape.

Tension was mounting at the prison. A new warden and a new deputy warden from Wisconsin were brought in, to stem some of the trouble. After the arrival of these new authorities, some positive changes were made. The much promised recreational yard was finally installed, a library was added, and new jobs were created. To give hope to the many men who'd requested it, the beginnings of a school program were initiated.

The most welcome change was the abolition of the hole. Handcuffing men to bars was no longer permitted, and putting inmates in the dungeon was stopped. In place of the dungeons, cells in the basement were used, and the time span for hole confinement was limited to seven or eight days. Then the prisoner was moved to a segregation cell, and given regular meals and smoking privileges. After a week in segregation, the prisoner was released back to his cell.

These changes calmed down the majority of the prison population. However, almost immediately after the new changes were instituted, the new warden began to crack down on the widespread homosexuality. This greatly affected the lives and attitudes of two inmates, in particular. One was Jerry Miles, 43, stocky, short, and a habitual criminal. He had served time in Atlanta, Georgia, in States-

ville, Indiana and in Alcatraz. His specialty had been check forgery. He was the "girl" partner in a notorious prison relationship.

His prison "daddy" was Lee Smart, a first offender serving a murder sentence. Lee, while robbing a gas station, had beaten a man to death with a tire iron. These two men were violent and unpredictable, and the associate warden was riding heavy on them for their homosexual arrangement. Whenever they were caught together, they were thrown into solitary.

Miles and Smart started scheming to find a means of escape. Unfortunately, their plan started a large-scale riot.

Our cellblock was surrounded by a catwalk on which the guards would patrol the area. Two of the four corners of the catwalk had a small cage where a guard could sit between patrols. The cages were always locked; each guard had a key to each cage.

One of the guards made a habit of locking his rifle in one of the cages during his patrol. He disliked being saddled with the gun, and figured that he could reach it quickly if any trouble broke out.

One afternoon in April of 1959, this guard, according to his usual pattern, locked his .30-.30 in a cage, and proceeded on his patrol around the catwalk. As he approached one of the two corners not containing a cage, Lee Smart, who had shimmied over a grating and was waiting for the guard, shoved a window pole in front of him. On the end of the pole, right under the guard's chin, was a can of blazing rubber cement. Smart threatened to dump the blazing glue all over the guard if the guard refused to obey Smart's orders. Holding the can high over his victim's head, Smart

demanded:

"Either you throw me the key to that cage, or I dump this can all over you and burn you up."

I was napping when this took place, but the confusion and excitement quickly awakened me. From my cell, I was able to see most of the goings-on. The guard, not wanting to be burned to death, quickly obeyed Smart's instructions, and threw him the key. Smart, in turn, threw the key to Jerry Miles who ran down the gallery, shimmied his way over the catwalk, unlocked the cage, and seized the rifle.

Smart continued to hold the blazing can of rubber cement over the guard's head. Once Miles had gotten the gun, he and Smart forced the guard to shimmy across to the gallery, whereupon they locked him in a cell, along with the guard who was on duty on the main floor of the cellblock.

After this, they went to the license plate factory and the library, captured the guards on duty there, and locked them, too, in cells.

Then Smart slipped the rifle down the side of his pants, and he and Miles walked up to the administration building to the deputy warden's office. They found the deputy warden seated behind his desk, chatting with an officer named Cox. Smart sauntered into the office, with Miles trailing him, pulled the rifle out of his pants, and pointed it straight at the deputy warden, saying: "Now it's our turn."

The deputy warden jumped up, exclaiming: "What the hell. . . ."

Those were his last words. Smart immediately shot him through the heart. Officer Cox picked up a mail rack from

the deputy warden's desk, and began to fight off Jerry Miles. Miles retaliated with a large break knife he'd managed to procure, and he cut Cox severely on the shoulder and side, badly injuring him. Then Miles and Smart took the injured Cox and three other officers who were in the building, back to the cellblock and locked them up.

In an adjacent cellblock, the two rebels forced another guard to hand over his rifle and ammunition before imprisoning him. Then they captured a seventh guard, took him to the administration office and had him call the warden and tell him he'd better get over to the penitentiary right away because it looked like there was trouble brewing.

By this time, Smart and Miles had enlisted several followers. As the warden came through the front gate, several men reached out and attempted to grab him. A non-rioting inmate came to the warden's assistance, and helped him fight off his assailants. The warden was able to shake free and escape through the front gate.

Miles and Smart holed up in a corner of one cellblock known as the TB ward. They chose this section because it sat high above the walls, and gave them the advantage of being able to see quite far in the distance.

By this time, the rest of the rioters had herded all the captive guards into one cell. After taking their clothes, the rioters saturated the bodies of the captive guards with cleaning fluid and rubber cement. One of the rioters positioned himself directly across from the guards on the catwalk. He was armed with two Molotov cocktails. His instructions were to hurl the bombs at the hostages on a signal from Miles and Smart. To further insure a grizzly death for the guards, Miles and Smart had jammed their cell

door. Any hostage who wasn't killed instantly by the Molotov cocktails would burn to death before he could be liberated.

While Miles and Smart were holed up in the TB ward, the rest of the rioting inmates were shouting their demands to a guard in the chow hall tower. One of their demands was that the governor come to the penitentiary and talk to the inmates. The governor refused—a wise decision since the plan was to pick him off with a rifle the minute he showed his face.

I can't recall any sensible demands made by the rioters. Of course, they knew they hadn't a chance; they had killed the deputy warden, and amnesty would have been unthinkable. They lived out the riot like the doomed, desperate men they were. Since most of them were homosexuals, there was wholesale raping going on. Two non-rioting inmates were particularly brutalized. They were barely sixteen years old, and they were repeatedly raped and forced to commit fellatio.

On the fourth day of the riot, about three in the morning, I was sitting in my cell playing cards with another inmate, when several shots rang out in rapid succession. These shots were immediately followed by a deafening report which shook every tooth and bone in my body. The National Guard had bombarded the prison with rifle and bazooka fire. From every corner of the prison, guards seemed to be coming out of the walls, shooting. The inmate with the Molotov cocktails was killed instantly. A non-rioting inmate had informed the authorities of the situation of the guards, and the National Guard had simply picked off the rioters' sentry as they scaled the walls.

Lee Smart and Jerry Miles fought it out with the National Guard until Miles had completely used up his supply of ammunition, and Smart had only two bullets left. Turning to Miles, Smart shot him in the head and killed him instantly. Then Smart turned the gun on himself and pulled the trigger.

This ended the riot. The toll was enormous. The deputy warden was dead; several inmates had incurred injuries from stray bullets; one convict was injured by the concussion of the bazooka; three guards had been cut; many inmates had been beaten up; countless others had been forcibly raped or otherwise molested.

During that week, the only men allowed out of their cells were the three orderlies. I was one of them. Our job was to carry out the bodies of Smart and Miles. We laid them on the grass in the yard to await the meat wagon—the ambulance that was to pick them up. Little was left of Miles' head. His skull had been blasted away, leaving just one section of his jawbone. Lee Smart had shot himself upwards from under his neck; he had exploded his head into a million bits of brain and bone.

The National Guard remained in control of the prison for about a month after the riot. They assumed the administration of the prison entirely, marching us to chow, and to work, and everywhere we went. For several nights, shots rang out from the cellblock where the ringleaders were being housed. The National Guard's orders were that no man could leave his bunk, much less his cell. Talking among inmates was forbidden. Anyone who chose to disregard these orders was immediately shot. One fellow with a wooden leg, who was in for sexual molestation, had his leg taken

from him because he had been a prime instigator of the riot.

When the ringleaders were taken to court, they were given varying sentences, ranging from 50 years to life, depending on their actions at the time of the riot. All these sentences were to begin with the completion of the sentences they were serving at the time of the riot. Not one man sentenced could look forward to anything but prison for the rest of his life.

It can be said that in one respect the riot aided the penitentiary. The prison officials began to hire men for guard positions who were better educated and had some experience. The new guards were tested for intelligence. I have learned that today there is only one guard remaining at the Montana State Penitentiary who was there at the time of the riot. The rest were either scared into quitting, or fired because of incompetence and illiteracy. The bums were put on the same trains they had ridden in on, much to the inmates' delight.

Instead of a prison controlled by the whims and wishes of convicts, we now had a prison controlled by the penitentiary officials. These officials installed television for the men, and provided other extras. This made for a much better prison all around. Formerly, an inmate didn't know what to expect from one day to the next, because of the fluctuating moods of the guards and the inmates. Under the new regime, we had the security of knowing that refusal to comply with the rules wouldn't be tolerated. It was a vast improvement.

A month before the big riot broke out, I had made parole, and I was awaiting release to the Portland authorities. Portland was the only city that didn't withdraw the

detainer against me after I was sentenced to Deer Lodge.

In July of 1959, two detectives picked me up and took me to Portland, where I was to stand trial for the two armed robberies I had committed early in 1956. But I was finally out of the cesspool of Deer Lodge.

Out on Probation

Upon my arrival in Portland, I was taken to the police station and interrogated. After I made my statement, I was put in the county jail to await the disposition of my case.

Both detectives who'd picked me up at Deer Lodge assured me that my chances of getting probation were high. I had just served three and a half years in a penitentiary, and I'd stayed completely out of a major riot.

It was suggested I try to find a job, so the judge would believe I was making an effort to help myself even while I was still in the county jail. The court appointed me an attorney who made the same suggestion. I got permission to use the telephone directory, combed the yellow pages, and wrote to 32 woodworking and trucking firms, at the rate of three letters per day, the maximum I was allowed.

I received one job offer. A cabinetmaker, in business for himself, stated that he wanted to interview me, and might be able to offer me the chance for a new life. I contacted my attorney, and turned the letter over to him. When I was called up for disposition of my case, the cabinetmaker was present in the courtroom. The judge, after asking us to come to his chambers, questioned my attitude.

"Ed, I have four or five letters from various officials of the Montana State Penitentiary. They all state that you

deserve a chance. The warden's letter mentions that you cooperated 100 percent during the riot. Do you feel, if I placed you on probation, you could start a new life and make something of yourself?"

Being con wise, I intended to tell him what he wanted to hear. I made it sound as sincere as I could.

"I feel if I could have one chance, I could start a new life. Deer Lodge made a believer out of me. The furthest thing in my mind is to go back to a life of crime."

"This man is willing to give you a job. Isn't that right, sir?"

"Yes, Your Honor," the cabinetmaker replied.

"What kind of work would he be doing, and how many days a week would he be working?"

"He would be employed in my woodworking shop making cabinets and display racks for supermarkets. He'd put in five days a week, and sometimes six."

"Would he be working a regular eight-hour-a-day shift or more?"

"At the present time, business is quite good, Your Honor, so I think he would begin working anywhere from 8 to 14 hours a day."

"I see. Ed, do you feel you'd like to go to work for this man?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"All right. I am going to drop your charges from armed robbery to unarmed robbery, and sentence you to five years on probation. Don't come before me on another charge, or I will be forced to send you to the Oregon State Penitentiary. Good luck."

Before leaving the courthouse, I was introduced to my

probation officer, Mr. McQuiggan. McQuiggan gave me a ride to the area of town where I'd be working, and he helped me find a room. He explained the rules and regulations of my probation, and told me I wasn't required to report to him personally each month, as long as I filled out his questionnaire and mailed it back to him. If I were to change jobs, change residence, or purchase an automobile, I was to get his approval. He also stressed that I should report to him any encounter with the police, no matter how trivial. When he left, I unpacked what few articles of clothing I had, along with the $600 I'd picked up at Deer Lodge.

The reality of the moment hit me. I was a free man. Leaving my room, I walked probably five or six miles, absorbing everything I saw. I peered in all the store windows, looked over the merchandise, and viewed with great interest the late-model cars. I wandered into a grocery store, and bought peaches, pears, a six-pack of beer, cigarettes, and shaving accessories.

When I returned to my room, I found I couldn't sleep. Jeanette had obtained a divorce from me, while I was still in Montana, and had remarried soon afterward. When I arrived in Portland, I found out about her remarriage, although I had suspected she wanted to get married again when she sent me the divorce papers. I was still consumed with bitterness because she had walked out on me, and I couldn't shut it out of my thoughts. I tossed and turned, overwhelmed on one hand with my freedom, and unbearably angry with Jeanette on the other.

I broke into a sweat, thinking: "Do I still want to get even with my ex-wife? Do I still want to kill her? Or should I forget it, and mark it up as a bad cause?"

Leaving the state without permission would be a parole violation. I knew that if I asked for permission to make a trip to Idaho Falls, I'd be turned down. The authorities knew it was the home of my ex-wife. I wasn't ready to risk being taken back into custody as a parole violator, so for the time being, I shelved all ideas of revenge.

After working three months, I was able to buy a 1950 DeSoto for $350 on time. I began to date several girls. Then I got laid off. Work had dropped off, and since I was low man on the totem pole, I was the first to be let go. My boss estimated that he would be able to rehire me in two months. Obviously, I couldn't go that long without work, now that I had car payments to make in addition to my regular expenses.

Once again, resentment surged to the fore. Impulsively, I gave in to my feelings, and took off for Idaho, throwing reason to the wind. All my thoughts about the inadvisability of violating parole vanished. I would seek out Jeanette, and make her pay for what she had done to me.

I did not know where my ex-wife was living, nor did I know her new name. But I knew I could find her if I could carry out a plan I had in mind.

Around eight in the evening, I arrived in Idaho Falls, and telephoned one of Jeanette's relatives. The relative answered, and I hung up. I telephoned another relative, and no one answered. This was what I hoped for. I went out to this relative's house, entered through an unlocked window, and went to the telephone stand where I found Jeanette's name, address, and phone number in a little address book.

I drove to her house. There wasn't a car in the garage

or in the driveway, so I parked about two blocks down the street. Then I walked to the back of the house, peered in the window, and saw Jeanette, talking to another woman. I observed my boy, a handsome lad, playing in the middle of the floor. Watching him, I desperately wanted to hold him, and to care for him. It was unbearably heartbreaking to me that I couldn't.

I waited at the back of the house for about two hours, gun in hand, hoping that the lady who was visiting would leave. About that time, a car drove into the driveway. A man, who I assumed was Jeanette's husband, parked the car and got out.

This threw me. I finally decided to drive to a nearby parking lot, and sleep in the car until the next morning, when I figured Jeanette's husband would leave for work.

I woke up around six-thirty the next morning, and drove by the house. Seeing no lights on, I went into town to get a bite to eat. At seven-forty, I passed by the house once again. This time the lights were on, so I parked down the street where I could observe the driveway. At eight-thirty, my ex-wife, her husband, and my child left together. I followed them downtown. After dropping Jeanette and my son off in front of a restaurant, Jeanette's husband continued on.

Parking across the street, I kept careful watch on the restaurant, making sure not to miss them if they left. Forty-five minutes after they'd gone inside, they came out.

While I was waiting, I asked myself if I really wanted to go through with it. In Portland, I'd convinced myself that I wanted to kill Jeanette, a thought I just couldn't turn off. Then, after actually seeing her and the boy, I had my

doubts.

Jeanette and the boy finally left the restaurant. As they walked around town, I trailed them for about two hours. Jeanette almost spotted me on two occasions. Around one that afternoon, she took a cab to her mother's house. I parked a block away, still torn with mixed feelings.

About six that evening, Jeanette's husband drove up to her mother's house and went in. That did it. I was convinced I'd never get the nerve to kill Jeanette that day, and made the decision to return to Portland before it was discovered I'd left the state without permission. I decided I would return to Idaho Falls some other time and at least maul her face enough so that people would throw her peanuts if she happened to be at a zoo.

I got back to Portland around four in the morning, and scanned the want ads for jobs. I found a prospect which appealed to me—a job as a vacuum cleaner salesman. I circled it, and fell into bed, dead tired. When I awoke, I picked up the phone, called the number, and made an appointment for an interview at two-thirty that afternoon.

Having had no experience in the sales field, I was unconfident and skeptical. But since I had nothing else promising in the way of employment, I made up my mind to give it a try. I was hired.

After a two-week training period, I tested out my skill on an elderly lady. I ran through the canned lecture I'd memorized, but I was altogether ineffectual. I lost the sale.

From that moment on, I knew that if I wished to sell anything, I'd have to go about it in my own way. Trying my own approach, and displaying a confident air, I sold a ma-

chine that very night. My morale soared. I saw that the product was, in fact, very easy to sell, and that this would be a simple way to make a good salary.

My company sponsored a statewide contest, awarding prizes to the salesman with the highest sales per month. In my first month on the job, I won second prize, a pair of silver candelabras worth $100, and I was written up in the company paper. Christ, was I happy! My success was bringing me a new kind of confidence, as well as a large paycheck.

Unfortunately, I couldn't handle this respectable success. Squandering money right and left, I bought all the things I had ever dreamed about owning. I rented a lovely apartment for $150 a month, and spent $2000 on installment buying to furnish the place with fancy new furniture. Then I bought a flashy, new 1959 Oldsmobile convertible, and a 15-foot fiberglass outboard motorboat. All this within my first month on the job.

I hit every night spot in town at least once a week, stayed out till the wee hours every morning, and started reporting for work only one or two days a week.

On the days I worked, I'd give two or three demonstrations, sell at least three machines, and gross about $150 in a matter of hours. With that kind of commission, I didn't have to overwork myself to make a healthy salary.

Most of the time, I could be found on Rooster Rock Lake, giving boat rides to girls and trying to convince them that I was a wealthy man about town. I started telling everyone I was making $34,000 a year. I really lapped up the amazed and covetous looks my tale evoked. I also bragged that I owned the apartment house I lived in. Most of the

girls I was chasing were husband-hunting, and it seemed to them I would be a great catch. What a rare man I was! Plenty of money, and all the time in the world to have fun. They loved it. So did I. My stories got better with each conquest I made.

Back to the Old Con Game

While nightclubbing one evening, I met an attorney who specialized in accidents.

"Ed, you move around the city quite a bit don't you?"

"Sure do."

"Keep your eyes open. If you happen to see an accident and know the guy who is involved, you might recommend me. If we collect, I'll give you part of the profit. But don't go out and tell people you are soliciting accidents for me, because it's against the state law. You'd have me up facing the Oregon State Bar Association in very short order."

"Don't worry about that," I told my friend. "I will keep my eyes open—I do see quite a few accidents. Like you said, I travel around quite a bit."

But I soon figured out a way to get more than percentages from this interesting scheme. I started cruising around town, hoping someone would tailgate me.

Soon, I noticed a driver who was running through red lights, speeding away from stop signs, and generally peeling rubber. I tailed him for a while, then got in front of him. At the first stop sign, I floored the gas pedal, and took off.

Just as he was ready to pass me, I hit my brakes, causing him to plow into the rear end of my car. Then I opened the door, fell out of my car, and lay there until an ambu-

lance took me to the hospital.

I carefully explained to the police that an animal had crossed my path, causing me to slam on the brakes. The poor fellow who hit me was cited for not having his car under control, and I lounged around the hospital for two weeks recovering from my back and neck injuries.

About three months later, the case was settled out of court for a total of $5,500. Over the next four months, I staged two more of these accidents, and grossed a total of $8,000.

These accident heists were lucrative, but there was always the danger that I'd actually be hurt. So I invented another scheme in which I used a partner. This turned out to be just as profitable a trick, and carried no risk of physical injury whatsoever.

I would buy, say, a couple of flashlight batteries in a drugstore. Then, with the batteries and the sales receipt from the drugstore in my pocket, my partner and I would walk into a five-and-ten and start browsing. After a few minutes, my partner would leave. I would then immediately take the batteries out of my pocket and put them in with the batteries in one of the store's counter displays. My partner, outside, would call the store, describe me, and voice his suspicion that I was shoplifting. The store manager would immediately begin to tail me.

I'd let the manager follow me around for a few minutes. Then I'd walk over to the battery counter, pick up my batteries, and shove them in my pocket. I'd make a ten-cent purchase, and start to leave. The manager, as quietly as possible, would ask me to step outside with him a minute. I would become very indignant, and stage a loud scene,

forcing him to call the police.

Of course, the manager had to swear out an arrest warrant before the police would act. Once this was done, the police would take me outside, shake me down, and find the batteries. Then I'd pull out my sales receipt, and promptly sue the manager for false arrest.

I pulled this act three times, and collected more than $6,000 in this way.

It was during this time that I met Marlene, a long-haired blonde with blue eyes who worked weekends as a soda jerk in a drugstore I frequented. She was unbelievably gullible and naive, just the kind of girl who'd swallow my pack of lies without question. I conjured up a colossal story about myself, hoping to convince her that I was really an important individual.

"Marlene, you probably have your doubts as to just what kind of work I do. You must think I don't work at all, because I'm always running around. Is that right?"

"Oh, I've thought about it."

"Well, I'm going to tell you something. I'm not supposed to do this, because if they found out, I could get in a lot of trouble. Will you give me your solemn promise you'll never mention this to anybody, including your mother?"

"Yes, I'll promise."

"I work for the CID, the Criminal Investigating Department of the United States Government. We deal with communists, as well as with people who run narcotics and guns across state lines. Every once in a while, we deal with cases of espionage. I'm head of the Portland office. I manage eight other men who work on various communist and espionage cases in the state of Oregon. I have been shot

several times by communists, and I have been wounded more than once. And I have shot and killed a few pinkos, myself. I have been doing this kind of work for seven years. So whenever you see me out with another woman, or living it up in a nightclub, it doesn't mean I'm cheating on you. I just have to maintain my cover. Part of my job is to date women who are suspected communist agents."

"Isn't that very dangerous work, Ed?" Her eyes reflected wonderment and respect, and I just couldn't let the opportunity slide by without further exploiting the moment. Talk about admiration! This gal was swallowing my line in one gulp.

"Yes, it is. But it pays well, and I only have two more years to go before I can retire, with an income of $2000 a month for the rest of my life. Of course, I make much more than that now. I'm a highly trained specialist, and the people in Washington know what I'm worth."

"For the rest of your life, $2000 a month!" Her jaw dropped.

"Oh yes. As I said, it's really nothing compared to what I'm making now. Right now, I make $1500 a week—sometimes more—depending upon the seriousness of the case. If I get shot at, for instance, my salary for that week doubles. Now don't expect to read about my exploits in the papers, because it would be a federal offense to publicize my work."

Marlene was spellbound. Her trusting eyes grew wider with each new revelation.

"Now, Marlene, I have something serious to ask you. I'd like you to marry me, but I want you to know the conditions you'd have to put up with. In the case I'm working

on right now, I've got to act like I've just finished doing time for a crime which was committed several years ago. It's been set up with the state probation office—they know all about it, and they're cooperating with me, of course. I have to convince my suspects that I am an ex-convict on probation. If you decide you'll marry me, I will have to introduce you to my so-called probation officer, because he has to okay this marriage. You see, the probation office in the state capital knows what the setup is, but this individual probation officer does not. As far as he is concerned, I'm an ex-con. Well, I've told you everything, will you marry me?"

"Yes, Ed," she cooed.

"All right then. I understand that in Washington you can get your marriage license and get married all in the same day. We'll go to Washington, in a couple of days, and get married. Honey, I do love you so much, and thank you for understanding the type of work I do, and for not trying to talk me out of it. It means too much to me, and it's too important for my country."

"Oh, honey, don't you worry. I'll never try to talk you out of it. If that's what you want to do, then that's what you'll do."

The following weekend, with my probation officer's blessing, we were married.

I was running around with at least six different women at the time of our marriage—and afterwards—but Marlene accepted all this activity with complete trust. It was, she thought, all in the line of duty.

Marlene was with me one time when I pulled the traffic accident trick. Before I set it up, I laboriously ex-

plained to her what I was going to do, and my reasons for doing it. The driver I would waylay was a communist, on his way to an important party meeting. The only way I could detain him was to allow him to wreck my car, after which I'd feign injury. Marlene believed this incredible tale, and she went along with the scheme beautifully.

I was working less and less. Money finally got scarce, so I started stealing vacuum equipment from my employer and selling the stuff on the side. I made about $150 from each sale.

By this time, I had met John, a chiropractor student who lived next door to my wife's grandmother. He was a very likeable, intelligent guy, and I enjoyed his company. John had known Marlene for years, and trusted her. One day, when I wasn't around, Marlene blabbed my "true identity" to him. I wouldn't have tried to buffalo John with such applesauce; he was too smart. But Marlene had opened it up, so I had to convince him my story was true. I swore John to secrecy, and convinced him he could contribute to my patriotic work. This, to him, sounded much more exciting than chiropraxis. He was thrilled at the idea of helping me.

One evening, in November, 1960, in a lover's lane on the west side of town, a boy was shot to death, and his girl companion was abducted. The crime was given extensive publicity. Many sightseers visited the scene of the crime. Since I had an appointment for a demonstration the following day in that part of town, I asked Johnny if he wanted to check out the area with me. Like everyone else, I too was curious.

We were standing around, watching the police clean

up the area, when one of the detectives began taking down the names and addresses of all the spectators, and the types of cars they owned. Then the detectives advised us to go home. I decided I'd better call my probation officer and tell him of this incident, knowing that the police would be sure to check out all the names and addresses they'd collected.

"Hello, Mr. McQuiggan. This is Eddie Edwards. I just wanted to tell you that today my buddy and I were over at the scene of that lover's lane killing. While we were there, detectives came around and took the names and addresses of all the people standing around. I figured it would be best to let you know I was there, because the cops will be checking out their names and addresses and will find out I'm on probation. I would rather you got this information from me than from them."

"Okay, Ed. I'm glad you called. Don't worry about a thing."

With that taken care of, I dismissed the incident from my mind.

About a week later, Marlene, Johnny, and I were out riding around town. Having had a few too many drinks under my belt, and feeling that Johnny wouldn't believe the story of my position with the CID for very long if he didn't see some action, I decided to liven up the evening.

"John, I've got to make a phone call. Stay here in the car, I'll be right back."

I went into a restaurant, stayed there for two or three minutes, and returned to the car.

"Well, are you ready to have a little bit of fun?"

"What kind of fun?" Johnny and Marlene spoke simul-

taneously.

"Well, I was just talking to the office. They want me to think of some way to tie up traffic over here, because they're just about ready to close in on a communist ring on the north side of town. They want all of the local police over here, so there won't be any interference."

"What are we going to do?"

"We'll go towards town, and then work our way back here, pulling fire alarm boxes as we go. This will certainly keep them jumping for a while."

"Hey, sounds great! Let's go."

We drove towards town, and I began pulling fire alarm boxes. In one hour, I set off a total of 18. Then I discovered I was out of gas, a scant two blocks from my house. A police cruiser drove up, and offered aid.

"What seems to be the problem?"

"I'm out of gas."

"Hop in the car and I'll take you to a station. It's only about three blocks away."

"I certainly would appreciate it."

Leaving Johnny and my wife behind in the car, I went to the gas station with the policeman, got some gas, and returned to the car. The cop was about to leave, when he turned back to me.

"What did you say your name was fellow?"

"My name's Edward Edwards."

"Would you do me a favor and follow me back to the gas station? I have something I want to ask you."

Knowing exactly what he was thinking, I tried my best to seem cooperative, and dispel his justified suspicions.

"Sure," I said.

I followed him back to the filling station. About 15 minutes later, a fire marshal drove up, equipped with a black light box. A powder, invisible to the naked eye but plainly apparent under black light, had been sprinkled on the fire alarm boxes, with the idea of trapping the false alarmist. The fire marshal took my wife into the dark rest room, and used the light on her. She was clean. He used the same procedure with Johnny, and exonerated him as well. Finally, he escorted me into the rest room, and turned on the light. I was covered from head to toe with the incriminating powder. My hands, shirt, and trousers glowed a brilliant, florescent white under the fire marshal's instrument.

"It looks like we've caught you, Ed."

"Caught me what?" I knew I was trapped, but I still tried to act innocent.

"All this powder on you—see how it glows? We put this stuff on some fire alarm boxes tonight, and it paid off. You've been turning in quite a few false alarms, haven't you."

"I haven't turned in any false alarms! What the hell do you take me for?" I began to raise my voice, hoping to put him on the defensive.

"Well, if you haven't turned in any alarms, then where did you get all this powder on you?"

"I couldn't rightly tell you. I just know that I didn't pull any fire alarm boxes. I was down there where those fire trucks were sitting a little while ago, and I was standing around watching the activity. I was within a couple of feet of that one fire alarm box, and chances are I picked it up then."

"That's not a very likely story, Ed, and I'm not going for it."

He instructed the officers to take us to jail where we were each placed in separate rooms and interrogated. I was questioned for a half hour or more, and as time wore on became more adamant about my innocence. About 45 minutes after we were jailed, a detective entered my room, saying:

"Well, Ed, I think we have all the information we need now."

"Oh, how's that?"

"Here's a statement from your wife."

"My wife?"

"Yeah, you want to read it? Here, look at it."

There it was, in black and white. Marlene had told them that I was, indeed, the prankster responsible for the mess. I was positively floored that she would indict me, since I believed she thought that my actions were for the good of the government. Her gullibility had backfired. Now she believed everything the police threatened her with, and, in a fit of fright, told the whole story. It took the police no time at all to convince her it would be to her advantage to come clean. I was crestfallen.

"I don't know why my wife would tell you those things. I am innocent. And even if she did tell you those things, you can't use her statement against me in court." Making a final effort to stay out of hot water, I let them know that I knew the score.

"You're a pretty smart cookie, Edwards. But I'll tell you one thing. We're going to have your probation terminated. You're going to sit in jail for a while, and then you're

going to go to the penitentiary. Now if you want to tell us everything, we might be able to arrange to have this recorded as a simple misdemeanor. You will get a small fine and be turned loose. If you don't want to talk to us, we'll make it a more serious charge, and we'll arraign your wife as well."

"Listen, I had a few drinks and was cutting up a bit. I did pull the fire alarms, but my wife and my buddy had nothing to do with it. They didn't even know I was doing it. There's no reason for my wife or this other fellow to go to jail. Why don't you let me call up the bondsman, and have him go their bond?"

"You can do that if you want."

The bondsman paid my wife's bond, as well as Johnny's. After they were released, I was taken to another interrogation room, where I met my probation officer and three or four detectives. They started questioning me about the lover's lane murder. I told them I knew nothing about it; I had just driven to the scene because, like a lot of other people, I was curious.

"Come on Ed, don't give us that shit. You made it a point to call me on the telephone, and tell me you were over there. You must be guilty of something, or you sure as hell wouldn't have called me. I think you'd better come clean, because buddy, you have a hell of a charge against you. We want to know where the girl is. Is she a hostage someplace, or have you taken her out and killed her?"

"Mr. McQuiggan, I don't know what you're talking about. I am not implicated in any way in this murder. I have never killed anybody, and I don't have any intentions of ever killing anybody."

Overcome by a wave of hysteria, I was gripped by a sudden urge to try and escape on the spot. But I knew I couldn't make a go of it. I was now fully aware of the dangerous situation I was trapped in, and I was almost uncontrollably frightened. I summoned up all my willpower to cool down, determined to get myself out of this unbearable situation.

Mr. McQuiggan continued his harangue. "You're involved in some way, Ed, I just know it. I think you'd better come clean, and start talking to these detectives."

It was apparent that I would be considered guilty until proven innocent. My past record was being used against me, and the police were convinced that they had their man.

For two hours, the detectives shot questions at me, and worked feverishly to confuse me. They weren't successful, but they certainly weren't going to let me go. This sort of thing happens all the time, to guys with records. At least one innocent man had done time for a crime I had committed in the past; I was determined that I wouldn't get sent up for someone else's crime.

When one of the deputies came into the room, I asked:

"Deputy, I have a probation detainer against me. Is there any way I can make bond?"

"You can't make bond unless your probation officer calls and tells us that your probation detainer has been dropped. At that time, we'll let you call the bondsman."

"Do you mean he has to come over to the jail from the other side of town and do all this?"

"No, he doesn't have to come here. All he has to do is pick up that telephone and call us. As soon as he assures us that your probation detainer has been dropped, we'll

let you make bond."

"I see, Okay, thanks."

I went back to my cell, and formulated a plan. Then I wrote a note to my buddy, Johnny, explaining it:

"Johnny, now here is what I want you to do. I want you to study the following note, and memorize it. Then I want you to call up the jail, and ask for the deputy sheriff on lock-up. Once he gets on the telephone, I want you to say: *This is Edward's probation officer, Mr. McQuiggan. How's Edwards doing?* The jailer will probably answer: *Fine. He's doing okay.* Then you say: *O.K. Then you can tell him we have lifted his probation detainer, and if he wants to make bond, it's okay. But tell him he's to be in my office at nine o'clock tomorrow morning.* The jailer will most likely repeat everything you've said. You can then assure him he's got it right. Then you repeat that I'm to be in your office at nine in the morning."

After writing the note, I had to figure out a way of getting it into Johnny's hands. It was about eleven in the morning; visiting hours were still another five hours away. At visiting time, I could pass the note through the screen, but I'd still have to wait until later that evening before any action could be taken. It was, nonetheless, the only thing to do.

I called the jailer.

"Hey jailer, how are chances of letting me telephone my probation officer, to see if I can't have some kind of action taken on my case?"

"Okay, come on out."

I picked up the phone, and made a fictitious call to McQuiggan. I made sure the jailer heard me get McQuig-

gan to promise to call back in a few hours. Then, when the jailer was distracted, I dialed Johnny's number and stressed that he must visit me at four o'clock. I was even able to tell him on the telephone about the note, to put him wise right under the jailer's nose.

The scheme worked beautifully. Half-an-hour after Johnny did his impersonation on the telephone, I was out on bail.

After an agonizing wait in the bondsman's office, Johnny arrived to pick me up. We went directly to my house. On my instructions, my wife Marlene had taken her mother into her confidence about the true and important nature of my work. Marlene's gullibility was an inherited trait. Her mother bought the story, and was delighted to discover that she had such an important son-in-law. We were easily able to enlist her assistance in our noble cause.

When Johnny and I arrived at the house, Marlene had already packed. We loaded our possessions into the car, dropped Johnny off with promises to keep in touch, and headed for my mother-in-law's house. There I gave my mother-in-law 25 checks, and got her to take them around town and cash as many as she could. She returned, a couple of hours later, with all but four of the checks cashed. This gave us a total of $600.

I then had Marlene and her mother follow me in her mother's car until I ditched my car on a side road. Then we proceeded to the airport, where Marlene's mother, still excited at being a participant in a communist-catching operation, bought us two tickets to Seattle.

We were high above the clouds, safe and sound, by

twelve-thirty that night. Once in Seattle, I bought two one-way tickets to Denver, explaining to Marlene that I'd seen some Russian secret agents trailing us, and had to throw them off our track by traveling to my true destination in this roundabout manner. In Denver, I made a couple of fictitious calls to my home office in Washington.

"Marlene, I have new orders," I said after I'd completed the second call. "Washington wants me to go to Louisville, Kentucky. There is a large army base there, and Washington has reason to believe there is a heavy detachment of communist infiltrators in the main mess halls. None of our agents in Louisville have my vast experience, so I have to go down and head up the investigation."

"Oh, sweetheart, I'm so proud of you," she glistened.

"Now Marlene, we'll have to use aliases. Those Russians will be hard to shake, unless we disguise ourselves as well as we possibly can. Let's use our travel time to Louisville to think up some good names. My orders are to travel by Greyhound bus, to further throw the Russians off our track. We'll have a long ride, and we should be able to come up with some dandy names."

"Honey," there was a plaintive note to her voice, "I'll call myself anything you want me to. But please, can we keep it simple? I don't spell too good, and I'd hate to blow our cover by misspelling our names."

Good old Marlene.

Fugitive

We arrived in Louisville, Kentucky, in December of 1960. As Ed and Cynthia Martin, we set up housekeeping in a two-room apartment. I went to work as a delivery man for a bread company, and Marlene, after she'd practiced using her new name a while, found a job at an employment placement service.

First off, I decided to build up some checking credit for myself. I deposited $100 in the bank, then went to various places of business and cashed checks for no more than $5 each. I kept a record of when and where and for what amount I'd cashed each check, so I never returned to the same store more often than every three or four days. I was careful to cash checks at my customers' stores, as well; it gave me a chance to get to know my customers, and since I'd always buy something whenever I cashed my checks, it built up good will.

After a couple of months, I was able to cash personal checks on my route for as much as $75 to $150. I could have built up my credit quicker, but I know the first thing a bad check operator has to guard against is suspicion. I was a fugitive; I had to play it cool.

I had been building up my route for several months, when one morning on my way to work, I slipped on the

ice and broke my ankle. Since that meant an end to my job, I decided to cash in on my patient credit-establishing efforts and move on to another city.

I spent the rest of that day in the hospital, having my leg set. The next morning, I ran through my entire route, cashing checks ranging from $25 to $50. Then I hit them all again, the day after that. If any of my customers mentioned I'd just cashed a check the day before, I laughed it off, saying that I'd lost at cards, or had to buy a tape recorder, or had to pay the hospital bill for my broken ankle.

After I'd run through my route two days in a row, Marlene and I went to several department stores and stocked up on clothes and luggage. If I bought $50 worth of clothes, I'd give the clerk a check for $75, and get the change in cash. I was able to pick up an extra $200 or so in this manner.

On Sunday, the day after we'd picked off the department stores, we hopped the first Greyhound out of Louisville for New York City. While Marlene was snoozing, I struck up a conversation with a dark-haired, slim, and very attractive young woman who happened to be a corporal in the Marines. I told her I was a lieutenant in the corps, stationed at LeJeune, and en route to Norfolk, Virginia. I was really laying it on, when the bus ran into a terrific snowstorm, and had to reroute to Philadelphia.

We were told that if we couldn't get out of Philadelphia until the morning, the bus company would handle the tab for the night's lodging. This announcement woke Marlene up. She noticed I was deep in conversation with the attractive lady Marine, but assumed, of course, that the Marine was a suspected communist and that I was try-

ing to get the goods on her. Marlene joined the conversation.

When it was announced that, indeed, we wouldn't be able to make it out of Philadelphia that night, I explained to Marlene that it would be a good idea if, in a friendly manner, we suggested to the lady Marine that we all stay in the same hotel. The lady Marine thought that was a fine idea, and, at the hotel, took a room one floor below ours. We ordered supper delivered to our room, and invited the girl to join us.

After supper, we played cards for about three hours. Then Marlene announced she was tired, and wanted to go to bed. I told her, with my most conspiratorial look, that I wasn't tired, and that perhaps she would like it if the lady Marine and I moved down to the lady Marine's room to continue our card-playing. That way, I suggested, with more winks and asides, Marlene could sleep undisturbed.

It was fine with Marlene, of course. The lady Marine was floored at Marlene's reaction. She couldn't believe anyone so naive existed.

Downstairs, it took me about 15 minutes to get the lady Marine in the sack. She was one helluva lay. We had sex four times in three hours; then I said I had to split, and made plans to meet her the next day. I had to get out of there, for I ached from all that activity.

When I got back to our room, Marlene was glad to see I'd had my fill of card-playing. She asked if I'd been able to glean any information from this suspected subversive.

"Top secret," I told her. "Highly confidential. I'll let you read my report. What a break it was, getting stuck on a bus with a high communist official!" I beamed, as I

hoisted my sore, aching ass into bed.

The next day, the lady Marine and I had another four-hour rendezvous. I took her name and address, and said I'd get in touch with her when military affairs brought me to her neck of the woods. Then, her leave over, she left for Boston.

Back at the room, I told Marlene I'd been in communication with Washington again, and my orders were to go to Indianapolis. A communist mafia ring was operating there, I said, and I had to go break it up.

The next morning, I went to the airline ticket office and bought two round-trip tickets to California. Just as I'd hoped, the ticket agent failed to note on the tickets that they were paid for by check, so I cashed them in immediately.

I picked up Marlene at the hotel, and we boarded a Greyhound bus to Chicago. In Chicago, I pulled the same heist at O'Hare. I don't know why, other than the excitement it gave me, I risked this con game two days in a row—*and with the same airline.* We didn't need the money—we had about $7,000 left from our Louisville stay, and another $2,000 worth of luggage and clothes.

That evening, we changed our aliases to Charles and Donna Day, and took a bus from Chicago to Indianapolis. We rented a two-room apartment in a private residence. I knew my Louisville checks had bounced by this time, and I'd be easy to spot with the cast on my ankle. So I pried the cast off with a penknife, and hobbled around until the ankle healed.

In Indianapolis, I purchased a Marine uniform and sergeant's stripes, and started impersonating a Marine gunnery sergeant. Every time we appeared at various neighborhood restaurants and taverns, people took one look at

my uniform and fell all over themselves in efforts to pay for our food and drinks.

We received one invitation after another to people's houses for supper. The attention was satisfying and welcome—something I never got my fill of.

Marlene and I became good friends with the couple living next door to us. He was a contractor, and she was a bank teller. We went out together quite frequently. Whenever we were out with them, they insisted on footing the bill for everything. My being a Marine wasn't causing them to do this; they were simply compulsive spenders. Of course, I was very willing to be their guest—as often as they wanted. I was curious as to how they could possibly have so much money; but what the hell, it was none of my affair. I certainly wasn't about to refuse their generosity.

One afternoon, the four of us were walking past a store. My wife commented on a dress in the window.

"Isn't that a beautiful dress? I wonder how much it costs." We went in and looked at the price tag. It was $125.

"Do you really like it, Donna?" our friends inquired.

"Oh, I really do! It's beautiful!"

The woman purchased the dress for my wife on the spot, and never said another word about it.

One night shortly thereafter, when we were making tavern rounds, I struck up an acquaintance with a fellow who was the manager of a neighborhood theater. I told him I was being discharged from the service in a couple of weeks.

"What do you plan on doing then?" he asked.

"Oh, I really haven't given it much thought."

"I could use an assistant manager, if you'd be in-

terested. It really doesn't pay an awful lot; but then, it's a good, clean job and I'd like to have you."

About two days later, I took him up on his offer.

I continued to patronize the tavern for the next two days. Then, for a week, I stayed on the other side of town, hoping that no one would spot me while I was "Away, getting discharged."

When the week was up, I went back to the tavern dressed in civilian clothes. I received a hearty welcome, and people still continued to pay for my food and drinks. Mr. White came in, glad to see me.

"Well Chuck, that's great. Come on down around ten-thirty tomorrow morning, and I'll show you what the set-up is. You can start tomorrow evening."

The next morning, the first thing my kindly employer did was to give me the combination to his safe.

Then Mr. White showed me how the ticket machines operated, and explained his rules and regulations. There were to be no kids making love in the balcony, no running around, no throwing popcorn, no taking drinks to seats.

I rode herd on the patrons, and Mr. White was pleased with my work.

After I'd been on the job for about a month, Mr. White decided to take a week's vacation. He left on a Sunday evening, and the minute he was out the door, I went into action. Instead of taking the day's receipts to the bank and putting them in the night deposit box as I'd been instructed to do, I simply stashed them away in the safe.

I had six-days' worth of receipts put away in the safe two days before Mr. White was due to return.

That evening, I went home and said to Marlene:

"Well, honey, I called Washington today, and they advised me that I'm needed in Houston, Texas."

"Houston! Why plumb across the country?"

"Look, Marlene, you learn in my business not to question orders. There are some subversive communist exchange students there, at the university, and I've got to infiltrate their classes and check them out and set up a counter-espionage system that will deter their efforts. The Russians are about ready to attempt an invasion of Alaska, did you know that?"

Marlene gasped, and turned a shade whiter. "Oh, my God, I have an uncle who went to Alaska!"

"So, Marlene," I responded sternly, "just lay off the questions. Orders are orders. Besides, you'll like Houston. It's a little hot, but it's really a nice city."

"When do we have to go?"

Marlene had been fed up with my working hours for some time now; she liked to party in the evenings, and resented being stuck in our rooms by herself, seven nights a week, while I was at the theater. I suspected she had found someone to keep her company, and wanted time to say goodbye to him. But I wasn't sure.

"First thing tomorrow. On the Greyhound."

She groaned audibly, and went to bed.

I decided I would go back to the theater one more night, so I would have the biggest possible stash to take with us before Mr. White returned. That night, on a break, I dropped in at the drugstore across the street for a cup of coffee, glanced down at a newspaper on a rack just inside the door, and saw a half-page photograph of our friend, the compulsive spender who'd bought Marlene the $125

dress. Huge headlines above the picture announced that she had just been arrested by the FBI for embezzling better than $200,000 from her bank!

I was shaken to the core, knowing that when the FBI is on someone's trail they keep incredibly close tabs on their suspect. We'd spent a great deal of time with this woman. If the FBI was on to me, it would just be a matter of days before I was picked up.

Although I wasn't aware of it at the time, I had been placed on the FBI's list of the "Ten Most Wanted Men." How on earth the FBI could have been trailing our embezzler friend, and not have noticed me, I will never know. But, miracles of miracles, I was still at large.

I went back to the theater, closed up after the last show, stuffed the week's receipts into my coat pockets, rifled all the vending machines for change, picked up Marlene and our luggage, and headed for the bus station. While we were waiting for the bus to Houston, I got a crew cut. That was the best I could do about changing my appearance in so short a time.

In Houston, we took the names Gene and Ricki Starr, rented an apartment about a mile from the main part of town, and bought a 1957 Mercury with some of the $4,500 we'd accumulated in Indianapolis. We took it easy for about a week, bought some housekeeping things and some furniture, and got to know our neighbors. Then, I went to work as a delivery boy for a soda pop company, and Marlene got a job as a secretary at a gas company.

One Saturday morning when I was sleeping, Marlene came in to the bedroom to wake me up and we horsed around a little. At one point when I was grabbing her ass,

I felt something in her back pocket. I asked her, innocently, what it was. She became very defensive, and pulled away from me, saying, "Oh, nothing."

I was immediately suspicious, and told her to hand over whatever was making her pocket bulge.

"It's a letter, isn't it? Hand it over!"

She took a wad of yellow paper out of her pocket, and threw it under the bed, as if that would stop me from going after it.

"Goddamn your little ass, what are you trying to hide from me!"

I crawled under the bed and retrieved the paper. It was a four-page love letter to some man in Indianapolis. My suspicions had been right on target.

> *"Dearest Jim, I really didn't want to leave you, but I had to go with my husband. He says he works for the Criminal Investigating Division of the United States Government, but the more I travel with him and the more I watch him, I'm inclinе to beleav that he really doesnt work for the goverment at all. I think he's out stealing money all the time.*
>
> *Pleas, honey, beleav me, if you read in the papers or somethine that we've done somethine wrong, please, its not me, its him. I haven done anythine wrong."*

The letter went on and on in this tone.

"So you have yourself a lover."

"Yes, I dated him a couple of times. What was I supposed to do when you was working? I saw all those movies at the theater three times apiece. I got sick of those damn movies."

"Dated him, huh? What else have you done?"

"Nothing."

"You're a goddamn liar."

"No, I'm not lying."

"You don't just go out and date a guy and leave it at that. Now are you going to tell me, or do I have to beat it out of you?"

"I'm not lying to you!"

"Well, then, let's just find out."

I jumped out of bed, grabbed her, and threw her onto the bed.

"Now, you little son-of-a-bitch, you're going to tell me about it. First, let me tell you something. Do you know what would have happened if you'd mailed that letter? Your boyfriend would have turned it in to the communists, and they'd know exactly where I am. You don't think this cat picked you up because he thought you were a dish, do you? *He's a damn commie infiltrator!* You don't have the goddamn sense you were born with. Now then, you say you went out with him. Isn't it a fact that you've been letting him ball you?"

"No, I havent."

"You're a goddamn liar." I started slapping her and beating her around, until finally she admitted that she had shacked up with this guy while I was at work. I asked her:

"Haven't I been treating you right? Haven't I been trying to take care of you?"

"Yes."

"Well then, why do you find it necessary to go out and fuck around with other guys?"

"I worked with him and got to know him, and he asked me to go out and eat with him. One thing led to another, and he got his hand under my dress, and then he just screwed me."

"He screwed you, and you liked it, so you continued to let him screw you."

"You might say that."

That did it. I slapped her, knocked her down, kicked her, picked her back up, and knocked her down again. I fattened her lip, bruised her up, and cussed her out violently. I called her a whore, a slut, and a little son-of-a-bitch, and threatened to cut her tits off and flush them down the toilet.

When I calmed down, I was able to talk sensibly. I pointed out that we couldn't write to anyone, including our families, because we didn't want people knowing where we were.

"I'm not running around the country stealing," I said. "I have to deal with a lot of shady characters, and I have to act like them. I do these things because I have to; I'm protected by the government. By doing these things, I can get in with the criminals much easier; they think I'm just as dirty and lowdown and as big a thief as they are."

Immediately contrite, she wept at the thought that she might have jeopardized the security of the country by taking up with this Jim in Indianapolis. Marlene was the easiest person to lie to I'd ever known, and I have known some dumb characters! I found it hard to conceive that

anyone could believe the lies I handed her. The more ludicrous, the better.

I, on the other hand, very seldom believed what was told to me, unless it made a lot of common sense. Today, because of my past, I'm still more suspicious of others than the average person. Today, I just can't tolerate a liar.

Wanted by the FBI

While I was driving the truck for the soda pop company, I used still another con game to build up a bankroll.

In Houston, most every large market kept its empty and full cases of pop bottles by their back door in a screened-in area. Many markets, too, left their back gates open, because there were so many delivery men coming and going during the day. Of course, no one inside the market could see the screened-in back area without going outside.

I would drive up the back alley, and steal 10 or 15 empty cases of bottles, and five or ten full cases. Then I'd ring the bell for the stock-clerk, and he would let me into the store. After going to the front of the store to see how much pop they needed on the shelves, the clerk and I would go into the yard to see how much he needed in back-up stock. Of course, he'd buy back the ten cases I'd just lifted from him, and that was money in my pocket. By doing this in two or three stores a day, on an average of three times a week, I pocketed from $250 to $500 extra per week.

It's a fact—and I don't care what size store it might be—that if a back door stock clerk doesn't know what he's doing and trusts everyone who comes in, that store will

go broke in short order.

I delivered for the soda pop company for about two months, when one day, while I was in a small chain store supermarket, the district manager came up to me and said:

"Hi, Gene. How's it going today?"

"Fine, Paul. How's yourself?"

"Okay. Say, Gene, how do you like driving this truck?"

"Oh, it'll do in a pinch. Better than nothing."

"Have you ever thought of going to work for a supermarket as a manager?"

"Sounds good. What's it pay?"

"Anywhere from $90 to $150 a week, depending on how you do."

"Oh, I don't know. What would I have to do to get the job?"

"Take one of these applications home and fill it out. Bring it to the store or send it to me."

"All right, give me one. I'll take it home and talk it over with my wife. If I'm interested in the job, how long would it be before I could start?"

"You could start immediately. Oh, one thing, the company requires all new employees at managerial levels to take lie-detector tests before they can be hired. I'm sure you wouldn't have any trouble passing one."

"I hardly doubt it," I smiled.

That evening, I filled out the application and called my friend.

"Paul, I'll take the job. Now what do I do about this lie-detector test I'm supposed to take?"

"I'll give you a call sometime around ten in the morn-

ing, and tell you when you can take it."

I told Marlene what I was about to do. She was greatly concerned.

"Christ, honey, you can't do that! You're using an alias! Those communists at the supermarket will find you out and kill you!"

"Marlene," I said, "trust me. I've been well trained. This work is too important to be sacrificed for such a small ordeal."

Paul set up an appointment for me to take the test at two-thirty the next day. When I got to the testing place, I was placed in a chair and strapped with instruments to record my pulse and blood pressure. Then the man who was administering the test said to me:

"Now I have several questions I'm going to ask you. All I want you to do is answer yes or no. Don't give me any other answer. Do you understand that? Are you ready?"

"I think so."

"Okay, Your name is Gene Starr?"

"Yes."

"You are applying for a job to work at the Handy Food Mart?"

"Yes."

"Your wife's name is Ricki Starr?"

"Yes."

"You have one child?"

"Yes."

"Your father's name is Fred?"

"Yes."

"You were in the Marine Corps for ten years?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever stolen anything in your life?"

Giggling slightly, I answered, "Yes."

After the questioning was completed, he turned off the machine and said:

"Now there's one thing I want to get straightened out. I asked you if you had ever stolen anything, and you laughed, and answered yes. Can you tell me about it?"

"Sure. When I was in the service, overseas, I was black-marketeering, just like everybody else."

"Other than this black-marketeering, have you ever stolen anything?"

"Nope, not me. I like my freedom too much."

"I guess we all do. Okay, Gene. That will be all. You can call Paul sometime this evening, or tomorrow, and get the results of your test."

I went back to the house, and filled in my anxious wife on the procedures of the test. The next day, I called Paul and found out I'd passed.

I was mildly surprised. I'd never had much faith in lie-detector tests anyhow, but needless to say, I was now convinced they were useless. I had lied on every damn answer I'd given!

That afternoon, at four o'clock, Paul introduced me to the manager of Store 1.

"You're going to be working with this fellow. He'll show you how to operate the cash register, stock the shelves, lock up the store, set the alarm, and all the things that go along with the business. Now for the first couple of weeks, I'm going to move you through all nine of our stores so you'll get an idea how each one operates. I want you to start out as a roaming assistant manager. If the manager of

Store 4 is off, you'll work there at night. If the manager of Store 1 is off, you'll work there. This way, you'll get acquainted with different types of customers from different parts of town, and get to know the business. After that, we'll put you in a regular store."

I worked at one store for three days before I was transferred to another. Then I was again transferred. This went on for about three weeks; then I was made assistant manager of Store 1.

I saw great potential in being a roaming assistant manager; it gave me easy opportunities to knock down extra money on the side. Each store was set up similarly. Every month, the district manager would take inventory, holding the manager and assistant manager of the store responsible for any discrepancies. As roaming assistant manager, I would not be held accountable for any one store.

It took me about a month to get myself reassigned to this position. Once I'd accomplished the reassignment, I was able to rip off approximately $50 to $100 worth of merchandise every evening. On top of this, I overcharged my customers as I rang up their purchases. This added $15 to $20 to my daily take. I was doing quite well, but I was getting itchy feet, and was anxious to move on.

Up to this time, I'd had two close calls in Houston. My first one came about because I'd made friends with Larry Martin, the area accident investigator for the Houston police. One evening, there was an accident in our neighborhood. Larry came in and had coffee with Marlene and me as he made out his report. As he was leaving, we heard a loud yelp—his car, parked in our driveway, had

been robbed. His camera was missing. In no time at all, two squad cars were in front of our house, dusting Larry's car for fingerprints. While I had been chatting with him earlier, I'd had my hand on the hood of his car. Marlene's prints were on the vehicle as well. I knew the minute they ran those fingerprints through identification we were dead.

I decided we'd have to make a fast getaway. I went up to the corner store to stock up on supplies, and who did I run into but the police officer who'd taken the fingerprints from Larry's car! I decided to act as calmly as possible, and started shooting the shit with him.

We discussed the robbery, and he leaned over to me confidentially and said:

"Don't tell Larry, but we have his camera. We've been trying to teach him to lock his car for a long time, and he refuses to do it. Maybe after he has to fill out all those reports and gets a nice chewing out from the captain, he'll have learned his lesson. Then we'll give him his camera back."

I melted into the linoleum when I heard that one.

"That's a damn dirty trick to pull on somebody!"

The officer agreed, but thought it was pretty funny. Of course, I had to hang around and palaver for about five or ten minutes after that. Then I nonchalantly strolled out to my car with my purchases, saying that Marlene was starved and was waiting for me to bring home the groceries.

My second close call was less complicated. Marlene and I had been drinking in a tavern that was supposed to be closed—it was Sunday. While we were drinking and shooting pool with about five or six other people, two outrageous drunks started to leave the tavern through the

front door. One threw a beer bottle out on the street. Just as he did that, headlights flashed.

I thought: "Now that was a damned stupid thing to do. If those headlights belong to a squad car, everyone in this place will be thrown in the can." I turned to Marlene and said. "Let's get out of here, I have a hunch there's going to be trouble."

We started out the front door. Just as we'd gotten outside, my friend Larry, the accident investigator, and three other cops pulled up in front of the tavern.

"Fancy meeting you here," I laughed.

"Gene, you'd better get the hell out of here. We're raiding this joint."

Everyone in the tavern was hauled down to the station house and fingerprinted. My wife and I strolled home, both of us weak in the knees.

But my third close call was the final straw, as far as sticking around Houston was concerned. About half-an-hour before closing time one night, I was walking along the side of the building of Store 3 with a box of trash I had taken out to empty. It was quite dark, and the area was poorly lit. Just as I got to the back of the store, a gun went off close to my face. The next thing I knew a bullet had ripped through my shirtsleeve. Someone took off, running like hell. I went back inside and pushed the hold-up button. In about a minute, the police arrived, and I told them what had happened. They spread out around the place, looking for my assailant. They asked me for a description of the guy, but all I knew was that he was a black. I hadn't had a good look at him. The police asked if I thought I'd be able to recognize the fellow if I saw him

again, and I told them maybe yes, maybe no.

About an hour later, I closed the store and was getting ready to leave, when the police drove up.

"Gene, how about hopping in with us and coming down to the police station. We have a couple of guys we want you to look at."

I got in the car and went to the station. As I walked in, I saw two terrified men sitting on a bench. The policemen took me to one side, and said:

"Take a good look at both of them. If you think either one of them is the guy who shot at you, let me know."

I stood, facing the men on the bench, and felt myself turn three or four different colors. I wasn't sure my legs would hold up.

"What's wrong, Gene, is one of them the one who shot you?"

"No—no," I stammered. "Neither of these guys looks like the man."

"Well something's wrong. You're as white as a sheet," one of the cops observed.

"I—I'm just nervous. This is the first time this has ever happened to me. I'm a little upset. I'd like to go home."

They took me back to my car and let me go. I got in my car, and waited for my shaking to stop.

Over the bench on which the suspects were sitting, there was a bulletin board full of notices and circulars. Right in the center of the board on the largest sheet, under the headline "TEN MOST WANTED," was my picture!

When my tumult had subsided, I went back into the supermarket, and filled my car with $300 to $400 worth of food. Then I found some blank store checks, and under

many aliases, I wrote about eight of them. I stuck the checks in the cash bag, and drew out the amount each check was written for. That netted me a few hundred more.

I knew that if I didn't show up for work the next morning, it would make me look suspicious. It would take a few days for those checks to bounce. And the missing groceries wouldn't be discovered until inventory time. I was reasonable enough to think that I'd be better off if I stuck around for a few days. But finally I gave in to impulse, and decided to get the hell out of Houston—immediately!

I went home, and told Marlene to pack. I told her I had new orders, to supply food to a band of CID men holed up in Minneapolis, so they could continue a particularly important stake-out without having to leave their posts.

Two hours later, we were on our way to Minneapolis. This time, Marlene, sandwiched in between the groceries, was more than suspicious of my "orders." I was shaking spasmodically, was still in a cold sweat, and not acting at all like an unsung hero.

I was having a hard time adjusting to my newly discovered notoriety. Being on the FBI's "Ten Most Wanted Men" list made me paranoid as hell. I was certain that every person around me was a detective or a cop.

On the other hand, having been a criminal all my life, and having an inordinate need for recognition, I was proud of being acknowledged as a master. My picture was probably plastered on more walls than that of the latest movie star, and I revelled in the satisfaction that I had made it. As a criminal, I was now on top.

Marlene and I arrived in Minneapolis, Minnesota, in December of 1961. We became Dr. and Mrs. Jerry Love.

Joyce and Jerry. It had a nice ring to it. I represented myself as a psychiatrist. We rented a very large multiple dwelling, occupied one large apartment in it, and sublet the rest of the rooms. I stuck our getaway car in a garage, not wanting to abandon it completely.

I had several reasons for posing as a psychiatrist. Mostly, I liked the prestige. Then, of course, doctors weren't bad check risks.

"Doctor" Love could cash a check immediately, just on his title. "Mister" Love would have to wait until his credit was established.

Then, too, I hated psychiatrists. I'd been tested by many of them when I was a child, and had been able to fool them with great ease. I delighted in the thought that I could not only impersonate them so easily, but might even do somebody some good.

My patients would like me, I reasoned. I wouldn't come on with a superior manner. Most psychiatrists I'd known were very impressed with themselves and with their degrees.

I enlisted Marlene to help me establish my new identity. As I said before, by this time she was suspicious of me. But she also knew what a temper I had, and she was terrified of what I might do to her if she didn't go along with my wishes. So she complied with everything I asked her to do.

I would go to a swanky nightclub, say, and arrange for Marlene to call me there about half an hour after I'd arrived. She would say she was the answering service operator, and that it was quite important to have Dr. Love paged to the telephone. I'd then come to the phone, carry

on an impressive one-way conversation with myself, and leave in a great, important rush. After a few of these scenes took place in various public spots, I was firmly established, and treated with respect by the locals. And I was setting up a beaut of a check route.

I spent a great deal of my time, as Dr. Love, checking out the local post offices, for pictures of myself. Whenever I'd find one posted, I'd rip it down and stuff it in my shirt. I saved most of those posters for quite some time.

I was also running around with several women at this time, and enjoying my pose with them to the fullest. They inevitably wanted to be psychoanalyzed, so I concocted a spiel I could hand out to one and all:

"All right," I'd say, "you're the type of girl who's looking for a husband, but you're not anxious to jump into marriage right away. You're looking for a man who will be kind to you, take you out once in a while, treat you with respect, work every day, and put money aside. You are also looking for a man who likes children because you do. I think you'd probably like to have at least two or three kids. You're also a very passionate woman and a very jealous girl."

This, of course, fitted just about every female in creation. When I'd finished, the girl would invariably compliment me:

"Boy, I guess I'd better watch what I'm saying! You hit the nail right on the head. You're really good. You don't act like a psychiatrist."

"Why?"

"Oh, most doctors I know are stuck-up and sophisticated. You're a regular guy."

"Well, I guess that's what makes me a good doctor."

"Boy, Jerry, if I ever need help or know anybody who does, I'll sure recommend you."

Although I never actually had any patients, life was rosy, and I was contented. That is, until one evening just after Christmas. That evening, I was in the neighborhood tavern, shooting pool, and my luck changed drastically. I didn't know it, but it was the beginning of the end.

I had taken a shot and then I turned around to pick up my bottle of beer at the bar. I looked in the mirror and noticed a fellow sitting at the bar who kind of turned away when I looked his way. I wondered, "Is he watching me?" I made it a point to glance in the mirror every time I turned around, and soon concluded that he was, definitely, watching me.

After taking a good look at him, I was also convinced that he was either a detective or an FBI man. He was dressed in the typical nondescript garb of a law enforcement officer who doesn't want to draw attention to himself. But I knew that, even if my suspicions were correct, I was safe for the moment. When these guys made arrests they made them in pairs, and he was alone.

I thought, "Well, if he is an FBI man, I'm going to try to make him show his hand." The toilet in that bar was located in the rear; the telephone was toward the front. I went to the telephone, noticing that he was following me with his eyes. I called Marlene, and said:

"I want you to synchronize your watch with mine. In exactly half an hour, I am going to be at the house and I want you to have everything packed in that half hour that you can possibly pack. And I want you to have a cab

waiting."

"I can't pack all of our stuff in a half-hour!" Marlene whined.

"Shut up! Whatever's not packed in that time, stays."

I went back to the pool table and waited out an agonizing twenty-five minutes, then I walked to the toilet, offering this character a chance to take some action unobserved. Inside the john, I opened the door just enough so that I could peer out. My tail got up, and headed for the telephone.

I had to act quickly. I stepped out of the rest room, made my way to the back door, and scooted down an adjoining alley, skirting some houses and cutting across yards, and, after running in circles for a while, finally went home.

I lived but six houses away from the tavern; but since it was snowing, I had no desire to facilitate my capture by leaving telltale footprints. Crisscrossing my path would complicate things for my pursuer. When I got to the house, I found my wife waiting with all the luggage she could assemble parked in the taxi. We had the driver take us to the Greyhound bus station, where the next bus for Cleveland would depart in 30 minutes. We bought our tickets, and sweated out the half-hour wait. I finally went into the rest room, and trembled every time someone opened the door.

We survived that interminable half-hour, and boarded the bus to Cleveland, breathing thankful sighs of relief.

I later discovered that my hunch had been correct. The man in the bar had, indeed, been an FBI man. Exactly eight minutes after we took off from our house in the

taxi, the FBI converged on it, broke down the door, and confiscated our cat.

Akronite On Priority List Of FBI

Akron Beacon Journal 37
Friday, November 10, 1961

Slippery Edward Wayne Edwards, 28-year-old bandit who was born in Akron, today was added to the FBI's list of 10 most wanted fugitives.

Edwards, described by the FBI as a man with an incredible criminal career and an ego to match," escaped Dec. 10, 1960, from the city jail at Portland, Ore.

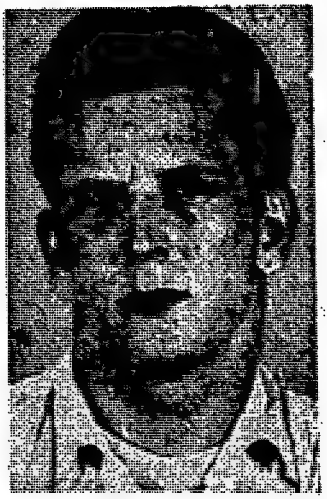
He is wanted on a federal charge of unlawful interstate flight to avoid confinement for robbery and for questioning about a double murder in Portland.

* * *

EDWARDS is still wanted here for breaking jail in April, 1955. Arrested as a burglary suspect he shoved the jailer aside and escaped.

Eleven months later he was picked up in Billings, Mont., after pulling several service station stickups.

Edwards was on probation for armed robbery when Portland authorities arrested him on charges of impersonating a federal officer, firing shots at a resident and turning in false fire alarms. He escaped a day after his arrest.



EDWARD W. EDWARDS

Edwards is about 5 feet 8, stocky build with light brown hair and blue eyes. He has many tattoos, the FBI said, including the words "Jeannette" on his right wrist and "Wayne Edwards" and "Devil Dog" on his upper right arm.

Article in Akron Beacon Journal, Friday, November 10, 1961.

Bank Robbery

It was now January, 1962. We stayed one night in Cleveland. Money was short, but I had no intention of seeking legitimate employment. Akron, my home town, was a mere 35 miles away.

"Hell," I thought to myself, "I'll just go to Akron and rob a bank. Enough of those puny little gas stations. Why not strike where the money is. I'll take my chances"

We took the bus to Akron, and registered at a hotel under the names Mr. and Mrs. Joe Dupuy. The Joe Dupuy's are my aunt and uncle. When I was a child, they burdened me with a great sense of shame about my illegitimacy. They were unbearably cruel to me and I still resent them. So knowing full well that once I'd pulled off my robbery, the authorities would discover our alias, I looked forward to the embarrassment my aunt and uncle would suffer being questioned and even implicated It was a retaliation I felt they deserved.

The next day, I had Marlene go over to the Railway Express office and ship most of our belongings to Atlanta, Georgia. I didn't want to be bothered with having to go back to the hotel and pick them up after I'd pulled off my robbery. I knew I'd be in a big sweat to get out of town.

Then I scouted around town for a likely bank. We

didn't have a car, so I couldn't stray too far from our hotel. This made me very uncomfortable because I knew that if I continued to walk the streets, sooner or later someone was bound to recognize me. I decided not to push my luck too far, so I went back to the hotel and had all our meals sent up for the rest of the day.

The following morning, my wife and I went to a used car lot, and conned the proprietor into letting us take a car for a test run. Now that we had transportation, I began scouting again. I decided to look for small branch banks outside the downtown area, to lessen my chances of having to deal with a huge convergence of cops seconds after I'd made my getaway.

About five miles out of town, I spotted a shopping center with a beautiful new branch of the First National Bank sitting right in the middle of it. The place looked ideal. I put on a black topcoat and a black hat, took Marlene's eyebrow pencil, and pencilled in my recently grown mustache to make it look bushier, then gave myself a nice dark mole on my left cheek.

I parked the car about five doors away from the bank, and left Marlene in the car with instructions to keep the motor running. I stuck my .32 in my belt under my topcoat, and walked into the bank.

It was two twenty-five. The bank closed at two-thirty. I had five minutes. There were four or five customers inside the bank, and I tried to blend in with them as inconspicuously as possible. I decided to wait until the bank had been cleared of customers, so that no lives would be jeopardized. I pretended to be filling out a deposit slip, watching everything out of the corner of my eye. Two customers

would depart; then two more would come in. I began to think the bank would never clear, and my courage began to wane. I felt as if I were being cut in two, right across the chest, by a huge chain. I started breathing in gasps, and sweating profusely. I must have been conspicuous as hell, standing there, dripping sweat, feeling like I was being squeezed to death.

Finally, there were only two people left in the bank; it was now or never. I walked over to the nearest teller, slid my hand inside my topcoat, pulled out my gun, and pointed it at her, in such a way so that she was the only person who could see it. Then I took out a folded paper bag I'd stuffed in my pocket, handed it to the shocked teller, and said:

"Take this paper bag, lady, and put every bit of money you have in it. Don't reach for an alarm! If you don't do as I say, I'm going to shoot you. I'm wanted all over the country as it is, and I have nothing to lose. So do just as I say."

"You want the ones, also?"

"I want every damn dollar bill you have in there. You can skip the change. Come on, hurry it up!"

"I'm going just as fast as I can."

"Well, go a little bit faster! Move, damn it!"

Although she was rather clumsy, she was calm and collected. This was a great relief. She put all of the money into the bag, and handed it to me.

"All right, now, you just step back about five feet and stay there until I'm outside of this door. Go ahead, step back!"

After she'd done as directed, I turned and walked

toward the door. As I reached to open the door, a man who was coming in politely held it open for me. I found out later that he was the bank's vice-president. I tore down the street to the car, and we took off. Approximately two miles from the bank, we ditched the car, and my topcoat and hat, on a residential street. Then we walked to the nearest drugstore, where we called a cab to take us to the hotel. Back at the hotel, we stuffed the bills into a suitcase, grabbed our belongings, left by a side door, and hailed another cab to the Greyhound station. We immediately boarded a bus for Cleveland.

I had picked up a transistor radio some days before, and I started listening to news broadcasts of my exploit while we were traveling out of town. About 15 miles out of Akron, the newscaster announced that our getaway car had been found.

I told Marlene we were going to get off the bus at Brecksville, the next town. It was the only thing to do. In no time at all, the cops would have us tracked to the drugstore, then back to the hotel. Inside of half an hour, the cops would know we were on a bus headed for Cleveland.

Brecksville boasted two cabs, both of them unmarked, and neither of them equipped with telephones or two-way radios. This was a lucky break. I went over to a fellow who looked like he might be one of the cab drivers, and asked him to take us to Cleveland. This bum charged me $10 for the ride, but I had no choice but to pay him. I wasn't exactly in a bargaining position.

We checked into the Ambassador in Cleveland, and paid for our room. Then we ran out the rear entrance of the hotel, and hopped a cab to the train station. At the

train station, I telephoned the airport and made reservations on the 5:20 to New York. That was half an hour away. A cab driver got us there in 10 minutes. At 5:24 we were high in the sky on our way to New York.

We landed at Newark around 7:30 that evening, and took a cab into town, getting off at the Greyhound bus station. From there, we walked to the Penn Central Railroad station and bought tickets to Atlanta.

We were just about home free. I was exhausted, and I fell dead asleep seconds after our train pulled out of Penn Station. Marlene couldn't sleep when she was tense, so she sort of sat there and chewed her fingernails for a while, hoping the motion of the train would calm her down.

I had been snoring away for some time, when Marlene nudged me awake.

"Honey, don't act surprised or anything, but see that sailor sitting right in front of us? Take a look at what he's reading."

I looked over the sailor's shoulder to find a copy of *True Detective* in his lap, opened to a full-page picture of me, and an article about my career. I kept my cool, got up from my seat, found the conductor, and bribed him $40 to let us occupy a private room in the Pullman car, where we stayed holed up until the end of the journey.

In Atlanta, we set up housekeeping in a two-room apartment, as Mr. and Mrs. Rose, and bought a 1958 pink Cadillac that had formerly belonged to a police sergeant's wife. I didn't know this at the time I purchased the car. The police sergeant's wife had been quite well-known around town, and we couldn't drive a block in that damn

car without somebody stopping and waving to us. I sure as hell could have done without that.

EDWARD WAYNE EDWARDS. ***Charge: Unlawful flight (Robbery-jail break).*** **T.D.** ***Reward:*** **$100. Age, 28; height, 5'8" to 5'9½"; weight, 160 to 170; eyes, blue.** ***If located, notify J. Edgar Hoover, Director, FBI, Washington 25, D.C.***

EDWARD WAYNE EDWARDS was added to the FBI's list of "Ten Most Wanted Fugitives" on November 10, 1961. This fugitive, with an incredible criminal career and an ego to match, is now being sought for his cunning escape from the city jail at Portland, Oregon, on December 10, 1960, where he was doing time for robbery.

Edwards is reportedly mentally unbalanced, and is noted for his suicidal tendencies. He gets around very fast, and steals automobiles one after another to facilitate his interstate travels.

Restless Edwards could well be spotted through his fondness for tattoos. The name "Jeanette" is tattooed on his right wrist, and on the upper right arm, his name, "Wayne Edwards," and also "U.S.M.C." and "Devil Dog." He has scars on the right side of his forehead, on his right thumb, back of the left hand and inner side of the left wrist. His complexion is ruddy.

Edwards has done excellent work as a paint-sprayer, and has also worked as a salesman, bricklayer, woodworker, stock clerk and carpenter.

In view of his carrying of firearms, his skill in effecting escapes, and his suicidal tendencies, Edwards is considered a "go-for-broke" fugitive who will shoot it out. Approach this man with caution.

From TRUE DETECTIVE MAGAZINE *of January, 1962.*

Holdup Suspect Flees On Train With Wife

The search for suspected bank robber Edward Wayne Edwards, 28, Akron native reported to be a near genius with an IQ of 132, broadened today as he and his wife, Marlene, 27, fled eastward from Cleveland.

Federal warrants charging the pair with bank robbery were filed Thursday.

The FBI says Edwards is the man who took $7,707 at gunpoint from the Arlington Plaza branch of First National Bank Tuesday.

MRS. MARLENE EDWARDS ...also charged

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THE FBI said the pair had been traced to Cleveland, which they reached by bus and taxi, and from there they took a train to a spot "east of Cleveland."

The FBI, in labeling Edwards a near genius, also said he is "known for suicidal tendencies" and is "extremely dangerous."

In Minneapolis, Minn., detectives said Edwards lived there from Nov. 22, 1961, until last Sunday. He went by the name of "Dr. Jerry Love."

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EDWARDS escaped from a Portland, Ore., jail on Dec. 10, 1960, after being arrested there on charges of impersonating a federal officer, firing shots at a resident, and turning in a false fire alarm.

His escape was ingenious. A day after his arrest in Portland, a mysterious caller telephoned the jail, identified himself as a probation officer and authorized Edwards' release.

Gunman Gets $4,000 To $5,000

A gunman, mustached and well-dressed, held up the Arlington Plaza branch of the First National Bank about 2:20 this afternoon and escaped with an estimated $4,000 to $5,000.

The man, about 40 and wearing a black overcoat, walked into the branch bank just 10 minutes before closing time.

* * *

HARDLY noticed by customers and employes in the bank, he approached the first teller's cage occupied by Miss Jean Swiney.

"He held the gun and told me to give him the money," Miss Swiney told police. "He put the money into a paper bag and walked out."

On the way out, the bandit bumped into the manager of the branch, Harry Wright, who was returning from an errand.

"He looked like any other customer to me at this stage," Wright said. "At this point nobody knew a holdup had taken place."

* * *

MISS SWINEY then alerted the rest of the bank and police were called. She said she did not know what kind of gun the man was carrying.

The holdup man got into a 1956 or 1957 blue and white, two door Oldsmobile and drove north on Arlington st. Police immediately began hunting the car. A witness saw the getaway car and told police the man got into another car at Dietz and Cole av. with "five or six other men" about a mile from the bank.

The first car then was recovered. The holdup man's overcoat and car keys were found in it. It is believed the car was stolen.

While the exact amount has not been determined, a bank official estimated the loss. The bandit did not approach any other teller's cage.

Articles from the Akron Beacon Journal, January 16 and 19, 1962.

Edward W. Edwards

Identify Bank Bandit As Ex-Falls Man

Witnesses today identified the bandit who took $7,70 from a First National Bank branch here Tuesday as slipper Edward Wayne Edwards 28, one of the FBI's 10 most wanto fugitives and a former Cuyahoga Falls resident.

The search for Edwards and a blonde believed to be his wife, Marlene, continued to center in Cleveland.

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AKRON Det. Capt. Carroll Cutright said Edwards has been identified by witnesses at the Portage Hotel, where the holdup man checked in and out with a woman; at the bank; by a cab driver who took the holdup man to a used car agency, and by a salesman at the agency.

The holdup man used a "demonstrator" car for the bank job, then abandoned it at Dietz and Cole avs.

Edwards, described by the FBI as a man with an incredible criminal career and an ego to match, escaped Dec. 10, 1960, from the Portland Ore., jail.

Even before Tuesday's hold up here, he was wanted on Federal charge of unlawful interstate flight to avoid confinement for robbery and for questioning about a double murder in Portland.

• • •

CUTRIGHT said an armed robbery warrant against Ed

See **IDENTIFY**, Page 2

EDWARD W. EDWARDS
...on FBI's list

This article appeared in the Akron Beacon Journal on Thursday, January 18, 1962.

wards would be filed today by Akron police and another unlawful flight warrant by the FBI, which has entered the case.

Edwards still is wanted in Akron for breaking jail in 1955. Arrested as a burglary suspect, he shoved his jailer aside and escaped, pursued by a bondsman and then Police Prosecutor Paul Lombardi. But Edwards melted into a crowd at the Palace Theater arcade.

Eleven months later he was picked up in Billings, Mont., after several service station stickups.

• • •

EDWARDS was on probation for armed robbery when Portland authorities arrested him on charges of impersonating a Federal officer, firing shots at a resident and turning in false fire alarms. He escaped a day after his arrest.

He is about 5 feet 8, stocky build with light brown hair and blue eyes. He has many tattoos, the FBI said, including the words, "Jeannette," on his right wrist and "Wayne Edwards" and "Devil Dog" on his upper right arm.

This description matches that given by witnesses to the First National Bank robbery and by the car lot salesman, police said.

The mustache described on the holdup man, police said, may just have been a heavy growth of beard, according to conflicting stories of witnesses.

• • •

EDWARDS' marital and romantic life has been as stormy as his criminal career. Police said he told two weird tales of events that led to his coming to Akron from Florida in 1955.

One story was that Edwards married a Texas girl last Feb. 1, deserted her the same night and left with a new car his father-in-law had given him.

The second account was that Edwards and his bride went to Jacksonville, Fla., and Edwards left her there.

He went to work for a detective agency in Jacksonville, "snooping around on divorce cases and things like that," police said.

He left the detective agency with some of its funds and a camera given him for his work. This led to an escapade with a girl, 18, the mother of a 3-year-old and the wife of a man 71.

• • •

IT WAS this girl with whom Edwards was arrested here in 1955. Police said he brought her to Akron "because she had never seen snow."

The girl was returned to Jacksonville with the help of a social agency.

Police said Edwards' last marriage was last year in Portland.

Following the holdup in which the bandit told the teller, "I'm wanted all over the country so I'd as soon kill you as not," the holdup man and a woman were seen taking a bus for Cleveland.

At Brecksville, police learned, the couple got out at Rts. 21 and 82 and took a cab to Cleveland, leaving it at E. Twenty-second st. and Euclid av.

Capture

One morning, two days after our arrival in Atlanta, I was listening to the morning news on my radio and heard a bulletin. The Railway Express agent in Akron had recognized a picture of my wife in the Akron paper, and had called the police to tell them that my wife had shipped our things to Atlanta the day before I robbed the bank. Had we picked up our stuff the day we got to Atlanta, we'd have walked right into the arms of the cops.

The robbery had netted me some $7,700. We went out that afternoon and spent a couple of thousand dollars on clothes, and on appliances for the apartment. I had a feeling my days were numbered, and I figured we might as well enjoy the money fast.

Early in the morning of our 11th day in Atlanta, there was a loud knocking on our door. I was furious. I despise being awakened early in the morning.

"Yeah! Who is it?"

"Mr. Rose?"

"Yeah, what do you want."

"This is the landlord."

I had purposely told the landlord I would pay him our rent in installments. I didn't want him to get the idea we were flush. I guessed he'd seen all the purchases we had

made being delivered, and he wanted to beat out the credit bureaus and collect from us first. But shit, at eight o'clock in the morning!

"Just a second," I growled, "wait until I put some clothes on."

I started to pull on my pants, when all of a sudden, suspicion engulfed me.

I went to the door carefully, intending to open it just a crack. I'd no more than clicked the latch, when two burly gents slammed in the door, shoved me up against the wall, and dragged a terrified Marlene out of bed.

"All right, Edwards, it looks like the game's up."

"Edwards? What are you talking about?"

"You know what we're talking about!"

"I'm not Edwards! My name is Bill Rose."

"Yeah, your name's Bill Rose like mine is Mickey Mouse! Let me see your arm, right up there where your tattoos are. Now then, you, Mrs. Edwards, open your mouth and let's see your bad teeth. Okay, just stand right over there. Where's your gun, Edwards?"

"I don't have a gun," I responded indignantly.

At that instant, the agent turned around and saw our dresser bedecked with ten bullets.

"What are these, peas? Where's the gun, Edwards?"

"It's in the car."

One of the agents went out to check.

"All right! Where's all the money?"

"I don't have any money," I protested, as the other agent unlocked my suitcase and pulled out the $3,600 that was left from the bank job. Nestled among the bills was one of the "Ten Most Wanted" posters I had snatched from

the post office.

Immediately, I dropped my charade.

After I copped out, we all sort of relaxed. The agents confessed that I'd been an extremely frustrating case. They'd missed me by eight minutes in the bar in Minneapolis, and had completely lost our trail at the Ambassador Hotel in Cleveland; but they had gotten a great break. A drunk telephoned the local Atlanta police one night, saying that a character who fit my description had been throwing money all over the place buying everybody drinks in downtown Atlanta. That put them on the right track.

"All right, Ed," the first agent smiled, "let's go. Tell me what you want to wear, and we'll search it down."

I selected a blue suit, matching tie, white shirt, and black shoes.

"Any particular reason you picked those shoes, Ed?"

"Yeah. The color."

"Well, if the color is all that's important, one pair is as good as another." He then threw me a pair of black shoes he'd pulled out of the closet, putting the shoes I had wanted in a pile of other clothing in a corner of the room. They were afraid I'd hidden a hacksaw in those black shoes, and they were right. I had taken that precaution some days ago against just this occasion.

After they'd given Marlene and me time to dress, the agents said, "Okay, Ed. You can leave this place in one of two ways: We can carry you out dead or you can walk out with us. Which way is it going to be?"

"I'll walk," I said. I certainly had no intention of being stretchered out.

We were escorted out. It seemed as if every cop in Atlanta was in front of the house. Everywhere I looked, I saw squad cars. There were at least 16 rifles pointed directly at us. The street was ringed with a crowd of gaping onlookers. We were some celebrities, poor terrified Marlene and me.

We were taken to jail in a squad car, fingerprinted, and transported to the Federal Building by the FBI. Once in the Federal Building, we were put in separate rooms for interrogation. Four FBI men started belaboring me with questions. Just out of habit, I maintained my innocence for about 15 minutes, but in the face of the overwhelming evidence, I didn't want to look like a complete fool, so I finally came clean with the whole story—the bank robbery, the jail break, everything. At this point, there was no possible benefit in denial.

After I'd told the agents my story, one fellow said to me:

"Edwards, I'm curious about something. Why in hell did you come back to rob a bank in your own home town, where there's already a warrant out against you for jailbreak?"

I stopped to think about that one for a moment. I had come to Akron on impulse. On the surface, it seemed like a dumb thing to do. But there had to be more to it than that. The agent was right.

"Well," I began, "first off, I figured I'd probably be captured when I pulled a bank robbery, and I wanted to have a chance of being sent to prison near home, so my grandmother could come and visit me more easily. Too, I was quite proud of being on the "Ten Most Wanted Men" list, and I wanted to show my home town I had enough guts to come back and pull a job in broad daylight. And I

think probably I wanted to embarrass a few of my mean relatives who were so unfeeling towards me when I was a kid."

That about summed it up.

The agents pumped me a little bit longer, trying to get me to finger my innocent friend, Johnny, who'd made the call impersonating my parole officer. Of course, I steadfastly maintained I knew nothing about Johnny.

Then I was put through a pelvic hair test. Specimens of hair were taken from around my testicles, and other specimens were taken from my head. When the analyses had been made, I was exonerated of any connection with the Portland lover's lane murder and rape.

Around ten o'clock, after hamburgers and cigarettes had been sent for, the agents brought Marlene in. Marlene begged me:

"Ed, please tell them what you told me about the nature of your work, please tell them I don't know anything about any crimes you've committed."

I turned to the agents.

"My wife thinks I am an investigator for the Criminal Investigating Division of the United States Government. That's what I told her when we were married, and that's what she's believed, all along."

"You mean to tell me that this woman thinks you held up people, wrote bad checks, embezzled money and food, changed your name, ran off with stolen cars, and robbed a bank because you work for the government?"

"Yes, that's true."

"That's bullshit, and you know it."

"Well, it's the truth, no matter what you say, or how

stupid it sounds. She *is* kind of naive."

The officer flushed, and shook his head in amazement. "Naive isn't the word. Anybody who would go for a line like that must have rocks in his head! Mrs. Edwards, how in the hell could you possibly believe anything like that? Don't you ever read the newspapers? Don't you have any common sense? You did finish high school, didn't you?"

"Yes." Marlene was offended and began to weep. She had enough sense to know that her chances of going free were non-existent if her story was not believed. But if the agents *did* believe her story, it was tantamount to saying to the world that she was the dumbest broad in the history of creation. Poor Marlene! No matter what happened, she'd lose.

"A third-grader would know this guy was lying." The agent still hadn't let go.

Sniffling, Marlene sobbed out a weak explanation. "He was pretty convincing in the way he sold me."

"Well, he must have been; that's all I can say."

After she was returned to her room, my interrogation continued. More fingerprints and a variety of photographs were taken, and it was about two o'clock in the morning when they finally stopped questioning us.

We were then taken before the U.S. Commissioner who set my bond at $100,000 and my wife's at $50,000. Then we were put in the county jail to await extradition back to Ohio.

In the county jail, I told a fellow inmate, who was an orderly, that I had a nice watch and ring I'd be happy to trade for a hacksaw blade. He agreed to the trade, and later that night I had the blade.

"There's one other thing I want," I told him.

Surprised In Atlanta With Wife

Being Brought To Cleveland

By LEE BERTON

Hours and days of hard police work — plus a tip from a telephone caller who sounded drunk — resulted in the capture Saturday of Edward Wayne Edwards, wanted here for bank robbery.

Edwards, 28, and his 19-year-old wife, Marlene, were arrested in an Atlanta, Ga., apartment they had rented Friday.

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WANTED for last Tuesday's $7,707 holdup of the First National Bank's Arlington Plaza branch, the couple had been the object of an intense FBI search.

Edwards had been on the FBI's list of 10 most wanted criminals since November. He was wanted in Portland, Ore., too.

According to the FBI, Edwards admitted the Akron bank stickup. His wife was named by authorities as driver of the getaway car.

He and his wife had about $3,600 of the loot with them when arrested — having spent considerable on clothes and a 1958 Cadillac. Atlanta police found a .32 caliber automatic in the car.

EDWARD W. EDWARDS
...living it up

MARLENE EDWARDS
...drove escape car

The Edwardses appeared before a U. S. Commissioner and heard bond set at $50,000 each. They signed waivers of jurisdiction and will be returned to Cleveland to face the bank robbery charges in Federal Court.

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"IT'S FUNNY," Edwards told an Atlanta detective, L. N. Bradley, "but this is the first time in four months I haven't had my gun on me — and you surprise me."

Edwards and his wife were asleep when Bradley and another detective knocked at the apartment. They forced their way in when Mrs. Edwards answered the door.

The couple offered no resistance.

Edwards asked Bradley, "How did you do it?"

Bradley's answer, he related by phone to the Beacon Journal, was, "A tipster."

BUT THAT is a gross understatement at best. The tracking of the Edwardses was a matter of hard-nosed police work.

The digging started right after the holdup here.

Akron police found, abandoned, the car used in the holdup and traced it to the Van Devere Oldsmobile agency, 225 E. Exchange st. Employes there said a couple had asked to take the car out for a trial drive.

The couple had gone to the auto agency by cab — and that is where police got their first break.

A check of cab drivers turned up one who remembered driving a young couple from the Portage Hotel to the agency. At the hotel, police found the two had checked out shortly after the holdup.

More checking showed they had gone by bus to Brecks-

From the Akron Beacon Journal, January 21, 1962.

ville, then by cab to downtown Cleveland.

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THE TRAIL blurred then. Cleveland police are sure the two headed east from that city by train. The FBI is sure the two went by bus to Youngstown, by train to Pittsburgh, then back to Akron (of all places) by bus.

The FBI said the couple stayed aboard the bus during a short layover here, then continued to Columbus and Cincinnati.

Edwards has a third version. "We flew from Cleveland," he told Atlanta authorities.

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THE MANNER in which the Edwardses went South isn't important. The fact that authorities knew — or were quite sure — the couple would end up in that city was a key.

That stemmed from checking Mrs. Edwards' activities here. One tip led to the REA Express office (formerly Railway Express) at 130 E. Mill st.

Employes recalled her as "Mrs. Marvin Ostman," who had shipped four suitcases and a footlocker to Atlanta, addressed to "Marvin Ostman, will call."

FBI agents at Atlanta were tipped off. They were ready to grab whoever claimed the luggage, but the Edwardses were caught before they tried to claim the shipment.

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BRADLEY related:

"The FBI told us the couple was in town, learning this from Akron police. We had an ambush waiting at the express office, but the shipment didn't arrive until late Friday.

"At 3 a. m. Saturday I was roused from bed by a drunk calling on the telephone. He — I still don't know who he is — told me about some guy who was spending money like mad, had just bought a 1958 Cadillac, but lived in a cheap apartment on Vedado Way in Northeast Atlanta.

"I went back to sleep and went to Vedado Way, which is only six blocks long, in the morning (Saturday). Near 802 Vedado Way I spotted the Cadillac.

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"IMAGINE my surprise when I saw it had belonged to an Atlanta police sergeant. I recognized the car immediately," Bradley said.

"After checking the registration in the office, I found the car was registered to the sergeant's wife.

"The sergeant told me he had traded the car in at an agency on W. Peach st. — a mile and a half from Vedado Way.

"The salesman who sold the car told me the buyer identified himself as "James Rose." Back to Vedado Way. By this time it was 10 o'clock. I picked up my partner.

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"BY CHECKING houses near where the Cadillac was parked I finally got a resident at 802 Vedado Way, under Edwards' apartment, to identify Edwards from an FBI flyer.

"Sure enough, it was 'James Rose.'" He and a woman had checked in Friday.

"I knocked on Rose's door. A woman wearing a gown and robe answered. 'Who do you want?' she asked.

"I said, 'James Rose.' Then Edwards came to the door in his shorts. He opened the door a crack. We raised our weapons—a sawed-off shotgun and pistol—and forced our way in.

• • •

"MY NAME is Rose,' Edwards insisted. Then I showed him the flyer (the FBI's circular on Edwards being wanted) and he admitted who he was and showed me the money in a suitcase on a chair," Bradley said.

"Edwards said he spent $2,359 for the Cadillac and $1,200 for clothes. 'We've been living it up.'

"We also found a .32 caliber automatic over the sun visor of the Cadillac. Edwards said he had had it for some time."

• • •

EDWARDS has been in trouble with the law since 1951, when he stole a car while serving in the Marine Corps.

A former Cuyahoga Falls resident, Edwards was arrested here in 1955 as a burglary suspect. He broke loose from authorities and escaped in a downtown crowd.

The next year he was sentenced to 10 years in Montana State Penitentiary for a hold up. He was paroled in 1959.

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HE WENT to Portland and was arrested there last April for impersonating a Federal officer, turning in false fire alarms and firing a gun.

He was in jail until a call came from a man who said he was Edwards' parole officer. The caller authorized Edwards' release—and Portland authorities cooperated.

The call was a ruse. Edwards disappeared and last November "earned" a spot on the FBI's "most wanted" list.

(AX2) ATLANTA, Jan. 20 -- MOST WANTED IS FOUND -- Edward Wayne Edwards, 28, and his wife, Marlene, 19, pose before a bulletin board in the Atlanta FBI office that holds a picture of him as one of the nation's 10 most wanted men. The couple were arrested in connection with a $7,000 bank robbery in Akron, Ohio. Edwards is also wanted in Portland, Ore., where he escaped from jail last April. (AP Wirephoto) [illegible]

Police Grab Fugitive In Atlanta

Wife Also In Custody

The shipment of four suitcases and a footlocker by express from Akron to Atlanta, Ga., proved the undoing of Akron bank robbery suspect Edward Wayne Edwards, 28. He and his wife were captured today.

The FBI said Edwards and his wife, Marlene, 19, had just moved into the apartment where they were arrested. Edwards admitted he took $7,707 from the First National Bank's Arlington Plaza branch here last Tuesday, the FBI said.

Atlanta police arrested the pair for the FBI. They offered no resistance, the FBI said.

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AKRON Det. Capt. Carroll Cutright said the pair was traced to Atlanta because Mrs. Edwards had shipped the four suitcases and the footlocker to Atlanta under the name of Mrs. Marvin Ostman.

The shipment was labeled to Marvin Ostman "will call," Atlanta, Ga. Cutright said Akron police traced the shipment by means of express company routing slips and by having express employes identify pictures of Mrs. Edwards.

The FBI said the Edwardses had a 1958 Cadillac and $3,000 with them. The pair did not disclose what happened to the rest of the bank loot, the FBI said.

Article from the Akron Beacon Journal, January 20, 1962.

Associated Press Wirephoto, January 20, 1962.

New Charge For Edwards

Edward Wayne Edwards, confessed Akron bank robber and escape artist, was charged with attempted jail break Friday by the FBI in Cleveland.

The 28-year-old Edwards master-minded a plot to escape from Cuyahoga County Jail Wednesday. He smuggled a saw into the jail in his shoe. The charge was placed against him in an appearance before U. S. Commissioner Herbert Horn.

Edwards was arrested in Atlanta and charged with the $7,707 holdup of the First National Bank's Arlington Plaza branch Jan. 17. His wife, Marlene, was with him on the holdup here and is being held as an accomplice.

Return Bandit To Cleveland

Bank-robber Edward Wayne Edwards and his wife Marlene will be brought to Cleveland this week. FBI officials told Akron Det. Capt. Carroll Cutright today. The two are still in Atlanta, Ga., where they were captured last weekend.

Edwards has admitted last Tuesday's $7,077 robbery of the First National Bank's Arlington Plaza branch.

Cutright said if the FBI does not press charges against Mrs. Edwards, local law enforcement officers will prosecute.

Articles from the Akron Beacon Journal.

Edwards' Jail Jump Foiled In Cuyahoga

Edward Wayne Edwards, confessed Akron bank robber, was well on his way to a third escape from custody when deputies caught up with him in Cuyahoga County Jail.

The 28-year-old escape artist today admitted he masterminded the escape plot foiled Monday.

Cuyahoga Sheriff Joseph M. Sweeney told Tuesday how deputies found 14 bed sheets knotted together to form an escape chain and a 4½-inch saw blade in a fifth floor cell block.

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TODAY, Edwards told FBI agents and deputies he purchased the saw blade from another prisoner in Atlanta, Ga., while he was awaiting transfer to Cuyahoga.

Edwards was arrested in Atlanta for the $7,707 holdup Jan. 17 of First National Bank's Arlington Plaza branch.

He said he put the blade in the inner lining of his right shoe.

Edwards began sawing on the bars Saturday night. Within 24 hours, authorities said, every prisoner in the block knew of his pending attempt to escape.

Acting on a tip, deputies searched Monday night and found the saw and knotted sheets.

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DEPUTIES said at least six other men are implicated in the plot.

Besides Federal Grand Jury action on the bank robbery, Edwards now faces Federal prosecution on the attempted escape. His wife, Marlene, 19, is being held as an accomplice in the robbery.

Edwards escaped from Portland, Ore., authorities on Dec. 10, 1960. In 1955, he escaped from custody at Akron police station.

"What's that?"

"Get me a toothbrush container and some glue like they use for model airplanes."

"I think that can be arranged."

About 10 or 15 minutes later, he smuggled me the toothbrush container and the glue which he had found in the jail hobby shop. After breaking the hacksaw blade in half, I slid both halves into the toothbrush container and glued the top on. I rubbed the edges of the container to a smooth seam on the cement floor, being careful to leave no sharp edges. Then I stuck the whole shebang up my rectum.

For two or three days, I was quite uncomfortable, but once I adjusted to the contraband I felt no discomfort.

About ten days passed before our extradition papers were in the hands of the Georgia authorities. Once all the paper work was complete, two federal marshals escorted me, along with two other prisoners, into a waiting car for our journey to Ohio. A few days later, my wife also left, accompanied by a U.S. Marshal and his wife.

On the way to Ohio, we laid over in the Lexington, Kentucky county jail. The jail impressed me as a good place from which to escape, so I retrieved the hacksaw blades, and with the help of three other prisoners, proceeded to saw the bars. This was undoubtedly the hardest goddamn steel in the country! We sawed feverishly for two hours, and didn't penetrate the bars even a 16th of an inch. I told them to hell with it!

I somehow sensed that there was a stool pigeon in the crowd, so I decided to insert the blade inside my necktie and transfer it later.

I was a jail celebrity. Everyone in the place knew I was one of the "top ten." Anyone who got the chance to squeal on me could probably expect some leniency from the authorities. I didn't intend to give anybody that chance. Later that evening when the cell doors were locked, I extracted the blade from its hiding place in my tie, replaced it in the toothbrush holder, and re-inserted it in its original hiding place.

The following day, we were on our way to Cleveland, with a stop at the Chillicothe Federal Reformatory to drop off one of the prisoners. As we drove up to the front gate, the guard in the tower sent a message down to the marshals who were escorting us. I knew the message concerned my abortive escape.

The two marshals put their heads together, obviously discussing their new information. Then the marshals shook me down completely, missing nothing—or so they thought.

Believing that they were really making me sweat it out, one of the marshals smugly ordered: "Let me see your tie."

Of course, he didn't find a thing.

Our journey over, we arrived at Cleveland's county jail. We were scrutinized by an electric eye to search out any hidden metal. I was told to remove my belt buckle which seemed to be the only metal I had on me. I was hoping the detector wouldn't pick up the hacksaw blade in my insides, and it didn't. But the prison officials were still positive that I possessed an escape tool, and they were determined to find it. Once more they searched me from head to foot, but when that search proved fruitless, they concluded that I had ditched the blade en route.

Now that the cops assumed that I had thrown the

blade away, I was able to keep it in a handier place. So I hollowed out a portion of my shoe, and deposited the blade neatly inside.

I was fingerprinted and put on the sixth floor of the county jail. The following day, the FBI came to take me to the Federal Marshal's office, where they fingerprinted me again and questioned me about the bank robbery. They also questioned me about other crimes, some of which I hadn't committed. When you have been running around the country committing all types of crimes and the authorities catch you, they question you about all their unsolved crimes in the hope of clearing the books of some hard cases.

Once I'd been returned to the county jail, I decided I wouldn't waste any more time. Hacksaw blade in hand, I started cutting out of the place. With the help of other inmates equally anxious to be free, I cut through quite a lot of steel. By bedtime, we had severed my cell door bars and one bullpen bar. As each piece of steel gave in to my blade, the smell of freedom became stronger.

The next day, I was taken back to the federal marshal's office, and permitted to visit with Marlene. We gabbed about four hours before we were returned to our cells. During our conversation, I told my wife:

"I won't tell you what I'm doing or how I'm doing it, but there's a good chance that some time tonight or tomorrow I'll be out of the county jail. Now I can't take you with me but believe this one thing: Should I get out, I will see that you have all the money you need and the best attorney to represent you. Don't worry. They can't send you to prison. You're innocent."

Shortly before our visit ended, Marlene told me she was

about three-months pregnant. Our baby would be born in late summer.

When I got back to the sixth floor, I took off my shoe and pulled the hacksaw blades out. By this time, the entire floor—about 56 men—were in on our plan. We cut through the last bar and the window bolts that afternoon, but we had to wait for dark before we could act.

In the meantime, everybody who was involved brought his sheets to our cells. Before tying these sheets together, we soaked them in water and wrung them out, so that the knots wouldn't slip when we put our weight on them. We had to depend on this sheet ladder to carry us safely to the ground from the sixth floor.

As the leader, I told everybody that if a guard came in, two men were always to talk to him—never one. In this way, I insured against anyone ratting on me. I instructed the group that no one was to pass out a note or a letter; that all correspondence would have to be postponed until we had escaped.

Later, a fellow who was keeping watch and who seemed to be a pretty right guy passed a note out to the guard with a quarter. I saw this act, and I cornered the inmate, demanding:

"What are you doing? Why are you passing a note out there?"

"Don't worry about that, Ed. I just want to make a phone call. My attorney's supposed to come down, and I want to head him off."

I sensed it was a lie. I told everybody: "Now look fellows, if we get caught, and the guards come busting in here, you'll know who's to blame for tipping them off. Our

friend here is the only one who has passed anything out. If we're found out, this is the boy who's responsible."

About an hour before dark, what seemed like the whole damned police department, plus detectives, the assistant district attorney, and various deputy sheriffs swarmed through the jail. They even knew which convict had possession of the hacksaw at the moment. We'd been sawing in shifts, and they caught him red-handed as he tried to ditch the blade into a trash can.

We were all locked in the bullpen. I was grilled about the episode, and transferred to the fourth floor. Five other inmates involved in the aborted plot were moved, after interrogation, to various parts of the jail. That broke it up for good and all.

The next day, the FBI came once again to question me.

"Let me see your shoes," one of the agents said.

In nothing flat, he discovered a hole in the inside lining of one of my shoes:

"Right here's where you kept that hacksaw. Who was helping you on this job?"

"Nobody was helping me. I did it myself."

"One guy was seen cutting."

"That guy wasn't cutting. It was me. At the time the guards came in, I handed him the blade and told him to get rid of it. He wasn't cutting the bar. Nobody else was involved but me."

"You know, we've been waiting for this."

"What do you mean?"

"We knew you had that blade. The two marshals who brought you up here from Atlanta have been called to Washington for reprimand. They may lose their jobs."

"I'm sorry about that." I yawned.

"How did you bring that hacksaw blade in here?"

"Right there in my shoe."

"It's a wonder they didn't find it. I understand they shook you down pretty thoroughly."

"They did, but they didn't find it."

The charge of attempted escape was added to my record. My wife was charged as an accessory before and after the fact, as well as for failure to report a felony.

For about a month and a half, I sat in that lousy county jail. The court appointed an attorney to represent Marlene and me. He was conscientious, and he honestly tried to do his best. One day, he advised me:

"There's no sense in your wife going to the penitentiary. She's not guilty of anything. But the way things look right now, she may very well get a stiff sentence. You've pleaded not guilty. Why don't you change your plea to guilty, and maybe we can get your wife turned loose?"

"All right. The day my wife is turned loose, I want her put on the bus to Portland, Oregon. I'll wait until she calls me from there, telling me that she's free. Then I want a guarantee that she won't be picked up again. Then I'll go over to the court and change my plea to guilty."

About two days later, our lawyer told me the D.A. had bought the deal. Marlene would be released in the next couple of days.

Three days later, my wife was freed. She came to visit me on the fourth floor; then she boarded a Greyhound bus for Portland and home. Several nights later, she called me from Portland to let me know she was there and everything was okay. I went to court the following day, and changed

my plea to guilty.

In the meantime, I had asked a probation officer, who was doing a pre-sentence investigation on me, how long a sentence he thought I might get.

"Oh, that's hard to say. I don't know. It depends upon the judge. I think you'll probably end up with around 15 or 20 years."

My attorney wagered that I would end up with 15. He told me: "Now I'm taking you before Judge Connell, because he is a fair judge, and he'll listen to our story and weigh everything, and sentence you accordingly."

A month later, my case came up before the court. The judge asked me if I had anything to say.

"Yes, Your Honor, I have. I'd like to ask for leniency." I thought I had nothing to lose by asking.

"Leniency! You've had leniency all your life! You've had parole, and probation, and more leniency! I can't see giving you leniency. I sentence you to 15 years in the penitentiary for the bank robbery and one year for the attempted escape, the sentences to run consecutively."

I thanked the judge. He could have given me as much as 30 years—25 for the robbery, and five for the attempted escape. With my record, it was a wonder he didn't throw the book at me. I was taken back to the marshal's office where they let me call my wife long distance. When I told her about the sentence, she was as surprised as I was over my good fortune.

While I was in the county jail waiting for my records to be forwarded from Washington, D.C., I received a telegram from my mother-in-law, telling me that Marlene had lost our baby, a boy, two hours after birth. Marlene was only

six months pregnant when she went into labor. It would have been a miracle if the child had lived. I don't know whether I was feeling sorry for my wife, for the baby, or for myself, but I cried, and the head deputy jailer let me call my wife long distance. When I talked with her, she assured me that she would write to me every day. She also promised to come and visit me, once I'd been transferred to a penitentiary.

It took a month to complete all the paper work concerning my transfer to the penitentiary. In the interim, I speculated about where I'd be sent. I was convinced I'd be housed at Alcatraz.

When the deputy marshals came for me, I asked them where we were headed. They answered: "Leavenworth."

I was startled. I found out later that the government was thinking of closing Alcatraz.

After laying over in the Indianapolis and Springfield, Illinois county jails, we finally arrived at Leavenworth. I knew nothing about the place. All rational thought left me as I gazed upon the monstrous structure before me. Guard towers jutted from everywhere, walls reached for the sky.

The marshal said to me:

"Well, Ed, here you are. You are just about ready to enter 'The Big Top'. When you go in, you can make it hard on yourself by trying to escape, or you can make it easy on yourself by buckling down and doing what is asked of you. It's strictly up to you."

We entered the penitentiary through the electric doors, and stood before the main control center, 15 feet inside the main door. The marshals filled out my commitment papers and said goodbye.

Edwardses Indicted In Holdup Here

Edward Wayne Edwards was indicted Friday in Cleveland for the Jan. 16 holdup of the First National Bank's Arlington Plaza Branch.

The 28-year-old Akronite, who was captured Jan. 20 in Atlanta, Ga., also was indicted for an attempt to escape from the Cuyahoga County Jail. Deputies said he masterminded an escape plot which was discovered Feb. 5.

His wife, Marlene, 19, was indicted on two counts stemming from the $7,707 holdup —being an accessory after the fact and failing to report a felony.

The couple is in Cuyahoga County Jail.

Edwards was on the FBI's list of 10 most wanted men when he was arrested.

Edwards Gets 15-Year Term

Edward W. Edwards, 28, of Portland, Ore., today was sentenced to 15 years in a prison when he pleaded guilty before Federal Judge James C. Connell in Cleveland to the holdup of the Arlington Plaza branch of the First National Bank in January.

Edwards, captured in Atlanta, Ga., a week after the holdup, got $7,707 at the branch here while his wife, Marlene, 19, sat in their car. She is being held as an accomplice in the holdup.

While awaiting trial in Cuyahoga County Jail Edwards made a crude bed sheet "rope" and was planning an escape along with several other prisoners when deputies were tipped about the plot.

These articles appeared in the Akron Beacon Journal in February, 1962.

Cuyahoga Jail Scene Of Attempt

Find Knotted Bed Sheets

Deputies in Cuyahoga County Jail nipped an escape plot apparently masterminded by Edward Wayne Edwards, who has admitted robbing an Akron bank, Sheriff Joseph M. Sweeney revealed today.

Acting on a tip, deputies Monday found 14 bed sheets, knotted together to form an escape chain, and a 4½-inch saw.

The sheriff, in revealing the plot, said the 28-year-old Edwards, an escape artist, was involved and apparently the ringleader.

* * *

EDWARDS, former Akronite, has admitted the $7,707 holdup Jan. 17 of the First National Bank's Arlington Plaza branch.

He was captured Jan. 20 in Atlanta, Ga., after a nationwide search. He and his wife, Marlene, 19, are being held in the overcrowded Cleveland jail.

EDWARD W. EDWARDS
...not enough sheets

* * *

SHERIFF Sweeney said the escape plot could have involved all 56 prisoners on the fifth floor. He said only eight more sheets were needed to reach the ground from the fifth floor roof.

The sheriff said the prisoners planned to overpower the three deputies assigned to the floor, break through a window and lower themselves to the ground.

* * *

BEFORE the Akron bank robbery, Edwards had made the FBI's list of 10 most wanted men.

Leavenworth

1300 Metropolitan Avenue is an address that might call up a picture of a high-rise apartment house in a swank area. But it happens to be the location of one of the world's most infamous houses of correction, the Leavenworth Federal Penitentiary. The prison, opened in July of 1895, is steeped in stories.

Leavenworth has housed such famous criminals as Robert Stroud, the bird man of Alcatraz; Machine Gun Kelly; Vito Genovese of Mafia fame; John Chase, who ran with Baby Face Nelson; Oscar Collazo, a Puerto Rican nationalist who attempted to assassinate Harry S Truman when he was President. The men in this institution were serving sentences ranging anywhere from one year to as much as five life sentences, their crimes included robbery and murder of all kinds and degrees.

I learned that in April of 1901, Roy Sexton, a farm trustee, with only two more years left to serve, got several miles away from Leavenworth before he had a change of heart and returned—an intelligent decision to be sure.

In November of the same year, two newly released prisoners, by a prearranged plan, returned at night to an unguarded construction site on which Leavenworth inmates worked, and buried two guns and bullets. The next day,

a prisoner dug them up and signaled his friends outside that he was going to escape. When the proper moment arrived, a mass escape was touched off which ultimately resulted in the death of a guard and two prisoners. Although twenty-six convicts were involved, only eight were tried for the guard's death.

In 1910, a bizarre escape took place when three convicts, who were serving life sentences for the murder of a guard, used a cleverly carved fake gun, took a guard as hostage, and forced him to board the cab of a train that had entered the prison grounds with a carload of lumber. The engineer was ordered to open the throttle, and blast through the gate. Five more convicts crowded into the cab for a trip to freedom. Four hours later, four of the men were back in custody. The other wasn't apprehended until two years later, when he was arrested for another crime.

Various schemes were employed throughout the years; almost all met with failure. Leavenworth was a fortress.

The red brick exterior and landscaped grounds camouflage the prison's true nature. White double columns rising two stories high reach like fingers to the dome perched atop the entrance. Only the barbed wire fence encircling the grounds and the iron-barred windows deny the impression of a hospitable place.

Once inside the door, the prison feeling enveloped and overwhelmed me. Sounds echoed in the vastness of the halls. Clanging doors and reverberating voices multiplied my tension and dread. May, in Kansas, is a beautiful time of year, but sunshine couldn't soften the bone-chilling atmosphere of this gigantic fortress.

My thoughts raced in many directions. Mostly, I

brooded over whether or not I'd be able to escape. I had the feeling that if I tried, I'd end up being carried out dead. But could I be the rare one to pull it off, and live out my life in freedom? Engrossed in this speculation, I was taken back to reality by a guard's voice.

"Is your name Edward Edwards?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, Edwards, this is Leavenworth."

I thought to myself, "No shit, Dick Tracy. Where'd you get your clue?"

"Edwards, your number at this institution will be 79812. You were sentenced on May 18, 1962 to a term of sixteen years. Your sentence began on May 18, 1962. You are eligible for parole on September 17, 1967. Your good conduct term expires on February 12, 1973, whereas your full term expires on May 17, 1978. The good conduct time allowed you is 1,920 days, or one third of your sentence. Are there any questions?"

Determined to agitate him, I said:

"When's chow?"

"Listen, Edwards. We have a lot of smart guys in here, and we know how to handle them. So let me suggest to you that you do as you are told. Don't smart off, and shut up unless you're spoken to."

"Who's smarting off? All I asked is when do I eat? It's been a long day. They didn't feed me anything in the county jail or on the road."

Conveying his disgust, the guard continued:

"You'll get something to eat, but first we have a few things we want to do. Are you going to cooperate?"

"Yeah, I'm going to cooperate. Especially if it will get

me some food."

"Very well. Just wait right here."

While I was waiting for him, I observed the setup. I was able to see that absolutely nothing went on inside the penitentiary without the knowledge of the guard stationed inside the central communication tower. Every incoming and outgoing phone call was channeled through him. He was in direct contact with all the gun towers, as well as with the other security points throughout the institution. He was able to see all the cellblock entrances, as well as the main corridor, and the chow hall. Just by the push of the right button, he could summon every guard in the prison within seconds.

To go from the communication center to the corridor, it was necessary to pass through three electric doors operated by the man in the communication tower. Never would all three of these doors be open at the same time. After a person passed through one, the guard closed it, and then opened the second. The same procedure was followed with the next three doors; each one opened one at a time, no matter who was going through, inmate or employee.

Finally, a guard came to pick me up and take me over to the orientation and administration building, also known as the O and A unit. Upon entering, I was stripped of all my clothes, and told to take a shower. Afterwards, a medico from the hospital put on a rubber glove and gave me a finger wave, sticking his hand up my ass all the way to his elbow. He sure intended to find out whether or not I was bringing any contraband into the prison. He roamed around my rectum so thoroughly that I couldn't have hidden a midget's thimble.

After being examined, I was given some clean, but ill-fitting, khaki uniforms, a small bag containing harsh soap and some shaving articles, a book of rules and regulations, some writing material, a toothbrush, and toothpowder. After that, I was escorted to the dormitory of the O and A unit where I was to stay for 30 days. During this period, I was to learn all about the penitentiary, through tours, and through talks with the chaplain, the associate warden, and the warden. I was to get a complete physical examination by the doctor, the dentist, and the psychiatrist.

As long as a prisoner is in the O and A unit, he is not to associate with the general prison population. We were required to keep our beds made, and surrounding area clean.

While in the O and A unit, I was given several tests to discover what type of job would be best for me, where I should cell, how far my education had progressed, what my IQ was, and whether or not I was likely to cause trouble. In O and A, it was the guards' job to fill out a report about each convict's behavior, and to offer his opinion as to what type of prisoner each new man would turn out to be. The report was sent to the prison committee, along with the doctor's, the chaplain's, the parole officer's and the associate warden's reports.

During my stay in O and A, I received word that Marlene had had our marriage annulled on the ground that I had married her under false pretenses. Oh well! So much water over the dam. We never would have made it anyway. I put the matter out of my mind.

About two weeks after I was in O and A, one of the officials came over to the unit and gave us a lecture. Again it started out with that very silly statement:

"Fellows, this is Leavenworth. It is a maximum security prison, housing 2,600 men. For the most part these men have previous criminal records. The average age here is around thirty-eight. Those without previous records are sent to Leavenworth only if they have been unable to adjust in other institutions, or have long sentences for crimes of violence, such as bank robbery or murder.

"I realize that none of you want to be here; but since you'll be here until you've completed your sentence, I suggest you try to make the best of it. It's up to you how you get along in this institution, and how soon you get out. I, as well as all of the other officials here, want to help you. But until you show us that you want to help yourself, there really isn't anything we can do. We will, at all times, treat you like a man, until you show us that you want to be treated differently. If you want to be treated like a hard nut, you'll find we can be hard, too. If you want to act like a kid, you'll get what you ask for. As I said, it's all up to you."

The official went on in his dull, monotonous tone for what seemed to be an interminable amount of time. After the first few sentences, I didn't hear a word he said. When I came to again, he was concluding:

"So men, as I said earlier, it's entirely up to you. You can make life easy on yourself in here, or you can make it rough. You must want to help yourself, before we can help you. We will hand out the kind of treatment you ask for, so make up your mind.

"In about two weeks, you will be turned loose from the O and A unit into the general population. Keep one thing in mind. You may have thought of yourself as a tough guy on the outside; and those you knew may have thought so

too, but just look around you now. You won't have to look too far to find someone who's just a little tougher.

"A lot of men in this institution have no hopes of ever being released. They mind their own business, and do as they are told. No point acting like a big shot. If you mind your own business and do your time, then you should get along very well with everyone. Thank you for your attention."

While I listened to that seemingly endless speech, I thought to myself how much that lecturer reminded me of a second lieutenant in the armed forces. Same old crap. But then, it was his job to give us a pep talk.

At night, I'd lay in my bed and think about the justice rendered in the courts of our country. Even though I'd received a break by only drawing a 16-year sentence, I still concluded that the law was quixotic. Among the men I talked to in the O and A unit, there was no consistency in sentences for similar crimes. One boy was sentenced to 15 years for bank robbery; up until then, he'd never so much as received a parking ticket. Another man from California drew a seven-year sentence for bank robbery, and this was his third tour in Leavenworth.

Two partners in kidnapping were serving—one, six years, and the other, twenty years—for the same offense. The reason for the differences in their sentences, I was told, was that one was a first offender and the other a fourth offender.

I can understand someone getting a 25-year sentence for bank robbery, but I was of the opinion then—and still am—that sentences for crime should be uniform throughout the country. If you rob a bank and you are a first-timer,

there should be a maximum sentence of seven years in all jurisdictions. If you're a second offender, perhaps a 15-year sentence is appropriate. Whatever the sentence is, it at least should be uniform throughout the country.

When I wasn't thinking about how rotten the gooney guards were, I was thinking about escape. To set myself free, I'd have to take my time, plan the details, and keep perfecting my plans.

It isn't easy to like a prison, but there was something about this place that I went for. I wasn't in prison with a bunch of sex perverts. In federal prisons, one finds very few men serving sentences for rape, child-molesting, or other sex crimes. The men around me were serving anywhere from two years to life for such crimes as writing bad checks, stealing cars, robbing banks, or murder.

After my 30 days in the O and A unit, I was moved to cellblock A and put in a cell with seven other men. I had no problem getting along.

I went to work in the carpentry shop. After working there for about a week, I got an idea of how to escape. My job in the carpentry shop would be most useful. When we went to the yard at night after eating, we were allowed to sit next to the wall. One evening, I stood back about 15 feet from the wall, and counted the layers of brick the wall had. To be absolutely sure of my count, I counted them ten times. Then I multiplied the thickness of the bricks and the mortar by the amount of layers, and estimated the height of the wall to be about 35 feet.

I then began to work out a plan. Upon leaving the carpentry shop every night, I would carry back to my cell in my pants a piece of wood two inches thick, two inches wide,

and two feet long, in which I'd drilled two holes. It would take me approximately 36 days to steal out enough wood to construct the side rails of a ladder.

After eating, I'd return to my cell for the piece of wood and take it out to the yard—again in my pants. Then, making sure no one was looking, and with my back to the wall, I'd sit down, and dig a trench, about three inches deep and two feet long, in which to bury the section. When I had two sections ready, I screwed a small piece of metal to one end of each section, hooking them together. The holes would accommodate the rungs. Once I had enough side pieces screwed together, I figured it would take 18 days to steal out enough rungs for the ladder.

If I took my time and I was very cautious, I'd have a 36-foot ladder in about two months. I'd wait for a snowy day when the visibility would be poor. Then I would leave the carpentry shop, go to the wall, put my ladder up against the wall, climb the ladder, pull it up, let it down the other side, climb down, and make my escape. Of course, my escape would be detected very shortly afterwards; but I'd cross that bridge when I got to it.

I never really got around to putting this plan into effect, because after I had been in the carpentry shop for about a month, I was transferred to another job. Needless to say, that made me madder than hell.

One morning, I was called into the parole offices and was asked if I would like to be transferred to a construction crew that would remodel the offices. I told them I wasn't really interested, and wanted to stay on in the carpentry shop.

"No, you can't."

"Well sir, if it's that cut and dried, why did you come up to me and *ask* if I wanted to go? Why don't you just come out and say, 'Look Edwards we're making up a construction crew and we're going to put you on it,' and leave it at that. Instead, you come up with all this bullshit."

"Edwards, let me make a suggestion to you," the guard sneered.

"Go ahead."

"Watch your mouth, or you're going to end up with more trouble than you know what to do with."

Sarcastically, I replied: "Thank you for your suggestion, sir. I'll take it to heart, and Sunday, when I go to church, I'll ask God about it."

I turned and walked away from him, thinking how much I would enjoy slapping the bastard right in the mouth. As far as I was concerned, they were all two-faced phonies. They always wanted you to go to church, pray, write letters, go to school, better your education, do this, do that. But deep down, they didn't give a shit about your well-being. They'd pat you on the back with one hand, and write up a disciplinary report with the other. Yeah, *sure* they were good guys.

A month passed before I actually went to work on the construction crew. Prisons operate like the service. Hurry up and wait! Now that I had been transferred to this new construction crew, I had two things on my mind. I had to think up a new escape plan, because I could no longer get supplies from the carpentry shop. And I had to figure out how to deal with that bastard who was the guard supervisor.

Metamorphosis

"Edwards! Edwards!" The guard's shouts woke me with a start.

"Yeah, what the hell do you want?"

"What the fuck are you still doing in that bed?"

Indignantly, I retorted, "Now, Jesus Christ, what does it look like I'm doing in bed? I'm *sleeping.*"

"Buddy, you'd better get out of that bed, and get over to your new job. If you're not out of that cell in 15 minutes, so help me, I'm going to write you up, and take you down to the associate warden."

"What time is it?"

"It's 8:30. They just called over here to find out where the hell you were. Now get up and get out!"

"What a way to start a new job," I thought. "Damn it, I really must have been tired not to hear that bell ring. Well, I wonder what my new boss is going to be like? Guess I'll have to break him in proper. Maybe it's a good idea that I'm late. That way, I can let him know right from the start who's going to run this show, and it damn sure isn't going to be him. Oh, I'll do what he wants me to, but I'll do it when I'm ready. That's one thing I found out a long time ago; if you work slowly from the start, they never expect more."

About 20 minutes later I finally reported in on my new job, and met the officer who was to be in charge of me for the next few months.

"Are you Edwards?"

"Yes, sir."

"My name is Mr. Alexander, and I'm going to be your supervisor on this job."

I was greeted by a man over six feet, slender and soft-spoken. His bespectacled, pleasant face and easy manner caught me off guard. I'd prepared myself for a burly goon.

Mr. Alexander was close to 60, but his vitality and warmth impressed me. When he talked, he used his hands so effectively to emphasize his words that his manner charmed the listener. It was obvious, right from the start, that he knew his business.

"Have you ever done any kind of construction work before?"

"No, sir."

"Have you ever done any carpentry work or plastering?"

"A little, sir."

"What kind of work did you do on the outside?"

"Very little," I grinned self-consciously.

"I see. I was looking at your record, Edwards, and I see that you have a 16-year sentence ahead of you."

"That's right."

"Do you plan on doing all of that 16 years, or do you have hopes of making parole and getting out sooner?"

"I haven't really thought too much about that."

"I see. What do they call you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Your first name is Edward. Do they call you Eddie or Ed?"

"Ed."

"Then it's all right with you if I call you Ed while you're working for me?"

"Yes, sir. It doesn't make much difference what you call me."

"Okay then, Ed. I hope we'll get along."

"I do too, sir."

"Very well. Now we'll be tearing all of the parole offices out on this floor. After we've done that, we're going to build new, more modern offices."

"Yes, sir."

"Fine. The other men have already started, so go put your work clothes on, and I'll show you what to do."

"Yes, sir."

While I was changing my clothes, I thought that the new boss didn't seem to be a bad egg. He wasn't pushy, and didn't try to tell you that he was the boss. Then, I thought, "Well, that's the way some of them are. They'll smile and joke with you, but you step out of line, and then you'll see how goddamn fast they'll pound you down and have you in the hole."

I joined the crew, and began to rip out walls and stack up the bricks. About two o'clock that afternoon, Mr. Alexander told two of us to go to the warehouse for tools, cement, and sand. At four o'clock, I was exhausted—too tired to even go to the yard. After chow, I returned to my cell, wrote a letter, took a shower, went immediately to bed, and slept soundly right through the night.

No one could have been more surprised than I, when

at the end of my first two weeks on the job, I realized I was not only enjoying my new assignment, but looking forward to another day with Mr. Alexander.

At this stage of my life, I hadn't much insight; yet I was awed at the emotional changes I felt were taking place within me. What had happened in two short weeks to the tough guy who had a smart-aleck answer for everything? Why wasn't he rearing his angry head to save his dignity? What about his all-important self-respect? Why wasn't he protecting his self-image?

I had seen enough weaklings give in to authority and "cooperate." I had always detested the ass-lickers. But somehow with Mr. Alexander, I never felt I was kowtowing.

Yet the matter of trusting that a prison official could turn out to be really decent was too bizarre a thought. I decided that I'd keep on acting *as if* I liked him, but nevertheless keep my emotional distance.

I had been on the job about a month and a half, when one evening around six o'clock, Mr. Alexander turned to me and said:

"Ed, would you go with me to the chow hall to bring back some coffee for the men?"

"Yes, sir," I briskly replied. I was glad to have a break.

When we got to the dining hall, Mr. Alexander asked the guard on duty for some coffee and food. He was informed that there would be a 15-minute wait before the coffee would be perked.

"Well, Ed," said Mr. Alexander, "let's have a cigarette. There's been something I've been wanting to ask you. I hope you don't mind my bringing it up, but I'm interested in you."

"Go right ahead, Mr. Alexander. I'm listening."

"Do you like working for me? Do you feel I've treated you well?"

"Yes, sir."

"How about the work you're doing? Do you like it?"

"Yes, sir. I'm enjoying it very much."

"I thought you were, Ed, or I wouldn't be talking to you about it. Have you ever considered taking vocational training? I mean going to the education department, and getting some books about bricklaying, carpentry, and plastering? Work is like sex, Ed. If you read about sex, you always pick up new tricks. Some things you might like; others, you might not. But it's useful to know about them all. Have you ever thought about work this way?"

"No, sir. I do understand what you're trying to say. I imagine studying would help to make my job more enjoyable."

"Well, take the rest of the week and think about it. If you're really interested, let me know. I'll check out some books from the education department that I think would be beneficial. You can look them over. After you've done that and if you're still interested, I'll get you enrolled in vocational training.

"You can go to school for two hours a day, and I'll see you also get on-the-job training. If you decide to study carpentry, I'll see that you get the carpentry work to do on the job. If you move to bricklaying or to plastering, I'll see that you get those kinds of jobs to work on.

"It'll take two years to finish the offices we're building. If you stick with it, I guarantee that when the offices are completed, you'll know a great deal about construction work.

You should be able to superintend most minor construction projects by yourself.

"There's an old saying, Ed, *'Don't serve time, let your time serve you.'* You have a 16-year sentence. It will be at least five and one half years till you're eligible for parole. If you choose to, you can take something important with you when you leave this place—a trade. Most people who have a trade and work at it, don't end up in trouble. There are exceptions, of course, but not many. Will you think about it?"

"Yes, sir, I really will. I'll let you know tomorrow."

"No. Not tomorrow, Ed. Take plenty of time to think it over. If you start something and don't finish it, it'll just look bad on your record. I want you to be completely sure that vocational study is what you're ready for."

Man, talk about mixed emotions. After that talk with Mr. Alexander, I went back to work all mixed up. "Ha," I thought to myself. "You really pulled that off nicely. So cooperative and sincere and polite! Ed Edwards! You can really sling the bullshit."

Nobody was going to force me into any dumb trade school just so they could get more work out of me. I'd string Mr. Alexander along, then develop a mysterious sickness or something that would prevent me from taking him up on his offer. Christ, I could just hear the ridicule in the cellblock:

"Eddie, are you bringing an apple to the teacher this morning?"

"Eddie boy, is teacher's pet cottonin' up to a guard?"

So it would be Ed Edwards, master criminal, sitting in his cell like a goody-goody reading books on bricklaying.

Sure. My ass!

But these thoughts were counterpointed by an increased feeling of shame, for deep in my guts I knew Mr. Alexander was on the level. Maybe I couldn't admit it yet, but my heart told me that this guy was honestly interested in *me,* and wasn't taking me for a ride. All he had to gain was the satisfaction that he was helping someone educate himself to become a self-respecting member of society.

All I had to do was look around me to see where my own notions of success had gotten me. Some *success* to sweat out your life in shackles, admired by no one but your fellow failures. Some self-respect to feel you could never rest from the compulsion to prove yourself a big shot at every point in your life.

For once in my life, I was beginning to admit to myself that I'd been screaming "bullshit" to the wrong side of the fence. I knew goddamn well I was a worthless punk. I cared about nobody but myself. I never had.

Then I started to lapse into my old self-pity again. Pictures of all the people who had failed me ran through my head in a jumbled procession.

Then, in a flash of insight, I saw the futility of that endless self indulgence.

Yeah, it was someone else's fault? It was always so easy to say that. Someone must have badly failed my real father to make him abandon my mother and me. Somebody undoubtedly had failed my detestable aunt and uncle.

If love is given a child, the child will grow up to be loving. If a kid never gets any love, he can't give any, not unless something extraordinary happens to him in his adult

life that makes him open up. My thoughts were running into each other, and against each other.

I thought I'd loved Jeanette, but how could I have loved her when I put her through such agony? If I had loved her, I would have gone straight, and she would have stood by me.

God, I had mowed down a lot of people in my life. A huge wave of remorse passed over me. I was all in a sweat, for I had never had to contend with guilt before. Every time my conscience tried to surface, I clamped it down. I never would have dared to really face myself. But this night, the floodgates were open, and all manner of strange feelings were coursing through me.

This night for the first time I felt so vulnerable, so full of shame, so full of pain that I had had to live in this distorted way for so long. If only there had been a Mr. Alexander at Chillicothe. . . . or at Deer Lodge. If anyone at *any* point had conveyed the concern and interest and compassion that Mr. Alexander put forth so naturally, so easily.

I was now completely opened up. The effort had been so great, exhaustion followed. I was spent, and felt I would just roll off into sleep—but the inner revelations had been so very intense that I stayed awake all night.

Then, on a practical level, I got back to thinking what good sense Mr. Alexander's ideas made. Hell, when I wasn't working, I either slept more than was necessary, or walked aimlessly around the yard. Why not spend a couple of hours in school learning a useful skill? I would have to do this construction work anyway, so I might as well learn something about it.

School attendance would help immensely when, in

five years, I went before the parole board.

That night, I decided that Mr. Alexander's definition of self-respect was a hell of a lot more on target than mine had ever been. What the hell good was it to be Ed Edwards, master criminal, when the only recognition it brought was shackles and prison. Fuck that!

But Ed Edwards, master craftsman, would be able to hold his head up when he walked down the street in freedom.

The next evening, I gave Mr. Alexander my decision. He checked out some books for me on carpentry, plastering, bricklaying, masonry, electrical wiring, and plumbing. In a few weeks' time, I had read every last one of them. What a surprise to me they turned out to be. I found those pages as interesting as a good detective novel. The books and Mr. Alexander reminded me of one another—they suggested, rather than ordered.

When I finished the books and reported my enthusiasm to Mr. Alexander, he enrolled me in vocational training.

Once I'd started the courses, my attitude underwent more profound changes. My friends in prison had always been the toughs, the cons who were always ready to tear a guard apart verbally, and were almost always on the verge of getting thrown into the hole. Now I found myself shying away from those types, and forming friendships with the better-adjusted inmates who were as anxious as I now was to establish a good record.

As my energy became redirected into positive channels, my bitterness and sarcasm waned to almost the vanishing point. My new friends said "Yes, sir," to the guards, and

even exchanged small talk with them. They chatted together about life on the outside, and treated one another with mutual respect. What I saw and heard rubbed off on me, and I soon followed the pattern.

Some of my old friends noticed the change and resented it.

"Hey Ed, what's with you?"

"What do you mean, what's with me?"

"Shit, you ain't eating with us anymore, you ain't even talking to us. You're running around with those brown-nosing ass-kissers."

"Let's put it this way, Johnny," I'd explain. "I pick my own friends. I like you, and I'm not shying away from you. But I like those other guys, too."

"Yeah, but they'll rat on you," they warned.

"Well," I replied, "I'll deal with that when I come to it."

Five months had passed since I had begun my vocational training program, and I was succeeding beautifully at both my work and my studies. One evening, Mr. Alexander got me off to the side for a chat.

"Ed, how's it going?"

"Great, sir, just great."

"You're still enjoying the work?"

"More every day, sir."

"You have a sixth grade education, Ed, is that right?"

"Yes, sir. I was kicked out of school when I was eleven."

"Have you ever thought about finishing your education?"

"I was thinking about it the other day," I confessed. "I'm sort of ashamed I never got beyond the sixth grade."

"I think it would be a smart move to finish, Ed, and then enroll in high school, and finish that, too. I've a suspicion that once you've completed that, you'll want to go on to college. You're intelligent, and you've proven yourself to be a disciplined student. Think about it. There's no point in going through life using one-tenth of your capabilities."

The next morning I went over to the education office and registered for classes. It was that simple.

I went to school six hours a day, and in four months got my grade school diploma. I then went right into high school, and also registered in a first aid program, and in a Dale Carnegie course. I was flying along with all burners open, and liking myself more each day.

I think Mr. Alexander's great talent was that he could build a fire *in* someone rather than *under* someone. All my life people tried to build fires under me, tried to get me to do something *they* felt was important, without first convincing *me* it was right. Mr. Alexander convinced so effortlessly, that my motivation for the first time became positive. I wanted to study; to help myself; not to rebel against authority. Mr. Alexander had simply presented me with a well-fitting pair of roller skates, and had given me a gentle shove. It was then up to me to keep my balance. Given this kindly momentum, that first shove set me off in the right direction. After that, keeping my balance was easy.

I had always lied to people about being a college graduate, and I inwardly panicked, every time, that I'd be found out. Now, by God, I was accumulating some honest-to-goodness knowledge. It's funny, the more knowledge I accumulated, the less need I felt to fantasize dreams of

glory. *The dreams were becoming a reality.*

When I wasn't in school or working on the job, I spent all my time in my cell studying, except for about an hour's exercise each week. I gave up movies and gave up going to the yard. I had entered a new world, a fascinating world.

At Deer Lodge and Chillicothe, crime had been the prime subject of conversation. We jawed for hours about particularly "brilliant" crimes we read about in the newspapers. After I'd started school, it took me about two weeks to become completely bored with the whole subject. My positive goals left little room for anything else.

About 30 months or so later, I had another chat with Mr. Alexander.

"Sir, I'm about to get my high school diploma. I want to go on to college, but as you know, I'll have to pay half of my tuition. I'd like to request a transfer to one of the prison industries where I can make a little money to put aside for tuition. The only money I've been able to pick up so far has been by selling a few paintings at the annual art show. But that's nowhere near enough."

"Ed," he responded, "I'll do my best to get you transferred to an industry. I'll write a letter of recommendation today."

About a week later, I was transferred to the shoe factory where I earned approximately $25 a month. I continued my schooling, and earned my high school diploma three years after my admission to Leavenworth.

Then I immediately signed up for the college program.

A couple of years before I entered Leavenworth, the Kansas legislature had passed a bill making Leavenworth part of the campus of Highland Junior College. Professors

from Highland, and professors from the University of Kansas, came into the institution every week night, and every Saturday morning and every Sunday afternoon to teach. The cost to prisoners was $5 a credit hour; the Federal government paid the other $5. Later, tuition was raised to $20 a point. Again the Federal government paid the balance.

College was a joy to me; I was learning a whole new concept of life. I found the time sailing by.

By 1966, I had been at Leavenworth for four and a half years, and I had but one short year to go until I'd be eligible for parole. And one even shorter semester until I'd receive my Associate in Arts degree.

I then decided to request a transfer to the Federal Penitentiary in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, for I felt that my chances for parole would be much greater there. Lewisburg was small; there would be fewer prisoners coming up for parole at each hearing, and my chances for going up before the parole board soon after I was eligible would be increased. Moreover, the setup at Lewisburg offered jobs for trusted inmates outside the prison. I was anxious for an opportunity to prove I was trustworthy.

I talked to my parole officer, and he said that he would nominate me for an immediate transfer. Then he dropped a bomb, I had completely forgotten about: I still had a detainer waiting for me from Portland, Oregon, for probation violation and jailbreak.

If I could get this detainer dropped, my request for transfer would go through. If I couldn't, then I'd have to stay in Leavenworth. It was generally felt that prisoners with detainers held against them should be kept as near as practical to the state holding the detainer. Kansas was a

lot closer to Oregon than Pennsylvania was.

I started a campaign directed to the Portland authorities. Mr. Alexander wrote a letter of recommendation for me which I sent on to Portland. Then I asked all the other Leavenworth officials I knew to write letters. All, without exception, agreed to do so.

Mr. Alexander wrote:

> *Edwards came to work for me in October, 1962, when my crew was starting on a large remodeling project of our parole and record offices. He knew very little about the building trades, but was willing, and he wanted to learn a trade. He worked as a plasterer on the job with me.*
>
> *During this time, he became very interested in his work, enrolled in school, and took several plastering courses. His work was very good.*
>
> *After about seven months with my crew, he went to the industries, but has kept in contact with me through the years. He has completed several courses related to the building trades, while going to school.*
>
> *He seems very well adjusted, and is trying to help himself during his time here. He has shown an interest in going to Lewisburg because it is near his home; and I know he feels very close to his grandmother who is quite old.*

The Education Department wrote:

> *Edwards entered this institution in May, 1962, with an initial GE rating of 7.6, and an IQ of 108. As soon as he was classified, he enrolled in school and has been attending regularly until the present date. He passed the eighth grade examination in January of 1963, and received a grammar school diploma.*
>
> *He then completed a group of correspondence courses dealing with his primary interest, the building trades. During the school year of 1963-64, he completed a group of high school courses, and then passed the high school examination in September of 1964 and was awarded a diploma.*
>
> *Since that date, he has been a consistent and successful student in our college program, and has completed approximately 45 hours of work in Kansas University and Highland Junior College. He hopes to receive his AA degree in the summer of 1967.*
>
> *As his transcript clearly shows, since his arrival here Edwards has maintained a continuous interest in self-improvement.*

Of course, I bombarded the Portland authorities with my own pleas. About two months later, I received the fol-

lowing communique from Portland:

> *WARRANT #C-37996, dated Dec. 21, 1960, State of Oregon, County of Multnomah vs. Edwards Edwards-charge: Probation Violation. Enclosed please find copy of letter from our District Attorney's office (as follows):*
>
> *'We have been instructed by Judge Alfred T. Sulmonetti to withdraw our detainer for above subject. The order to Show Cause and Bench Warrant are to remain active. However, we will not extradite.'*
>
> *Therefore, acting upon the above-quoted authority the detainer referred to in our letter to you under date of July 10, 1962 is hereby withdrawn, and the Warrant on file in your office should be returned to the above mentioned official.*

I hit the ceiling with joy. For once in my life, I wasn't a wanted man. Once I was released from Federal Prison, I'd be free. Now I had concrete evidence that a positive outlook was truly working for my benefit. If I hadn't accumulated a good prison record, I would never have gotten that detainer dropped. It was practically impossible to get a detainer dropped, unless you had the money to hire about $1,000 worth of legal assistance. And I'd done it by establishing a good record. I was exhilirated.

Shortly after I received the stupendous news, I was

glancing through my daily copy of the *Akron Beacon Journal,* my hometown newspaper, when my eye caught a headline that struck close to home. Two police officers and one auxiliary officer had been shot while attempting to apprehend someone for questioning. One officer was dead; the other two had been paralyzed for life.

I was horrified. With just the smallest bit of difference in circumstance or luck, I could have been pushed to just such an act. I couldn't get that newspaper story out of my mind. I thought about writing to the families of the officers to say how appalled I was to read of the horrible tragedy, but I chickened out.

Then, a couple of months later, when once again I was scanning the *Beacon Journal,* I came across a picture of one of the officers who had been paralyzed, taken as he was being carried into a high school auditorium to attend his daughter's graduation. The scene tore me apart. I *had* to write these people to express my horror. I had to let them know that someone who'd been as uncaring of others as I had been all my life could feel outraged and sick at so wanton an act.

The letter was a hard one for me to write. I didn't want to sound goody-goody and insincere. I had built quite a record in Akron. Nobody in my hometown knew of my metamorphosis in Leavenworth. My feelings would likely be suspect.

Within a month after I'd sent off the letter, I received a reply from the paralyzed officer's wife, saying that she and her husband appreciated my letter very much, and would enjoy corresponding with me. I was quite pleased. I began writing to that officer and his wife, and I con-

stantly looked forward to receiving their letters.

This was another first in my life. I had been completely straight and honest with these people, had leveled with them with no intention to impress them, or con them, or charm them. I found that I could write to them about my entire life—*straight,* with no pretensions, and no bullshit. We exchanged ten-page letters regularly. These kind people gave me encouragement, respect and hope, and the promise of continued friendship once I was released. They gave me just about everything in life to hope for. I was determined that upon my release, the first thing I'd do would be to go to Akron and meet Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wintrow, two of the finest people I've ever known.

Several days after my detainer was dropped, my parole officer put me in for a transfer to Lewisburg. The following Monday, my record was presented before the Transfer Committee. The following Wednesday, I was advised that Leavenworth would send a recommendation to the Federal Bureau of Prisons in Washington, favoring my transfer. The decision would come from Washington in about two weeks to a month.

I counted each day, each hour. I became an insomniac. To me Lewisburg meant parole and eventual freedom. If I obtained this transfer, all my hard work would have paid off.

Three weeks later, my transfer was approved. My elation was so great, nothing could have brought me down.

The day after my transfer was approved, I was awarded my Associate in Arts degree from Highland Junior College.

A week later, I was told to be ready to leave Leaven-

worth in three hours. I would start the journey to Lewisburg that afternoon. I had been packed for days, just waiting for the word.

Thirty-five men were leaving Leavenworth that day by the same route. Each was issued a bag of sandwiches. Then the guards shackled us together with handcuffs and leg irons. The sound of those clanking chains was music to my ears. From that moment on, I could ignore all prison humiliation. My hopes and anticipation were boundless.

While we were walking out, I noticed two fellows in civilian clothes standing next to the control center. I knew that they must be new men coming into the institution. As I walked by them to go out the main door, I thought to myself:

"Jesus Christ! I'm glad that's not me!"

As I walked away from the prison, a guard came up to the men and said to them:

"Well, fellows, this is Leavenworth."

I couldn't get that sentence out of my mind. It became a running chant which blocked out everything else. I must have suffered a deep psychological reaction, because it was difficult to control my shaking.

The most exquisite, breathtaking scenery I have ever seen in my life was the view of Leavenworth prison as we pulled away on our bus. As the walls slowly shrank out of sight and we made our way down the road, my trembling subsided, and I began to look forward to Lewisburg and its promise of freedom.

Lewisburg

Shortly after the prison bus pulled into the Kansas City Airport, the guard called out my name.

"Edwards, get out of your seat and come up front."

Not knowing what he wanted of me, I was apprehensive. Everything raced through my mind. He might be calling me up there to make me orderly for the flight. Me? Hell, no. With *my* history of escapes? Not a chance.

"Edwards, after I remove your handcuffs, you're going to transfer all the gear from the bus to the plane. I'm making you the orderly on this flight. You see all those guards standing around out there with those carbines?"

"Yes, sir."

"If you decide you'd rather run around the country, you're going to do it with a heavy load of lead in your ass. Now turn around so I can take those handcuffs off."

This was a landmark, a public display of faith in me. The impact on me was immense. Surely this meant they were thoroughly convinced that I was rehabilitated and that I was no longer an escape risk. The guard had simply mentioned the carbines and lead for the benefit of the other convicts. He knew I wouldn't risk escape with so much at stake.

I enjoyed every second of the flight. Naturally, I

couldn't go anywhere while we were up in the air, nor did I want to. But the feeling that I was trusted was so enormously exhilarating. The world looked rosy and joyful. I felt like a little kid on Christmas morning, all skitterish, tearing at the ribbons, and enjoying the wrapping as much as the contents of the presents.

The old me had died and left in its place was a whole person. Now I could accept the past, live in the present, and anticipate the future—just like other human beings.

We arrived at the federal penitentiary in Terre Haute, Indiana, at eleven o'clock that night, and laid over until the next morning. Then we boarded a plane for Lewisburg.

Lewisburg is formally classified as a medium security prison. In reality, it is halfway between a reformatory and a close-custody penitentiary. The attractive buildings, surprisingly, are constructed in the manner of the Italian Renaissance, and are interesting to look at.

The institution is located about a mile and a half from the town of Lewisburg on a 1,000-acre government reservation. The main buildings occupy a 26-acre tract, and are surrounded by a wall. Outside the confines are various farm buildings and two honor camps, one 14 miles away at Allenwood.

The policies at Lewisburg are somewhat more relaxed than those at Leavenworth. But the Lewisburg plant, too, is virtually escape-proof. Not one of Lewisburg's buildings touches the wall surrounding the prison. I was glad my days of scheming to escape were over; I would never have been able, it seemed to me, to come up with a plan to get out of Lewisburg.

When we arrived at Lewisburg, I was disappointed

to find that I'd have to spend my first 30 days in quarantine. Since I was a transfer from one federal penitentiary to another, I presumed that I'd go directly to the penitentiary proper. I soon found out that it didn't matter where I had come from; I just had to repeat the quarantine, receive a physical, be inoculated, and take the same battery of tests.

While in quarantine, I decided to push for two things: I wanted to use my first aid training, and I wanted to get an "honor" job outside the walls.

"Edwards," I was told, "Mr. Graham, the head of the education department wants to talk with you. You go up there right now. When you're finished, come back to quarantine."

"Yes, sir. Do they have a first aid program here?"

"A first aid program?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, a program where they teach you how to treat the injured."

"The only first aid program I know of is in the hospital. I don't think they have a program to teach the general population. At least, I've never heard of any. Why?"

"Well, I was going to see if I could get into the first aid program, since that is what I was doing at Leavenworth."

"Well, ask Mr. Graham. He's the man who can help you."

"Okay, thank you."

I went up to see this Mr. Graham, more than a little apprehensive. What if he turned out to be a crap artist, like so many of the authorities in my past? The Mr. Alex-

anders were certainly few and far between.

I arrived in Mr. Graham's office and was greeted by a pleasant, friendly man. Though he was short, he commanded instant respect, for he exuded confidence and intelligence. He was in his sixties, and his salt and pepper hair added to his dignified appearance. On first impression, I liked him.

"Edwards, I see you have your A.A. degree. How would you feel about teaching school here at Lewisburg? We can use teachers, especially college-educated men."

"Yes, sir, I'd like that fine. I'd also like to start a first aid program, if you don't already have one. I'm a certified instructor. I'd like to start with a beginners course, and then follow that up with an intermediate and advanced course. After three or four groups of men have gone through the advanced course, perhaps we might persuade the Red Cross in Lewisburg to send out someone to give an instructor's course. I think after we get the program going you'll find it will snowball. Lots of people are interested in first aid. It's educational; but at the same time, it's something different—less books to study, more practical work."

"Okay, Edwards, we'll give it a try. And how about teaching school for us?"

"Yes, sir, fine. I'd like to get a job outside the walls, though; I want so much to do that. I need the opportunity to prove that I'm trustworthy and completely rehabilitated."

Mr. Graham sent me to my parole officer, Mr. Randall. I again experienced the same apprehension, and again it proved unjustified.

Mr. Randall was a man in his 30's, with a charming, outgoing personality. He made it clear that while he was

rather new to the profession, he was quite knowledgeable. I felt a bit uneasy, for he seemed to be trying to prove his toughness, and my guard went up. But that didn't last long.

"Edwards, why do you feel you have to work outside the walls?"

"Sir, it would be a change for me. I've been behind walls for a long time. Then again, I would like the opportunity to prove to you that I'm trustworthy."

"I don't want to build up false hopes for you, Edwards. You've been around long enough to know that it's not entirely up to me whether or not you'll be put on honor status. You have a good record in Leavenworth, but you came in there as a high escape risk. Sometimes, men with just 30 days left of their sentences to serve have attempted to escape from the honor detail."

"Sir, you couldn't drive me away from this place with a shotgun. I have too much to lose. Please, I want to be able to prove myself."

The tone of my voice was steadfast and determined. Never in my life had I spoken with such impassioned conviction as I spoke then.

"I'll take it up with the committee at our next meeting, Edwards. I'll let you know their decision as soon as I have it."

"Thank you, sir. I'm very grateful."

Four days after my talk with Mr. Randall, my time in quarantine was up. I was assigned to one of the dormitories, and began to compare Lewisburg with Leavenworth. Lewisburg had a large recreational yard, a couple of ballfields, areas for handball and horseshoes, an inside gymnasium for basketball and weightlifting, and a well-

equipped library. The food wasn't as good as it was at Leavenworth, but the inmates ate in the same manner —cafeteria style, sitting with whomever you wanted to sit at any four-man table. Lewisburg exhibited up-to-date movies. The medical care was top quality.

The convict population averaged around 1,300, while at Leavenworth the count neared 2,600. All in all, the two institutions were more alike than different. Many of the guards had served at Chillicothe Reformatory or at Leavenworth, so I constantly met familiar faces and got along with all of them. They all seemed glad to know that I had changed my pattern of life, and that I was heading in the right direction.

I was placed temporarily on a woodworking job. About a week later, I was notified that both Graham and Randall wanted to see me.

I saw Mr. Graham first.

"Edwards, get ready to start your first aid course. We've got all the material together, and have opened up inmate registration."

That was good news. But I couldn't appreciate it fully, for my mind was on my next interview. I was sure Randall had summoned me because he'd received a decision from the committee as to whether or not I could work as an honor inmate outside the walls.

As I walked to Randall's office, my feet seemed to be beating out a rhythm much like the "Fellows-this-is-Leavenworth" chant that I'd been unable to get out of my head on the day that I was released from that institution. Did I make it? Did I make it? The question was pounding through my head, while I prepared myself for the worst.

"Come in, Edwards. Sit down," Mr. Randall said, when

I reached his office. "Do you still want to work outside the walls as an honor inmate?"

"Y—yes, sir, very much."

"Well, the committee has approved. I'm going to put you on Construction 1. You'll make major and minor repairs on the prison grounds, and on the reservation beyond. You'll repair streets, cut down trees, and fill in at the outside dormitory where the men live who work on the farm. It will be hard work. But you asked for it."

"Yes, sir, I sure did! I want to thank you, sir."

"Edwards, I believe you're entitled to it. But I have a faint feeling that I might be sticking my neck out. We have never before done this for anyone with your escape record."

His tone grew stern. "Edwards, if you try to escape and succeed, it will be only a matter of time before you're caught. Once they bring you back to prison, I can promise you, they'll throw away the key. You'll serve out every second of your 16-year sentence, and have five additional years tacked on for the escape. Don't forget that."

"No, sir. You won't regret your confidence in me."

I was then sent over to the administration building to have an honor identification card made. This card would be my ticket in and out of the prison. I had passed another major hurdle.

From then on, life went smoothly at Lewisburg. I found myself getting along with all of the inmates and officials. I loved working outside the walls. It seemed as though the harder the work was, the more I enjoyed it.

But the real thrill was walking out those gates every day—legitimately. That little ritual buoyed me up every single morning. I was trusted. So many times in the past,

people had put their trust in me and I had horribly let them down. Deep down in my heart I knew I'd never let anyone down again.

I would be up for parole in seven months.

My first aid program went along beautifully. I was turning out one class after another, teaching 10 hours of standard first aid, followed by 15 hours of advanced courses. I went through this cycle with class after class—and taught some pretty famous people. One of my pupils was Tom Falkenberg, tennis champion, the brother of Jinx Falkenberg, the actress.

About five months after I started teaching, the Lewisburg chapter of the Red Cross sent out an instructor to put the advanced students through instructor's training. The following is an article which appeared in the Lewisburg prison paper, *The Friday Flyer:*

> *On May 12th, 16 men from N.E.P (North Eastern Penitentiary) completed the First Aid Instructor's course. This course was sponsored by the National Red Cross, and their Regional Supervisor Mr. Zeke Hackleroad came in to teach the course. It lasted five mornings, from eight to eleven-thirty, and was held in the Education Department. All of the men really enjoyed taking the course and are now prepared to pass on their newly acquired knowledge.*
>
> *The institution plans to have all new men in A&O (Administration and Or-*

ganization) take the Standard First Aid Course. This should cut down on a lot of accidents and familiarize the men with preventive plus emergency First Aid.

All of the men were well prepared for the Instructor's Course due to the intensified training given by Ed Edwards.

John E. Alexander, guard at the Leavenworth Federal Penitentiary, who was responsible for initiating Ed Edwards' metamorphosis. Mr. Alexander who worked at Leavenworth from August 4, 1947, to January 8, 1971, is now fifty-three and retired, and resides at 131 West Logan, Leavenworth, Kansas.

Earning Parole

Several months later, in June, 1967, I was told to complete a form that was to be examined by the parole board when my time came to be considered. My time was less than a month away and the pressure started.

I had been told that a strong point—perhaps the strongest point—you could make before the board was that you had an offer of a job. Within two weeks, I wrote a total of 143 letters to various people in and around Akron, Ohio. I received three replies. Of those three courteous enough to reply, two turned me down flat. One man, after promising to fly out to Lewisburg to interview me, wrote again and cancelled saying he had "domestic difficulties." I never heard from him again. That was about the worst letdown I'd had since I had entered Leavenworth in 1962. Though I kept pushing my letter-writing campaign, I had by now pretty much exhausted all my leads.

Twice during these weeks, I picked up a newspaper to read that a parole violator had been caught, and had been returned to the penitentiary. Both times, this chilled me to my marrow.

Perhaps with two violators caught within two weeks, the parole board would decide there was something wrong with their system and suspend all paroles until they had

worked out a better setup.

I would have to convince my institutional parole officer plus ten members of the U. S. Department of Paroles in Washington D.C. that I was a good risk. My parole officer knew something about me personally; but the rest of the men could only consult my records. The truth was that my years as a rebellious criminal far exceeded my years as a rehabilitee. How would that sit with those ten strangers? I didn't want to think about that. I started rehearsing speeches. But that made me too nervous, so I quit, deciding to trust the momentum of the moment when my time came.

During that period, a man I had met shortly after I arrived at Lewisburg proved to be of enormous help to me. His name was James Hoffa.

Jimmy and I had become friends almost instantly. We ate together, walked in the exercise yard together, lifted weights and played handball at least once a week, and spent long hours in the library discussing cases and reading.

One day at chow, Jimmy said to me casually:

"Ed, I understand you've been writing letters to people looking for a job, so you can have something to put on your parole plan."

"That's right, Jim. I'm afraid I haven't had too much success."

"Well, why in the world didn't you talk to me about this?" He seemed genuinely perplexed and even hurt that I hadn't discussed my problem with him.

"Hell, Jim, I guess I've just been too strung out about the whole thing. I know that a job offer would increase my parole chances almost 100 percent, and I've been worried

stiff that I haven't had a nibble."

"Ed," Hoffa replied, "I'll be getting a visitor tomorrow or the next day. Twenty-four hours after my visitor leaves, you'll have a telegram in your hands stating that you have a guaranteed job on your release from Lewisburg. It will be a good job. I can't promise it will be in the Akron area, but I'll do my best."

"Jim, how can I thank you? If I get the job, don't be surprised if I jump up and kiss you right on the forehead."

"Ah, now," Jim Hoffa chuckled, "don't you worry about kissing me on the forehead. You're just an old time con, and you're trying to turn me into a homo."

We both laughed, and I tried to camouflage my anxiety that something would happen to prevent this incredible promise from being fulfilled.

That night, I suffered my worst case of insomnia. I knew Jim Hoffa was a man of his word, but Christ, a million things could happen. Jim could die of a heart attack before his friend arrived for the visit. The friend could die of a heart attack on his way out of prison, and Jim mightn't find out about that until my chance of parole had been lost. Or I might succumb to the pressure of these last days and have a heart attack myself, making me unfit for any kind of a job. I was conjuring up all kinds of weird fantasies. I was sitting on boiling ice.

Twenty-four hours after visiting time the next day, I received a telegram from the Teamsters' Local in Akron, Ohio, telling me there was a job waiting for me upon my release from the penitentiary.

Two days after I received that telegram, I received a letter from the Reverend Bill Denton, the founder and

pastor of Denton House, a sort of halfway house for parolees in Akron. While I adjusted to my new freedom, Pastor Denton offered me a roof over my head in the company of others like me.

I was delirious with joy when, thanks to Jim Hoffa, I received the telegram from the Teamsters' Union. And I was deeply touched by Pastor Denton's offer. Yet neither of those wonderful gestures did anything to diminish the anxiety and suspense I was under. It was smothering me. Each night, my bed might as well have been a slab of granite, as I fought to capture a few hours of sleep.

All my food tasted like wood—I stopped eating. Exercising in the yard, lifting weights—all these distractions became intolerable. All I could do was sit on my bunk, write letters, daydream about freedom, and impatiently await the fateful hour.

Finally, the long-awaited time was upon me. I went before the parole board in a cold sweat. Perspiration saturated my shirt.

The hearing room was rather ordinary looking—that was a bit of a relief. I had imagined an ominous looking place. The parole chief, a fiftyish greying man, sat behind a desk with a stenographer to his left, and my institutional parole officer to his right.

"Edwards, you are now before the United States Parole Board. We are here to discuss your record, and your intentions, and to review your parole plan. We will record everything we do here this morning, and send the record to Washington D. C., along with your past record. There, the members of the Federal Parole Board will review your case, take a vote, and decide whether or not you will be

given parole at this time. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, sir." I tried to stand as erect as possible.

"Now what is your parole plan?"

"Well, sir, it's my intention to return to Akron, Ohio, work as a trucker or a dockman, and to go to the local Red Cross and volunteer my services as a first aid instructor. When I've accumulated enough money, I intend to enroll at the University of Akron and finish my college education."

They questioned me further about my plans, and I answered with what I hoped was the same steadfastness of tone that had impressed Mr. Randall into recommending me as an honor inmate.

When they had finished questioning me, they shuffled some papers around for what seemed to be an interminable time. Then the chief parole officer said:

"Edwards, it's very obvious that you've been completely rehabilitated. I can't make any promises now, but keep your chin up. Good luck."

"Thank you, sir. I'll be praying every night for a positive result."

"Don't you pray at any other time?" he asked.

"Sir, I'm not a churchgoing person, but I feel I can talk to God whenever I need to. I truly believe he listens to me." I was surprised by my own answer, especially since I realized it was sincere.

"Very good, Edwards, you're excused. You will be hearing from us sometime within the next few weeks with the final decision of the authorities. Just keep up the good work."

As I started to leave, the chief parole officer called me back.

"Incidentally, Ed, we want you to know we have several letters of recommendation here on file from people who knew you at Leavenworth. It seems that you have quite a few people behind you."

"Thank you, sir, I owe a lot of things to some very good people."

The board couldn't have been nicer to me, or treated me with more respect. Their interview was concise, but they had investigated and studied my case thoroughly before they ever laid eyes on me. The face-to-face interview was simply so that they could see my attitude for themselves.

I left the parole office, and returned to the dormitory.

"Hey, Edwards, what the hell happened up there? What'd they say?"

"I'll be perfectly honest with you," I answered. "I don't know. I learned a long time ago not to try to psyche out one of these things; I've been wrong too many times. Until I have a paper in my hand saying that I have been paroled, I'm not going to count on it. I have a past to deal with, you know. It would be a sheer miracle if they let me out the first time around."

For two weeks, my sleeplessness and lack of appetite continued. I didn't want to talk to anybody; I wanted to be completely alone. Would I be released back into society, or would I have to serve another year before any reconsideration? I hope I never in my life have to endure that kind of anxiety again.

One Sunday afternoon, about two weeks after my appearance before the parole board, I was going to the Sunday night movie. I was still semi-paralyzed with anxiety

and moved slowly. As I was shuffling down the corridor, I spotted Mr. Randall going out the door. That woke me up immediately.

"Hey, Mr. Randall," I shouted.

"Hey, Edwards, where're you off to?"

"I'm going to the movie, sir."

"Oh, yeah?" He grinned, "What's on?"

"I don't know, sir, I didn't look at the schedule."

"Well," he was still grinning, "enjoy the show."

"Thanks, sir." I started to walk away, when he called me back.

"Hey, Edwards, I almost forgot to tell you. You've made parole."

"I *what*?"

"You heard me. Come into the office tomorrow morning, and I'll give you all the particulars."

"I made parole?" My voice rose unrecognizably.

"You heard me," he grinned. "I'll see you later." And he went down the hall, whistling.

Unashamedly, I started to cry. I couldn't stop sobbing. My bones dissolved into rubber; my legs could hardly hold me up. I had made it! Despite everything, the authorities had decided I was trustworthy, and well enough motivated to turn me loose into society.

All the hard work of the past six years, all the schooling, the vocational training, the first aid teaching, all the times I had kept my nose clean, all the times I had turned my head away from fights, kept quiet in the face of insults, stood the harassment of my former friends—all had now paid off. I was going to be free.

When I'd recovered my equilibrium, I took off for the

recreation yard. The first person I saw there was Jimmy Hoffa.

"Jim, baby! Jim! Guess what!"

"You made parole."

"That's right, I made it! Oh, buddy, thanks to your help I'm getting out! Jimmy, I'll never forget you. Never! I owe you a debt for life."

"Don't worry about it, Ed. You deserve every break in the world. Hell, I wish I was making parole, too. By God, I'd take you out and buy you the biggest steak dinner you ever had."

"Jimmy, thanks! Oh, thanks!" I all but slobbered over him.

I ran back to the dormitory, got out pencil and paper, and immediately wrote a letter to Reverend Bill Denton thanking him for his concern, and taking him up on his generous offer.

Then I wrote to my grandmother, to both my aunts, and to my new friends, the Wintrows, telling them that I had made parole. I just spread the elation all around. God, it was a wonderful feeling.

But I still couldn't sleep, eat, or read. The excitement was too great. There was no dread—just sheer pulsating excitement.

Strangely, I still found myself ready to cry at the drop of a hat. The hardboiled kid had turned weepy. I was so grateful, so full of emotion, that my feelings were always near the surface, ready to spill over in tears. They had given me a chance, the chance of a lifetime. Never again would I let anybody down.

Never again would I put myself even remotely in jeopardy of having to return to a prison. I knew full well that if I so much as consorted with any ex-con, I would risk being shipped back to serve out the remainder of my 16-year sentence, plus a penalty of additional time for parole violation. I knew I could easily add 20 years to the

remainder of the 16. No doubt about it, it would be the end of me. Never again would I risk getting locked up again. If I lived to be released, I'd be 65 or 70, and come out with no relatives living, no friends, no money, no job, no social security, no pension. I'd be nothing but a worn out, dilapidated body. I'd probably be too old even to have sex.

No, I'd rather sell pencils on a street corner than risk going back to prison. Nothing in the whole spectrum of life is as important as freedom—or as necessary.

I still had a 50-day wait before my release. During that stretch, I developed an acute case of the short-term blues. I became very edgy, but had enough sense to keep to myself as much as possible. Prison officials at Lewisburg were quite humane in their recognition of this symptom, and offered psychiatric counseling and tranquilizers if requested.

After six years of self-discipline, my frailty once again reared its ugly head. For no reason at all, I'd find myself getting angry. I was edgy, and ready to fight. Food still held no appeal. Sleep continued to elude me until the wee hours of the morning; and then sleep came sporadically, until I would finally give up and start the day. On the job, I found myself worn out with fatigue. I was only content when I could sit in my cell, stare at the far wall, and dream about the outside.

I purchased a comb which contained about 50 teeth in it. To count the time, I began breaking off a tooth a day. Then I would count the remaining teeth on the comb some five or six times each day, hoping I'd find that I missed a day. Then I switched to marking off the hours on my cell wall. When there was less than a week left of the 50 days,

I became totally paralyzed and could do absolutely nothing but mark off hours. Well, I guess I got some food into me now and then, otherwise I'd have been dead of starvation before I'd even had a taste of freedom. But what I remember is constantly sitting on my bunk, watching my watch, hypnotized by the second hand, counting the minutes, counting the hours . . . counting, counting, counting, trying so desperately to tick off the sluggish time.

I finished my countdown roughly five minutes before I was called and given my civilian clothes. They gave me a lightweight brown suit, a white shirt, a brown tie, brown socks, and black shoes—all made, I noticed, by the inmates of Leavenworth. I couldn't get dressed fast enough.

I was then taken to the administration building, where, for what seemed an eternity, I waited for all the necessary paper-work to be done. Finally, I was given the money I had saved, and a bus ticket to Akron.

A guard came for me, and escorted me to the front gate. I looked back to see if anyone was watching me. I must have told about 182 guys to look out the window, so I could wave goodbye to them. The sun was in my eyes, and I couldn't see anyone, but I waved goodbye all the same.

I had promised to write to about 50 of my friends when I was outside. Standing there waving to them, I kicked myself for forgetting that I couldn't possibly communicate with them; it was a parole violation to communicate with men still serving time.

The gate opened. I was checked out, and the gate swung shut behind me. Standing by the side of the car that was to take me to the bus station, I breathed deeply,

and had an attack of vertigo, not unlike the dizziness I had felt when I left Leavenworth. I almost passed out. If I hadn't been able to grab the door handle of the car, I would have found myself right on the ground, unable to get up.

This was not just a fleeting sensation. I was in a cold sweat all the way to the bus terminal in Lewisburg. I didn't calm down or stop shaking until we were about half an hour outside of that town.

Then I started accepting reality. This was it; *I was free.* It wasn't a nightmare. I was really free. I started to soak in the world around me, a world full of people who were guiding their own lives. Every time the bus made a stop, I got out, hungry to find some pretty girls to look at.

By the time we reached Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, I was out of my mind with impatience to get home to Akron. I hopped a cab for the airport, and squandered a considerable amount of my savings on a plane ticket home.

As luck would have it, the plane was forced to lay over for three hours in Pittsburgh. I sauntered through the shops in the airport, bought shaving cream, soap, and shaving lotion, and I felt like a kid at Christmastime. We'd not been allowed any of these articles in prison. Most such products have some alcohol in them; it was easy to separate out the alcohol and get a cheap drunk on. I bought a couple of ties; I even bought a pennant celebrating the Pittsburgh Pirates. That's the kind of a binge I indulged myself in. At the end of the three hours, I had spent $60.

After the layover, I got back on the plane to Akron. Now I went into a new trip. I was positive the plane was going to crash. Overcome by my neurosis, I requested a

seat change so I could get as close to the emergency exit as possible.

The kindly stewardess found me a seat directly behind the emergency exit; but just as I started to relax, I noticed the handle of the emergency door being jiggled up and down. A kid, about 13-years-old, was fiddling with fate. I was paralyzed again with fear. I swear that kid almost had the door opened, when the pilot happened to take a walk through the passenger section and spotted him. The pilot quietly put him in another seat, then came back and locked the emergency door.

Wasn't that something? Locked up all those years, finally freed, and then some stupid kid almost destroys my life trying to be smart. I'd have been sucked out the exit in a milli-second.

"Ladies and gentlemen. . . ." I was snapped out of my trance by the pilot's voice over the intercom. "Please fasten your seat belts and observe the. . . ."

I was home.

Life was beauitful, and I would see to it that it stayed beautiful for the rest of the time God gave me.

I was met at the airport by my friends, the Wintrows. After treating me to a delicious steak dinner, they took me home with them. I was still having sporadic attacks of the shakes, and still had to fight the recurrent, terrifying feeling that I'd wake up at some point to find out that I had dreamed up the whole release episode.

But oh! how sweet to be home. Even the dumpy parts of town were exquisitely beautiful to me. Even the polluted air was a joy to inhale. I saw familiar sights with new eyes. Buildings I'd passed without a thought in my childhood became gloriously unique edifices.

After a wonderfully pleasant visit with the Wintrows, I decided I'd better get over and check in at Denton House. Bill Denton was expecting me. My first full day of freedom would be a busy one; I'd have to get settled in, and then meet my new parole officer.

What would the guy be like? Would he be breathing down my neck, withhold permissions as if I were a child? Was he one of those types who was out to work off his hostility on people who couldn't fight back? I hoped for the best.

Bill Denton, and his son, Bob, who was also a minister, welcomed me cordially. They showed me my not un-

pleasant room, the shower and chow rooms, and filled me in on regulations. Rules were pretty liberal: on weekdays, unless you had a night job, you were expected to be in by eleven o'clock. On weekends, the curfew was one A.M.—unless you were working. You could stay out longer, if you wished, but to do so, it was necessary to obtain permission in advance.

Bill and Bob Denton were wonderful people who treated me with respect. The food and living conditions were more than adequate. Only after an ex-con had found a job was he expected to pay for his room and board.

I turned in that first night, confident I'd sleep like a rock. Of course, I didn't sleep at all. I was anxious about my meeting with my parole officer that next morning.

I needn't have been anxious at all. Mr. Johnson was a man in his 40's, likable and sincere. He set me at ease immediately. He went over the rules and regulations of my parole. I had already followed the first rule by reporting to him the day after my release. Mr. Johnson continued to read the rest of the rules:

"Number 3 reads 'You shall not leave the state without permission from the probation officer.' This means, Mr. Edwards, that should you plan to take a trip or plan to leave the State of Ohio, it is necessary for you to contact me first for written permission.

"Number 4: 'You shall notify your probation officer immediately of any change in your place of residence.' That means that any time you move from one apartment to another, from one rooming house to another, or from one house to another, or from one city to another, you must notify me of any change.

"Number 5: 'You shall make a complete and thorough written report on a form provided for that purpose to the Probation Officer between the first and third day of each month; and on the final day of parole, you shall also report to your probation officer, and at other times as he directs.'

"Now, Ed, what we will do is this: You will receive a form some time between the end of the month and the third day of the new month. This form is to be filled out by you. You must answer all questions. You can either send the form to me, or you may bring it in in person. It is also necessary that you report to my office on the first Monday of each month. If that turns out to be a holiday, then make it the second Monday of that month.

"Number 6: 'If in any emergency you are unable to get in touch with your parole advisor, or your probation officer, or his office, you shall communicate with the United States Board of Parole, Department of Justice, Washington, D.C. 20537.' This means that should something happen, should you want permission to leave the state, and an emergency comes up and you can't get back in time, or should you have an accident, or get in some kind of trouble, you must make every effort to contact me immediately. If you are unable to get in touch with me, then you are to call the U.S. Board of Parole in Washington, D.C. and advise them of the circumstances.

"Number 7: 'You shall not violate any law. You shall get in touch with your parole officer or his office if you are arrested or questioned by a law enforcement officer.' This means should you ever be picked up for suspicion and questioned about anything, you are to contact me immediately and let me know all of the details about the

questioning.

"Number 8. 'You shall not enter into any agreement to act as an informer or special agent for any law enforcement agency.' This means that should anyone approach you asking you to buy drugs from somebody so they can be arrested, or to give information about some crime, you are to refuse, and tell him you are not allowed to do so, and that if he wants to pursue the matter further, he can contact me here in the probation office.

"Number 9: 'You shall work regularly, unless excused by your parole officer, and support your legal dependents, if any, to the best of your ability. You shall report immediately to your parole officer any changes in employment.' This means that you must work all of the time; should you not be able to work because of illness or because of injury, contact me and let me know. And above all, should you quit your job or get fired, let me know immediately. When you start work, you must let me know who your new employer is.

"Number 10: 'You shall not drink alcoholic beverages to excess. You shall not purchase, possess, or use narcotics or other habit-forming or dangerous drugs unless prescribed by a physician. You shall not frequent places where drugs are either sold, used, or given away.' I think Number 10 is self-explanatory. Do not violate it.

"Number 11: 'You shall not associate with persons who have a criminal record unless you have permission from your parole officer, nor shall you associate with persons engaged in criminal activities.' As you know by now, association with an ex-con who is experienced in crime, will get you sent back to the penitentiary immediately. Do you

understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Number 12: 'You shall not have firearms around, or other dangerous weapons in your possession without the written permission of your probation officer, or prior approval of the U.S. Board of Parole.' I will not give you permission to have a gun, Ed. It is now the policy of the U.S. Board of Parole not to grant any one permission to use a firearm, regardless of what the intended purpose might be."

"Yes, sir."

"Fine. It says right here, 'The foregoing conditions of parole I fully understand, and know that if I violate any of them I may be recommitted. I also understand that special conditions may be added or modified. I have read and have had read to me the foregoing conditions for parole.' Sign your name as Edward Wayne Edwards where it gives your institutional number 33027 and at the bottom, where it states the above named person was released on the 20th day of September, 1967, with a total of 3,389 days remaining to be served. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fine. And you also understand that violation of any of these rules is cause to have you picked up and sent back to the penitentiary as a parole violator."

"Yes, sir, I understand that; but then I don't plan on being picked up or sent back as a parole violator."

"I hope not, Ed; I really do; for it seems to me that 16 years in institutions would be enough for any person. Now that we have gone over all the particulars, let's talk. As long as you act like a man I will treat you as a man. And

I think we will get along."

"Yes, sir. I appreciate your attitude."

"That's fine."

"I would like to stay at the Denton House just long enough to familiarize myself with the city again. But I would rather not stay there too long, because I really don't want to be living around men who are ex-cons. I am not trying to say that I am better than they are. I just want to avoid all the associations that living with them will bring up."

"Well, that's up to you, Ed." replied Mr. Johnson. I am sure Bill Denton and Bob Denton aren't about to force you to stay. As a matter of fact, they wouldn't if they could. Have you contacted the man you will be working for?"

"I'm really not sure just who that will be. I am supposed to go to the Teamsters' Union, and they will introduce me to my new employer. I think his name is Mr. Harold Shantz, but I'm not positive about that."

"Okay, what about your relatives? Have you seen them?"

"No, I plan to after I go downtown and buy myself some clothes. Then I'd like to cash some savings bonds. Then I'll contact my relatives and go see them, if they want to see me."

"I see. Well, Ed, I think you will find everybody will treat you right. Oh, naturally, you might find one or two who won't be able to forget the fact that you have been in the penitentiary. But let's face it, it's up to you to prove to them that you're really straight."

"I realize that."

"Well, okay. When you find a place to live, inform me of your address. When you meet your employer, let me know how you are getting along and what your job will be."

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, Edwards, one more thing. It may be a bit premature, but if you ever decide to get married, you'll have to bring your girl down here and introduce her to me. In the past, many ex-cons married girls who weren't aware of their status. Getting married under false pretenses just isn't right for either party. We won't want to question your future wife; but we will want to make sure that she is aware of how things stand. This procedure helps a marriage get off on the right foot."

"That sounds reasonable to me, sir. But I really don't plan on being married in the near future."

"Have you any questions?"

"No, sir, I think I understand everything. If anything at all happens to me that is out of the ordinary, you'll be the first to know."

"Okay. One more word of advice. How much money will you be able to get from the sale of your bonds?"

"About $1,500."

"That ought to be enough to get you started. But don't go out and blow it all on clothes. It's quite common for a parolee to lose or gain weight in the first few months after his release. If you're like most ex-cons, you'll be out a wad of money and with nothing that fits you. Take it easy. Spend your money wisely."

My parole officer was more of a decent human being than I'd hoped for in my wildest dreams. I took his advice to the letter. I bought a limited amount of work and

dress clothes, and then set about contacting my relatives.

For some perverse reason, the first person I called was my aunt. She sounded pleasant enough, and as luck would have it, my grandmother was visiting at her house that very minute. She suggested I come over right away. Even though I was anxious to see my grandmother, I hesitated, for Mr. Johnson had prepared me to expect a little hostility and embarrassment from my relatives.

I got a good dose of it before I'd ever answered my aunt's invitation to come over. While I was hesitating, she said sugarly into the receiver:

"Ed, please get out of the cab about two blocks from our house will you? People around here have heard you've been released from prison, and our neighbors will be watching. I would rather you came inconspicuously. I realize it's raining, but I'm afraid I can't have it any other way."

My aunt had never been fond of me. Her indifference had tormented me throughout childhood. But this was a low blow. It bothered me then, and it does to this day.

I agreed to my aunt's terms; the cabbie let me out a few blocks from her house and I walked the rest of the way in a downpour. The new clothes I was wearing, and the new clothes I was carrying in shopping bags, were all drenched.

My grandmother seemed genuinely happy to see me. She had stood by me all my life, and more than once I had put her through pure hell. She has old-fashioned ways, but she is a good person and I love her very much.

But my aunt is impossible. If she isn't told what she wants to hear, she just won't listen, and just sits and pouts. As a put-down artist, she has no peer. There is no way to change her, and no reason to try.

Happily, the reception by my other aunt and uncle was quite different. They were both sincerely glad to see me, and had me over to dinner several times; and I could always count on them to give me a lift home, after I had visited them.

All in all, I got along pretty well. There were some minor family arguments to cope with, but nothing came up that I couldn't field. I had expected to be stopped at every street corner by the police, frisked, questioned, and hauled in as a suspect, every-time a crime was committed in Akron. But that didn't happen, either. Nothing about my release had been published in the papers, so very few people knew I was back. Occasionally, I would meet someone on the street who knew me from school or from a job; but by and large, I got through those awkward occasions without trauma.

To continue my story: On my second day out, I went to the local Teamsters' Union and met my new boss, Mr. Harold Shantz. I started out working as a dockman, and later was made a dock foreman and driver. Mr. Shantz was painstakingly careful and thorough when he explained the business to me, and was altogether a terrific person to work for. Teamster wages, of course, were excellent.

After I'd been on the job for a while, I discovered that he also had a terrible, if short-lived, temper. I was able to ride out the few occasions I saw his fuse flare up, confident that his good humor would return. The first time he boiled over, I handled the situation without thinking. Suddenly, I realized that, in the past, at the first sign of trouble, or of any challenge to me, my reaction had been to bolt. Bolting, when Mr. Shantz flew off the handle, never entered my

mind. I'd come a long way in my trust of people. It was a great feeling to discover this, and it made me optimistic about the future.

Sometime later, I decided to buy a car and needed a co-signer. Mr. Shantz volunteered without hesitation. That about floored me, but it was perfectly in keeping with his character. Mr. Shantz is a fine family man; his wife and children are wonderful; and he takes good care of them. I love the man dearly.

In one way, I must admit I hadn't changed my style at all: I was still mad about girls. I had quite a lot of living to make up for. I flew from one woman to another with record speed—even for me. I'd shack up with a girl for a week, and then bored, move on to another.

A Place in the Sun

While I was riding to work, I met a young lady who was commuting to college on the same bus. Two weeks after I met her, I bought that automobile for which Mr. Shantz co-signed. I schemed to be backing out of my driveway one morning, just as she would be walking by, on her way to the bus stop. I would offer her a lift.

My scheme worked. Then, of course, since we had saved so much time driving in, instead of taking the bus, we went to a restaurant for some coffee and conversation.

The girl's name was Kay, and she came from a nice Akron family. She was a senior at the University of Akron, majoring in education. She was eager to start teaching kids. Twenty minutes with Kay, and the bells and cymbals went off in my head again. Yes, this was the girl for me.

I was terrified that, when the time came to tell her of my past, I would lose her; but I decided to cross that bridge when I came to it.

I fell deeply in love with Kay, and two months later, in December of 1967, she agreed to marry me.

A couple of days after our engagement was announced, I told her I had something important to tell her. I warned her that what she was going to hear would shock her, but I asked her to let me tell her the whole story from beginning

to end, before she said anything.

Naturally, my Kay was a bit apprehensive. What could possibly be so serious? Our lives were so happy. We had so much hope for the future. We were to be married in six months.

That night, when I knew Kay's parents would be out bowling, I told my story. I ran out the whole skein, and left nothing out. I told her about my shattered marriages, about my many crimes. I told her how many prisons I had been in. I told her about my real parents and about my foster parents; I told her about Sister Agnes Marie, and about the beginnings of the sorry business of my life. Everything spilled out, though not in a welter of self-pity. I felt I had to make a clean breast of it all, or else some overlooked misdeed would come back to haunt me at some future time. Besides, much as I wanted Kay, I no longer would sell myself under false pretenses.

I told Kay that if she wanted to end the engagement, I would understand. But if she would indeed marry me, I would bend every bone in my body to make her the happiest woman alive. I promised her I would convert to her religion, so we could bring up our children in her faith.

Inside of me, I dared believe she would accept my awful past. But I was nevertheless prepared for the worst. When I had finished, exhausted, Kay beamed at me.

"Honey, I'm so glad you've told me all this. How could you possibly think that your past life would make the slightest bit of difference in the way I feel about you now? Eddie, you've had a terrible life. But let's leave that in the past where it belongs. I love you more than ever now—that's the only difference your story makes to me. Honey, you are

the man I want to be the father of my children—nobody else! Nothing can shake me from that feeling. Ed, I love you."

The minute I heard the first sentence of Kay's reply, my eyes started to well up. By the time she finished, I was sobbing openly. My God! I was being accepted completely. All the garbage and waste of my past life was being forgiven. That was *real* love, and I knew it. I would spend the rest of my life proving to Kay that I was worthy of her love.

The next day, I took Kay to meet my parole officer. They got along splendidly, Mr. Johnson congratulated me on my excellent taste.

We agreed we wouldn't tell Kay's parents about my past, as yet. They really didn't know me well enough; although they may have trusted their daughter's judgment, they would have, understandably, been terribly apprehensive—particularly since we had only known each other two months before we had become engaged. We would choose a time to tell them after they'd gotten a chance to know me better, and would be able to regard me with a better perspective.

Kay and I were married in July, 1968. Kay's father gave her away at a lovely church wedding. She looked like a princess.

After the wedding, we had an elegant reception—families, friends, and all. Then a long, glorious honeymoon in Florida.

I had turned thirty-five, the month before Kay and I were married. I was terribly anxious to get a family started; I didn't want my kids to have an old man for a father. Kay

and I talked it over, and we agreed to begin a family soon. The good Lord was with us and Kay became pregnant on our honeymoon. On March 31, 1969, our daughter, April Lynn, was born. April was premature and developed yellow jaundice shortly after birth. She gave us quite a scare, but pulled through. Today, April Lynn is a very lovely, healthy young lady, and we are immensely proud of her.

Ten and a half months after April's birth, our second child was born. He was a beautiful boy, full term, and completely healthy and robust. We named him David Wayne.

In September, 1971, our third child, another girl, was born.

Although our kids are still pretty young, I feel confident that Kay and I will bring them up without any major difficulties. We bombard them with love. Our kids get hugged, kissed, and told "I love you" at least several times a day—whenever they seem to need to hear it, or whenever we need to say it. They will grow up secure in the knowledge that their mother and their father adore them, want them, need them, enjoy them and will see them through life with every support. Should one of them ever get ideas that he or she wants to "move on to greener pastures," well, their old man can cite a few examples of just how fruitless a trip that is.

Shortly after Kay and I were married, my parole officer called me and asked if I would be interested in addressing a class at the University of Akron. I was to tell the class about my background, my crimes, and about prison. I accepted the invitation, and enjoyed both the speaking, and the question session which followed.

After the lecture, I was invited to meet Dr. Carl Bersani, Professor of Sociology and Criminology at the university. We had a long, satisfying talk, and Dr. Bersani suggested that I write a book about my experiences. He thought it would be immensely beneficial to cons presently serving time, to potential delinquents and criminals, to parents of adolescents, and to adolescents themselves.

When I got home, I talked the idea over with Kay. We agreed that it might be a worthwhile endeavor. What a satisfying thing it would be to be able to put my past, wasted life to use.

Kay and I began to see a new role in life for me. Along with speaking about my own personal life, I could speak of the dangers of the lack of communication between parents and children. If I could reach one parent every time I spoke, that would be quite an achievement. Shortly thereafter, we began to plan this book, and some more speaking engagements.

A few months after my first talk at the University of Akron, I was standing on a flight of stairs leading to a second-floor apartment when the entire staircase broke away from the side of the house, and collapsed. I tumbled to the ground, fracturing my neck and my back. I was confined to the hospital for a long time.

When I was released, I was unable to go back to work. Since then, I've suffered almost continuous pain, and have been back in the hospital twice for extensive tests and treatments. At this writing, I'm still pretty much disabled.

When I was in the hospital for tests the second time, I decided I would expand my lecture program, and form a club of volunteers who wanted to help others. I named

the club WWTH—*We Want to Help.* This organization now publishes a newsletter which boasts quite a respectable circulation.

After I got out of the hospital, I embarked on a heavy lecture schedule. I've lectured to schools, churches, orphanages, police academies, lawyers' organizations, Kiwanis and Rotary clubs, and various universities. I've also appeared on several radio and television shows.

Outside of the joy in my family, nothing has been more rewarding to me than the letters I've received from people I've helped. I answer every one of them. They are a constant source of vigor, optimism, and pleasure.

Perhaps, I'll still leave this life with credits I can be proud of. I thank the good Lord for giving me these golden opportunities.

Author's Afterword

Author's Afterword

I want to say that I am not proud of any crime I ever committed. Nor am I proud of the kind of life that I led up until 1962. It does not take a very intelligent person nor a very brave person to go about the country taking people's money, robbing gas stations and banks, or writing bad checks. It takes someone who doesn't have any respect for himself or others.

As I said, I am not proud of my past. But I am not going to go off in a corner and close the door on my life and become a vegetable just because I used to be a criminal.

Today, I hope that people will accept me for what I am as well as for what I used to be. I hope they will give me a chance to prove myself—to show that I can be, and am, a responsible citizen of the community. If they do not want to give me this chance, this is their prerogative. I will not push myself on people or try to force them to like me. I do not much care what they say behind my back. I encourage people to talk behind my back. I now spend my life telling people about all the bad things I did and the type of individual I used to be; therefore, I feel if someone is talking behind my back he must be saying something good.

I go through life with an imaginary sign dangling in front of me which reads: "Great minds discuss ideas; good minds discuss events; and small minds discuss people." I

feel the people I meet will fill one of these roles.

In 1970 I fell down the steps outside our apartment and injured my back and neck severely enough so that I could no longer drive a truck or work the dock for Mr. Shantz. At that time, several people started contacting me about speaking engagements. They wanted me to speak at junior and senior high schools, churches, Kiwanis, Rotary, Police academies, sheriffs' associations, dental associations, and other groups. My wife's encouragement and interest convinced me to try this out.

She urged, "You certainly have the credentials to help other people. Even if you were to help only one person, wouldn't you say that it had been worth it; if you knew that you had kept one youngster from going wrong, from living the kind of life that you had led?"

I had to agree with her. Today, I spend all my time traveling around speaking. I have three goals in life at this time.

One is to caution youth against getting into trouble. Regardless of what the authorities say, your juvenile record will follow you through life. You will spend the rest of your life paying for the mistakes you made as a minor. If there is someone who is jealous of your position, or who wants to try to get ahead of you, all he has to do is mention a crime that you committed when you were a minor. You'll see how fast it can destroy you and everything you stand for.

The second thing I am trying to do is to promote prison and community reform around the country. We must hire people to work in our institutions who have adequate training. We must put educational and vocational programs in our institutions. Prisoners should have an opportunity to get an education and learn a trade in order to come out of prison better people and get jobs and become responsible citizens.

The third goal I have is to improve communication between parents and children. Today, everyone takes everyone else for granted. Father and mother take each other for granted. Father and mother take children for granted, and vice versa. There is no substitute for love.

You might wonder if I have ever had any association with drugs. I have never been a drug addict. I have experimented with drugs but not with the hard stuff such as heroin or morphine. I have used benzedrine, dexedrine, yellow jackets, red devils, and various types of pep pills.

There is one good reason why I am not a drug addict. I was orderly of a cell block in a penitentiary which housed about seventy drug addicts. I watched those men lose fifty and sixty pounds in a month's time. I watched them fall on the floor holding their stomachs because of severe cramps. I listened to them scream all night because they needed drugs. I watched them ram their heads down and run into the cell bars like billy goats just so they could be taken to the infirmary to get drugs. I watched a man cut his own brother's thumb off one evening, so that his brother could go to the infirmary to get drugs. I watched a man drink lye. I watched three men drink printer's ink; one of them went blind. I watched a drug addict commit suicide one morning by jumping off the gallery where his cell was located.

I have witnessed two killings which took place because of drugs. One drug addict picked up a baseball bat and literally tore the head completely off another man, exploding his skull all over the baseball diamond. The second killing was committed by an inmate barber who was a drug addict. He got mad at the fellow whose hair he was cutting because of an argument over a football game. He picked up the scissors and ran them into the man's temple.

This is why I am not a drug addict today. I have never experimented with drugs because of my experience as orderly in that cell block.

People who take drugs for kicks are merely kicking away their life's desires and ambitions. When you have the drug habit, there are no holidays, no weekends, no vacations. It's seven days a week, 365 days a year. The cost can be $100 to $300 a day.

When and if drugs are ever introduced into your life, they won't come in through the back door; they will enter through your front door, introduced by one of your so-called best friends, at no cost. They won't cost anything—until you start to depend upon them.

Once you start to depend upon those drugs, then a price is placed on them. At first a bag will cost two, four, five, or ten dollars. Eventually, the price of the drugs is shoplifting, burglary, armed robbery, prostitution. Eventually, you may find yourself in the reformatory or the penitentiary. If this is what you are willing to do to be accepted, then decide right now that you must be willing to suffer the consequences and pay the price.

Today, there is a game called a fruit cocktail party which a lot of school children and adults play. For a fruit cocktail party, three or four individuals get together and bring two or three samples of every kind of pill that was in the family medicine cabinet. They meet at a drive-in theater or at a home and sit around all evening popping pills and maybe drinking beer, coke, or hot coffee. They take all kinds of pills, but have no idea what they might be taking. Pain pills, pep pills, aspirin, water pills, diet pills, and penicillin tablets.

People have died as a result of these fruit cocktail parties. For example, many people are allergic to penicillin and to other kinds of medicine. Here's what might happen: You

go out on a fruit cocktail party. Before the evening's over, you have a reaction and you are taken to the hospital. You cannot tell the doctor what you took because all you know is that you took several kinds of pills. Will they be able to help you? Ask yourself if you're willing to take the risk before you decide to have a fruit cocktail party.

How many of you have ever known someone who has died from an overdose of drugs? How many of you have ever heard or read about people dying from overdoses of drugs? Do you know for a fact that they really died from a self-inflicted overdose? Or were they deliberately murdered in cold blood to keep them quiet?

What am I talking about? Two of the most popular ways to support a drug habit are through prostitution and shoplifting. For example, a young man named John is using drugs. He is supporting his habit by shoplifting.

One day, John is picked up by the police and put in jail. Not for using drugs, or for having them in his possession, but for shoplifting.

The police, and the drug pushers and suppliers all know that if you take his drugs away suddenly, an addict will do or say almost anything to support his habit. Even if he tells the police nothing, he is still suspect.

John gets out on bond and meets the pusher, who says, "Hey, John you're a good customer. You can't afford to take these busts and neither can I. Let's straighten up. Here's some stuff. Go back to your pad and get yourself in condition."

John takes the drugs back to his pad. He cooks up and takes the drugs, but he dies.

Why did he die? The heroin he had just been given was more potent, maybe about 90% pure. *John was meant to die.* Now any information which John might have given the

police can't be used against the pusher in a court of law. While John died from an overdose of heroin, he was deliberately murdered so as to keep him quiet.

Why do people, especially our teenagers, take drugs? The answer lies with the family. Parents who give their children love and teach them discipline, courtesy, and kindness will get the same in return. Love, respect, companionship are the life-blood of the family.

Today, many parents give their fifteen and sixteen-year-olds an automobile and a credit card so that they'll stay out of their hair and won't interrupt their parties and good times. This is like putting a loaded gun into the hands of a child.

Many people ask what's wrong with kids today.

The fact is that when they were little, their parents wanted nothing to do with them. They just wanted the kids to grow up.

It takes time and effort and love to raise children. Love is reading your newspaper and watching your television shows *only after your children have gone to bed.* Just because you have been away all day working is no reason why your children deserve to be neglected. It's because you have been away all day that you owe them this time. When you come home in the evening, you should devote your time to talking and playing with your children.

Love is when Mom is in the kitchen cooking supper, and she decides that supper can wait because one of the children has a problem to discuss. Nothing, absolutely nothing, is more important than our children.

Children need to give, as well as get, love. Love is letting your little brother or sister join in the football game, even if he runs the wrong way on the field.

Everyone needs recognition. Everyone likes to hear words

of praise. If children don't get it from their parents, or if the husband and wife don't get it from each other, they will go out and get it elsewhere.

When a child comes home from school, he should find a receptive ear at home. The only real communication that a lot of children and parents have today is at bed time. On the way up the stairs, the child will hear: "Don't forget to put away your things." "Did you do your homework?" "Take a bath." "Lay out your clothes for school tomorrow." "Don't turn your television on too loud." "Stay off the phone."

People say that today's children are not responsible. Maybe we don't give them a chance to be responsible. Some parents are afraid to let their children operate their expensive washers and dryers for fear they might break them. A lot of our teenagers still wear clothes that Mom and Dad picked out for them.

Do we really trust our children? Do we really know them and understand them? I rebelled and wasn't responsible when I was a child. I was searching for recognition and approval.

Not too long ago, I went back to Parmadale to look around. Oh, how it had changed.

The basic structure of the orphanage is the same. The cottages, school building, chapel, dining room, and gymnasium were all the same. They have built a few new cottages since I left in 1945, and they now have girls. I found the institution to be very clean. The children I met seemed to be quite happy.

The one big improvement I found is that there are more lay people working there now. Lay people who live outside of the orphanage are more familiar with today's children.

I was pleasantly surprised when I went to my old cottage to find that the beds were modern. Every bed seemed to

have at least one stuffed animal on it.

It's very possible that Parmadale was much the same then as it is now. But when I was there, I failed to see it that way. I still feel that while I was at Parmadale it was the worst place in the world for anyone to be. I certainly wouldn't want to live through those years again.

Our institutions are full of people who were deprived of love and recognition when they were children. Don't misunderstand me. I do not feel sorry for myself. I knew what I was doing. I knew that what I was doing was wrong. I blamed no one. But I had to spend a lot of time in a lot of unpleasant places to figure it all out.

You can help keep your children out of institutions—out of those universities of crime—if you start now, and not later when it is too late. Do you know what a child has to look forward to when he goes into a detention home or a reformatory? A group of youngsters will knock him down, kick him, and then walk away. The next day the same thing will take place. This continues until the child is hurt physically and mentally and feeling sorry for himself.

Then another group will offer him assistance and protection. But this protection costs money. In the beginning, it costs a carton of cigarettes; and then two cartons a month; and it keeps increasing until the child is unable to pay for his protection. How is he going to pay for his protection? He knows he must. He pays for his protection by turning to acts of homosexuality, whether he wants to or not. I will venture to say that homosexuality is the number one reason for killings, cuttings, fights, and riots in our institutions today.

When you enter an institution, you live with cockroaches, child molesters, drug pushers, murderers. You are no longer called by your name, but you are referred to as a number.

You eat the food whether it's good or bad, or you go without. You sleep on a thin mattress and stand up for a head count many times a day. Often, you are limited as to how many letters you can write, and to whom you can write. Your visits are limited. You get up at the same time every morning, and you go to bed at the same time every night. If you must go out and burglarize homes, and steal automobiles, and hold up people, then you are destined for one of these institutions. You might as well be aware of what you can expect.

Not everybody who commits a crime is fortunate enough to go to a federal penitentiary where he can get an education and learn a trade as I did. Most of our state institutions around the country are deplorable. The guards are uneducated. They look forward to two things: the time of day that they go home, and the time of week that they get paid.

In many institutions, there aren't any formal educational or vocational programs, but you learn a lot. You leave these institutions knowing how to commit different kinds of crimes, or how to commit them in a little different or better way.

We need trained personnel in our institutions. We need educational and vocational programs. When prisoners are released, they should be able to return to society and accept responsibility and go to work.

A lot of our institutions have antiquated educational and vocational training programs. In some state institutions, prisoners are taught how to be barbers, despite the fact that that particular state will not license a barber if he is an ex-convict. They teach typewriter repair and cash register repair, refrigeration, radio, television, and automotives in some prisons. But when you get out, you can't get a job. Do you know why? Because all of the machines on which they learned their trade are genuine antiques. They are

collector's items. Is it any wonder that so many people released from institutions inevitably return?

You should go and see for yourself. Get a group together, and ask to tour one of the institutions in your state. Generally, they will be quite ready for you. They know what you are going to ask, and they know what they are going to show you. I suggest that when you go, you ask questions they haven't heard before. Look around and observe. Talk to some of the inmates. Don't be afraid to ask questions. Find out what's going on in the community and in your state. Don't believe everything you hear. Check it out for yourself.

* * *

Don't be a crime target. Be a crime stopper. Protect yourself and your family by taking simple precautions. I have known many sex maniacs and I am familiar with the way they operate. Instruct your baby sitters never to tell anyone who telephones that they are baby-sitting. Don't tell an unknown caller that the people are not home. If you do, there is a very good chance that someone unwanted will show up at the front door.

Ladies, when someone calls, unless you know who it is, don't let on that you are alone. When you are out walking at night, avoid dark alleys and high hedges. Carry a police whistle. Today, people are afraid to respond to a yell for help. I suggest that if you need help, you yell "Fire!" This will bring the whole neighborhood out.

Lock all your doors and all your windows. What really gets me is when people go away in the evening and leave their porch and hall lights on, hoping to make someone believe that they are home. Let me ask you this, who lives in the hallway? The most obvious place that a light should be left on is in the bedroom. You might leave the radio on.

I actually suggest turning all the lights out. Without lights, a burglar must use a flashlight. This can be seen a long way.

When you go on vacation, have someone check your house regularly. Notify the local police that you are away. Have your neighbor use your garage for his car so that it will look as though someone is home. Stop your mail and newspaper deliveries. Don't advertise that you are going on vacation. Just go.

Don't be a crime target. Be a crime stopper. If you see someone on the street who needs help, help him, because tomorrow night it may be you who needs help.

Ed Edwards
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Publisher's Afterword

Publisher's Afterword

On September 20, 1967, Ed Edwards was released from Lewisburg on parole. Ever since that day, Edwards has been living as a responsible, self-supporting, law-abiding citizen in Akron, Ohio, the town in which he was born and brought up.

Edward Wayne Edwards has indeed made a successful readjustment in life. He now lectures extensively to church groups, school associations, and welfare societies on the subjects of prison reform, rearing of children, abatement of criminality, and related topics. He publishes a newsletter which has over 17,000 subscribers.

Excerpts from one of these lectures and from one of his newsletters follow:

HELLO CLUB MEMBER,

Here it is December 28, 1971. Only three more days left in this year. Four more days and we will find ourselves venturing into the new year.

I do hope that the year of 1972 will be your best year ever. May you find your way through the coming year without any sickness or hardships.

Let's start the new year out by trying to avoid being the victim of robbery or murder or as a statistic in a newspaper. Let's catch a thief, or at least make it a lot harder for him to do a job on us.

IS SOMEONE PLANNING TO ROB YOU?

Even though you have never been the victim of a crime, the chances are fairly good that you have already been cased by a sharkey as a good prospect for a hoist, a burglary, or a shakedown. Be on the lookout for spotters and sneak thieves with skeleton keys and pass keys who can get in and out of your home or your hotel room in a minute or two.

Rich or poor, baker or banker, someone may be planning to rob you! Don't let it happen to you—be careful!

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO LOSE?

It could be your life!

That your home has never been burglarized is no guarantee that it couldn't happen. You're either lucky or have built an impregnable fort to live in, which is unlikely. Burglaries are so common that we take them for granted. Are you careless about home security? What are you doing to avoid being a digit in next year's crime statistics?

There are few experiences in life that match the frenzied impact of finding your home looted. "We always thought this sort of thing only happens to people in other neighborhoods" is a common enough reaction, to be sure! The sad fact is that "the other people in the other neighborhood" could be *you* in your neighborhood.

There is always a chance of meeting an intruder in your home, face to face. The wisest thing you can do is to pray silently and sincerely. It helps; if not in this world, it's

bound to help in the next. It would be to your advantage not to panic—easier said than done I know, but try to assure yourself that the prowler is afraid—and you're not. His liberty is at stake. Don't underestimate the power of fear or a crook's desperation. *You could be dead wrong!*

Above all, don't be foolish enough to stop him from making a fast exit. Just hope he does!

Is there anything you can do to protect yourself against the menace of being invaded? Yes. Install a good alarm system. Install out-of-reach outside security lights that can illuminate the perimeter of your home effectively with a minimum amount of fixtures. A handy switch next to your bed will throw enough light to discourage prowlers. Prowlers, burglars, peeping Toms and other weirdos fear light almost as much as they do a noisy alarm.

A good alert dog makes an excellent watchman. Keep the dog inside the house at night, allowing it the freedom of the house, thus providing an excellent prowler-growler warning system.

IS YOUR HOME REALLY YOUR CASTLE?

Don't be an easy mark.

Flimsy doors, windows, and locking devices may seem adequate for keeping honest people from intruding, but prowlers aren't that easily discouraged. They regard your lack of precaution as an open invitation to steal you blind. It's ridiculous to install a top quality expensive lock on a flimsy door, or a cheap lock on a heavy door. A lot of people put excellent security hardware on front doors, and cheap locks on the rear entrances. A burglar doesn't waste time on a hard-to-enter door or window when an easy break-in is readily at hand.

The majority of home-break-ins are made through back doors and rear windows upper or lower—carelessly left unlatched. Basement windows are too frequently left open.

Burglars love screened in porches; they're a good cover up.

Don't forget to lock your attic windows—a lot of homes have rain spouts leading up to the roof and a lot of burglars know how to shimmy up those rain spouts.

Glass-paneled doors are perhaps more attractive than wood doors, but they are tempting invitations for easy break-ins. A wide strip of plastic tape can muffle noise and hold shattered glass.

Have your locks reset when you move into a new home or apartment. You'll sleep better.

ARE YOU INVITING CAR THIEVES?

The National Auto Theft Bureau strongly recommends legislation on both state and federal levels to make it more difficult for unauthorized persons to obtain mail-order master keys that will unlock practically any car. All car owners should back this legislation by writing their representatives at both government levels.

Safeguard your car. Be sure to take your keys out of the car and lock it.

Roll up all windows. Park in lighted, well-traveled areas. Lock your garage at night. Never leave your registration card in the car.

Don't ever leave your home or office keys on your car key chain. It's too easy for some desperate attendant to have duplicate keys made. Why be an easy mark?

If you are a fair do-it-yourself mechanic you can easily install a hood latch, along with a concealed off-on ignition switch. These safeguards have proved very effective.

To avoid being robbed as you drive into your garage at night, make it a habit to always close your garage door to discourage a thug from lying in wait atop your open garage door. Never leave a spare key anywhere on the car, under the hood, bumper, or gas tank. Carry a spare on your person.

WOMAN! PROTECT THYSELF AGAINST EVIL.

A woman who behaves foolishly in public, however innocently meant, often finds herself in serious trouble. Do not visit bars and restaurants alone, and be extremely careful about drinking with strangers. Cases of attack and murder resulting from new-found bar friendships are frequent.

Remember, a lot of times a woman's scream is her best weapon.

Do not put "Miss" in front of your name on your apartment mailbox or your door. This only invites attacks. A shrill police whistle next to the bed is an excellent safeguard, and don't forget to tell your neighbors you'll use it only in an emergency.

It's wise to have the police number handy—preferably on your dial. Call the police if you see a suspicious person or unusual goings on. It's safer to be wrong than to be dead wrong!

Let the police check it out; they'll gladly do it. Never open your door without knowing who is there. Vary your coming home routines. Why set patterns that burglars can observe?

If you find your home has been broken into while you were away, don't enter the house. Call the police and don't touch anything. If you are living alone, don't lock your door when you come home until you have made sure that no one is in the house with you. Then lock it.

If your door doesn't have a peep hole, install one. De-

mand credentials before admitting a stranger into your home. It pays to be very careful whether a visitor says he's a salesman, utility man, or preacher. Never tell a stranger on the phone that you're alone, or that your husband is out of town, or that you are a babysitter. Instruct the children not to do this.

Look inside your car before entering; someone may be crouching on the floor in the rear seat, especially at night. Keep car doors locked, windows rolled up tight, and keep a full gas tank.

When using a taxi, ask the driver to wait until you enter the house and the lights are on before he drives off.

If you think you are being followed, go to the nearest police station or gas station. Lean on the horn if no one is in sight. When driving alone, keep on well-lighted streets. Should you have a car for sale, don't go test-driving with a stranger.

WHERE ARE THE POLICE?

There are only 397,000 federal, state, and local police to patrol our huge nation with its 200,000,000 population. Only about 70,000 police are on duty on the 4 p.m. to midnight shift, a third of them on traffic duty. With nearly 10,000 major crimes reported daily, and untold thousands unreported, the police have to choose which ones they will investigate. Even a tenfold increase of their manpower would not meet current law enforcement needs. The police are pretty busy. We need many more, and you are the ones who must speak up to see that we get many more.

I have one suggestion, though. Instead of having our police spend three or four hours in the police station, making out reports every time they make an arrest, why not equip our police with tape recorders and hire secretaries to

type the reports from the tape recorders. Men who are trained to be policemen and whom we are paying to protect us, should be out in their squad cars where they can best do their job. They are policemen, not typists.

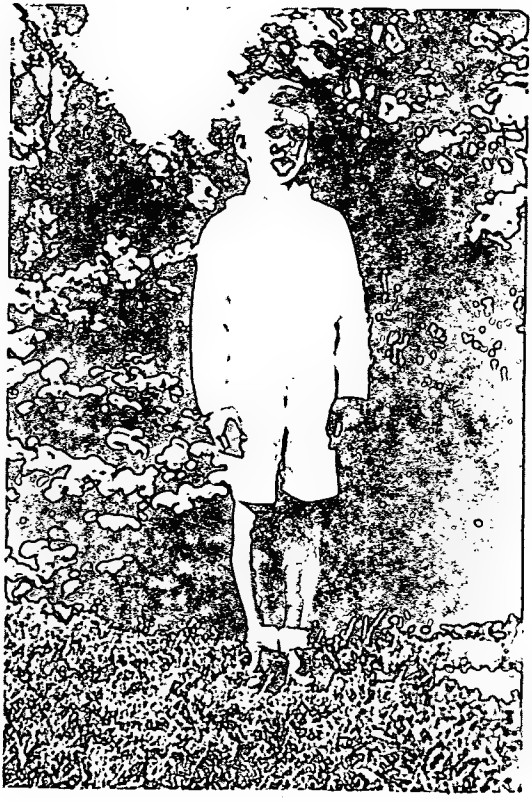
SAFES

Your safest safe is a safety deposit box. The few dollars a year to rent a safety deposit box could be your most valuable investment. Do it today! Tonight may be too late!

* * * *

I do hope that this newsletter starting off the new year will help keep all of you safe and free from criminal attack. Now that you have read it, please take the time to check your house out.

Ed Edwards



These pictures eloquently portray the making of a young criminal. Ed Edwards is transmuted from a joyous, carefree child into a hostile, psychopathic, potentially dangerous criminal. The first picture shows Edwards as a six-month-old baby. In the second picture, he is two. In the third picture, he is four years old, and in the fourth picture he is six years old. In all of these pictures he shows the visage of carefree childhood. In the last picture, Edwards, now eight, stands stiffly armored against physical and psychological assault.

It may be of interest to psychiatrists, sociologists, and social workers to learn that when Edwards was a youngster he was given tests which yielded the result that he had an inferior I.Q.

As can be seen from the documents which follow, the young Edwards was at first diagnosed as having subnormal intelligence. That this was not true and was not the underlying cause of his criminal behavior was clearly documented by later diagnoses and behavior. On the contrary, Edwards was using his intelligence and ingenuity to mastermind devious, anti-social and illegal means of feeding his need for recognition and identity.

PSYCHOLOGICAL SERVICES
77 East Mill Street
Akron 8, Ohio

PSYCHOLOGICAL EXAMINATION OF EDWARD WAYNE EDWARDS

May 31, 1950

Referral: Ct – P. O. Nurches
Birthdate: 6-14-33
CA: 16 years

Summary and Conclusions

1. This boy has low average intelligence and sometimes he functions well on that level. Again, he becomes erratic and uses it poorly. His achievement is about commensurate with such measurement. Academic work would not be indicated.

2. This person is interested in the Marines and farming. It is important to note that throughout the study, when the Marines were mentioned, he always carried along the alternative—farming. No particular aptitudes were located in this study which might have vocational potential except above average ability with fine muscular control. He is very interested in the Marines and will probably do fairly well if the pressures do not become too great. It is best for Wayne to be away from his grandmother. The Army would be desirable if he cannot make the grade in the Marines.

3. The personality picture is one of a highly disturbed individual who needs psychiatric help. This will probably be impossible since it would take a very long term treatment to make any change. It is a case of a boy who has multiple difficulties most of which it is too late to correct. A positive directional program, such as the services, may offer much for him, but we really cannot hope for too much. Wayne is neurotic and possibly psychotic. His behavior is definitely psychopathic.

(Mrs.) B. Evangeline Witzeman,
Psychologist

BEW:JEB
6-21-50

General Observations

Wayne was very talkative. When he was required to wait a short length of time, he would ask to use the phone. This happened on several occasions, and it finally became necessary to cease letting him make calls. This subject cooperated well and did not object to the tests.

Analysis of Test Scores

INTELLIGENCE AND ACHIEVEMENT

The tests give this boy a total intelligence level in the dull normal to low average area of our population. It is to be noted all evaluations of mental ability in this study rate him higher than the ones given at BJR four years ago. It is not enough difference to be too important, but that the scores are consistently higher is worth noting. Our verbal academic Otis gives an I.Q. of 80. The verbal scale of the Wechsler-Bellevue scores 82 I.Q., performance 96 I.Q. and a full

scale of 88 I.Q. The Benton Visual Memory Retention test rates average. We need to remember the last-mentioned measurement is only one kind of intelligence—visual memory—and may, therefore, score differently depending upon how apt the person is in reproducing visual stimuli of this kind. We note performance is significantly higher than verbal. This is a characteristic of the psychopath.

Achievement in arithmetic has reached the sixth grade level according to the Progressive Arithmetic Test which was used as a power test and, therefore, made his highest score in math possible. This person was very pleasant and talkative during the intelligence examinations.

INTERESTS AND APTITUDES

This individual has significant interests in people and nature. These appear as true interests, but he has little aptitude in them which would have vocational directive because of his limited mentality and serious personality difficulties. There is one exception—according to our study—Wayne has excellent muscular ability with some kinds of medium sized hand and finger movements. Fine muscular control, when using a tweezer, is also very good. Such ability is needed in handling very small objects as one is required to do in watchmaking and doing anything which demands fine parts manipulation.

PERSONALITY

All techniques used indicate very poor adjustment in both self and social areas. In the interpretation of his own behavior, this subject believes his worst trouble is staying out all night. He discussed freely his interest in girls and how difficult it is for him to turn them down.

When Wayne is asked to write what is most important, he says the following:

> *"Well I would like to go in the Marine Corp. but if I can not get in I would like very much to be working on a farm. because I like farm work and I like the taunks that are on a farm. the nost important thant is to keep out of trouble and go on the right trank and to tell onther to do the same that is the way we shout all be."*

This boy is capable of planning with some flexibility present. He can be very manic at times. There is an indication of organic brain

damage and some psychotic behavior. He is insecure and sexual disturbance is present.

The summary of the Rorschach follows:

This person has low average intelligence which he can occasionally utilize quite well. There is good reasoning and thinking potential, a faculty for organizing and synthesizing consistent with average intelligence. However, he is subject to great limitations in this functioning. Most of the time this boy merely puts on a facade of intellectuality and good fellowship. He is superficial in the extreme although occasionally there are flashes of good intellectual ability. In other words, his behavior is somewhat erratic, but generally follows the path of least resistance. There is an over compliant alert and pretentious front, but shallow impoverished thinking.

There is some tact and understanding of others, but his emotional rapport with his environment is limited. Wayne attempts to be friendly, to put on a good front, but there is not sufficient depth of understanding, insight or warmth behind it. Wayne is very immature emotionally.

There is a great sterility of thought which is necessarily reflected in this individual's behavior. He not only is narrow in interests and ideas, but is inflexible to the extent that behavior patterns are rigid and adjustment to the necessarily changing environment is difficult.

There is some tendency to pervert ideas, to misunderstand reality. However, this is only occasionally observed. How much it may actually influence his behavior is unknown.

Although Wayne appears to desire a more extroverted personality, actually he is probably more introverted. He is, underneath the facade, a little unsure of himself. There is some emotional blocking and anxiety.

In general, this appears to follow the neurotic pattern in many respects. There are also psychopathic elements.

T.A.T.

This technique confirms our picture of one very superficial in his thinking and behavior. This subject has great need for affection and recognition, especially from a father figure. Death is the way out of many difficulties which usually evolve around close relationships. Punishment causes the persons to be sorry they committed murder. His heroes find it necessary to implore supernatural help, and he has

no hesitancy in meting out "Hell," for their punishment. The pictures in general prompt negative and unpleasant incidents. When the blank card is given and this individual makes up his own story, it is a bit fantastic, but his hero is a baseball player for a "farm team."

Szondi

The Szondi shows our subject is socially maladjusted. He has a strong need for passive affection and attention. There is sexual conflict suggestive of sado-masochistic nature. Emotional outbursts can be expected, and Wayne is likely to show such reactions to outside experiences. Negativism and impulsive behavior are evident. It can be antisocial and of a criminal nature. This boy is overconcerned with age and has a strong dislike for old people.

General instability and unpredictability sum up these personality studies.

BUREAU OF JUVENILE RESEARCH

Columbus 4, Ohio

B.J.R. Case #42406

December 11, 1946

Miss Mary Neldenger, Executive Secretary
Catholic Service League, Inc.
138 Fir Hill
Akron, Ohio

(Meyers)
Name: Edwards, Wayne
Race: White
Born: 6-14-33
C.A.: 13 yrs, 4 mons.
M.A.: 10 yrs, 8 mons.

Dear Miss Neldenger:

The following is our summary of findings in the case of Wayne Edwards who was voluntarily committed by your organization and admitted on 10-21-46 to the Bureau of Juvenile Research for a period of observation and examination.

Reason for Referral: Wayne has been presenting behavior problems both at school and at home. He ran away from the Parmadale School in March, 1945. His grandmother thought it would be best for him to remain at home but the boy continued to show bad behavior at the St. Joseph's School where he was enrolled. According to the police department, he was involved this summer in bicycle stealing and will not tell the truth even when the truth would be an advantage to him. Parents of little girls had complained that he had been molesting their daughters on the way home from school. He has been excluded from school but that fact does not seem to bother him. He goes about the house singing and saying, "Why should I worry, I don't have to go to school." Wayne had developed a habit of lying. The grandmother has difficulty in handling the boy at home.

Psychological Tests: On October 31, 1946 Wayne was administered the Wechsler-Bellevue Intelligence Test, on which he scored a Verbal Quotient of 66, a Performance Quotient of 77, and a Full Intelligence Quotient of 68. He was very much retarded in developing ability of abstract thinking and was very low in arithmetic and general information. Some emotional blocking seemed to be present in the first part of his residence and he was given the Revised Stanford-Binet Scale, Form L, on November 19, 1946. After the initial phase of his residence had come to an end he earned a mental age of 10 years, 8 months and an intelligence quotient of 81. This intelligence quotient is rather high because of the presence of some performance tests in the Binet Scale. His highest year was Year 14, in which he could only solve the problem of picture absurdity and in Year 13 he could only do the sub-tests with a chain of 9 beads.

Wayne has to be considered as an adolescent of borderline intelligence.

Medical Examination: Physical examination revealed a white boy of about 13½ years of age.

DEVELOPMENT: Height 62½ inches; weight 126 pounds; proper

weight 106 pounds.

SKIN: Color-white; slight facial acne; texture normal; vaccination scar on left arm; skin and temperature normal.

SKULL: Configuration normal; no deformities.

HAIR: Color—light brown; texture medium; distribution normal; scalp clean.

EYES: Color—blue; reaction normal; vision 20/30 each eye; movements normal.

EARS: Hearing normal; appearance normal; drums normal.

NOSE: Shape normal; nostrils patent.

NECK: Appearance normal; thyroid not enlarged.

MOUTH: Lips good color; gums good condition; tongue protrudes normally; tonsils and adenoids cleanly removed; palate and pharynx normal.

LYMPHATICS: Cervical moderately enlarged; all others normal.

CHEST: Configuration normal; musculature good.

HEART: Outline normal; rate 72, regular and good volume; blood pressure 124/64; palpation normal, no murmurs or thrills.

LUNGS: Normal.

ABDOMEN: Contour oval; no tenderness or masses.

GENITALS: Secondary sex characteristics, no discharge or hernia; testicles descended.

EXTREMITIES: No deformity or tenderness, movement normal; spine straight.

NEUROLOGICAL EXAMINATION: Motor, gait and movements normal; posture fair; coordination and musculature good; atrophy absent.

REFLEXES: Biceps, triceps, radial, patellar, achilles and abdominals normal; Romberg, Babinski and Kernigs negative; clonus absent.

SENSATION: Speech normal.

LABORATORY: Throat culture negative. Serology: Line and Kahn negative. Schick and dick positive. Tuberculin: Human not done. Urine: Albumin and sugar negative.

Fluoroscopic examination of heart and lungs is negative.

Positive Findings: Wayne is a white boy of 13½ years of age, well

developed and nourished and apparently in good general health. There are no positive physical findings.

Recommendations: There are no medical recommendations.

Dental Examination: Patient's mouth needed prophylaxis and 3 fillings. Occlusion and gums good. While at the Bureau prophylaxis and 3 fillings were completed.

Conduct During Residence at the Bureau: Wayne was described as impulsive, indifferent and careless. He hindered others in their work, complained frequently and neglected instructions. The quality of his work was rather poor. He was changeable. On November 18, 1946 ran away with another boy but it was felt that he was led into it by the other boy.

Wayne spent considerable time in the work shop. In his way he seemed to be very much interested in the work. However, it is inconceivable that he could ever learn anything beyond the most unskilled helper's tasks. He is erratic, noisy and generally annoying to have about, although he seems to be at his best and most at ease in shop. He annoys the other boys, is cocky and disturbing and generally considered a pest by his shopmates. The quality of his work is very low, both his planning and ability in execution being far below average. The only contribution that shop has made to this boy has been purely custodial.

Problems: Low intelligence is an important contributing factor to the maladjustment of this adolescent. At school he felt that all subjects were difficult for him. His family background has distorted his character development very early. He lost two mother personalities, his own mother, whom he considered to be his aunt as long as she lived, and his adoptive mother. He often speaks in terms of his "two mothers." Only recently the grandmother gave him some information about his family situation when he complained about the indifference of his adoptive father. After his wife's death that man has never paid much attention to Wayne. The boy has never had the benefit of a father personality and is in strong need of it. He explained his difficulties with the grandmother by saying that she gave him several orders for work or his behavior at times and he had difficulties in remembering

them. The boy is very much attached to the grandmother. She helped him to get out of Parmadale and lets him enjoy a rather early and unhealthy independence.

Wayne stated that he hardly ever missed a show, went six times a week to the movies, besides being an usher there. He is very fond of western films and his dream is to be a cowboy. At present he has the ambition to continue his work as a "shoe polisher." He has started that work in the Bureau and is getting satisfaction out of it. He feels that work is helping him. It bolsters his ego a little bit and some of his worries about the family situation are decreasing.

He has difficulties in group life, although he gives the impression to onlookers that he is getting along with the boys, but he remembers how increasingly difficult his residence in Parmadale became because, as he puts it, the boys never stopped to treat him like a new boy, initiating him, etc. By his friendly attitude he appeals in the first contacts to contemporaries and to adults, but is disappointed and disappointing because of his inability to play a role in a group without strong guidance.

Summary: Wayne is a 13½ year old adolescent of borderline intelligence. In his formative years he had very little chance to develop social skills. His home situation was very unhealthy. The boy is still confused about his "two mothers." At times he brings out efforts to please adults and contemporaries and to readjust, but his social abilities are even more limited than his intelligence. He has strong ties with his grandmother.

Wayne needs supervision and an understanding and firm father personality as he is easily led. Eventually a farm placement in a family where other children do not force him into strong competition would be advisable. Such a placement could be more successful if the full cooperation of the grandmother is found. She, too, should interpret to the child the necessity of placement. It seems that in the past she counteracted measures in placement, not out of bad intentions, but out of lack of guidance. The boy could be allowed to visit the grandmother at regular intervals. According to his low intelligence he should have a rather easy school program.

If foster home placement does not work, institutionalization will have

to be considered again. He would get along better in an institution with small groups. He has proven during his residence at the Bureau that with guidance he can be led to play a constructive role in a group to some extent. In staff meetings it was felt that he should have a chance to spend his Christmas with the grandmother.

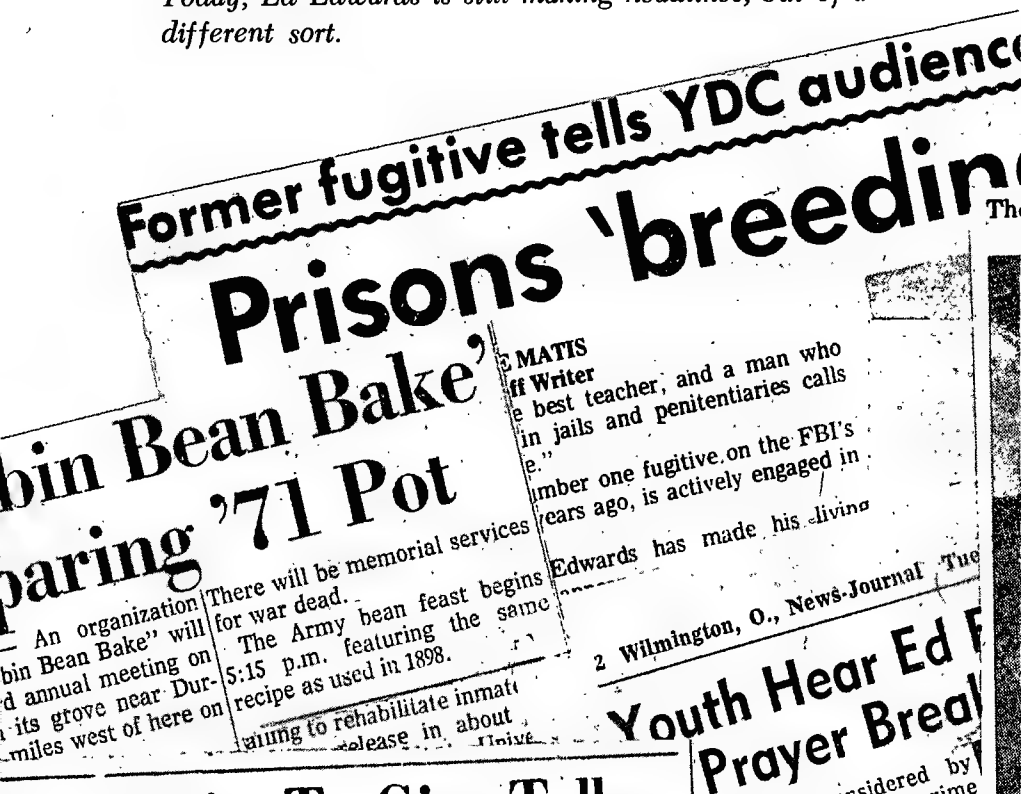
Yours very truly,

BUREAU OF JUVENILE RESEARCH

C. H. Calhoon, Ph.D.,
Executive Psychologist

Examiners:
Ernst Katz, Ph.D.,
Psychologist
Frank. L. Lally, M.D.,
Physician
EK/jj

Today, Ed Edwards is still making headlines, but of a different sort.



Former fugitive tells YDC audienc

Prisons 'breedin

bin Bean Bake' paring '71 Pot

— An organization bin Bean Bake" will d annual meeting on its grove near Dur- miles west of here on

There will be memorial services for war dead.

The Army bean feast begins 5:15 p.m. featuring the same recipe as used in 1898.

MATIS
ff Writer
e best teacher, and a man who in jails and penitentiaries calls e."
mber one fugitive on the FBI's ears ago, is actively engaged in
Edwards has made his living

2 Wilmington, O., News-Journal Tue

Youth Hear Ed F
Prayer Breal

Edwards, considered by to be an expert in crime

Thursday, September 23, 1971

Ex-Convict To Give Talks On Crime In Munising

MUNISING — Edward Edwards, Akron, Ohio, will make several appearances in this city over the weekend to lecture on crime, drug abuse, prison reforms and parent-student communications.

Edwards' appearances here are being sponsored jointly by the Munising Rotary Club and the Alger County Alcoholism Council.

He will appear at an open meeting of the Alcoholic Anonymous Council and Al-Anon at 6:30 Friday evening in St. John's Episcopal Church, and Saturday at 12:30 p.m. will be guest speaker on Radio Sta-

corrigible youth. From then til 1967, when he was paro from Leavenworth Prison where he had been serving sentence of 16 years for ba robbery — he was in and o of four prisons.

Edwards is one of the few men in the country to have been on the FBI's "Ten Most Wanted List" who is able to walk streets of this country as a free man today. He has appeared on many television and radio shows and spends his time lecturing at schools, universities, churches and to other groups around the country.

His philosophy is "to build a

T.V. Lecturer Appears At Garaway Tonight

Mr. Ed Edwards, considere by police officials and othe people in high positions as a expert on the subject of crim will deliver his hard hitti message on crime, drug abu prison reforms and pare student communications at Garaway High School toni Thursday, September 23 p.m.

The author and lecturer has appeared on many na TV programs, promises

grounds for crime'

Edwards considered the parole a distinction, be
possibly the first man in the country who had been
wanted list and was imprisoned for bank robbe
first attempt.
Since then, two others fall into that category
Frank Sprince. Coincidentally, Edwar
time he was about eight-years-old, he
own Sprince, who was nicknamed the "flying
bit of stealing airplanes to make an escape.
speaks a lot on what he has s
of the Montana S
and I-

Ed Edwards

con to bring program
Edgerton High School

who spent 16 years
on bars will speak in
drugs, crime and his own prison
reform program. He never
career
successfu
registration and a brief bu

CATHOLIC UNIV

IN JAILS FOR 16

S. Summ
to hear

AKRON — Wayne (Ed) Edw
Akron North Hill section, is
who's making it all the way ba
he had a long way to go to get t
Before he was 10 years old,
run away from an orphanage a
of times; since then has spent 1
in reformatories and prisons, inc
five years in Leavenworth for
robbery.
Now at 38, he is working
degree in sociology at Akron
versity; plans to continue f
master's and doctorate in crimin
is married and the father of
children, and is completing a bo
"Metamorphosis of a Criminal"
will be published in the fall.
Edwards will tell abou
experiences in a talk at a meet
South Summit County Co
National Council of Catholic W
Tuesday morning in Sacred
School, 1281 Shannon
Barberton.
His topic will be "The Gene
Gap" and he will speak after 9:3

Kay and Ed Edwards with their children: April, age three; David, age two; and John, age one.

(continued from front flap)

Ed's story is a fascinating account of a life devoted to courting disaster by drifting from one to another. Excitement flows through every A man of considerable cunning, charm, and physical appeal, Ed was never without a woman and never more than a hair's breadth away from the arm of the law. You may not approve of him, but you will not be able to keep yourself from liking him. And you will be rooting for him all the way through his squalid life to his miraculous rehabilitation and metamorphosis.

In any event, you will not want to put this book down. There are pages which will set you on the edge of your chair; and there are other pages which will make you laugh uproariously.

Here is prison drama at its highest pitch; in short, the story of Ed Edwards—in addition to being a sociological study of great importance—happens to be a rattling good yarn.

HART PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.
New York City, New York

Ed Edwards

METAMORPHOSIS OF A CRIMINAL Edwards

HART